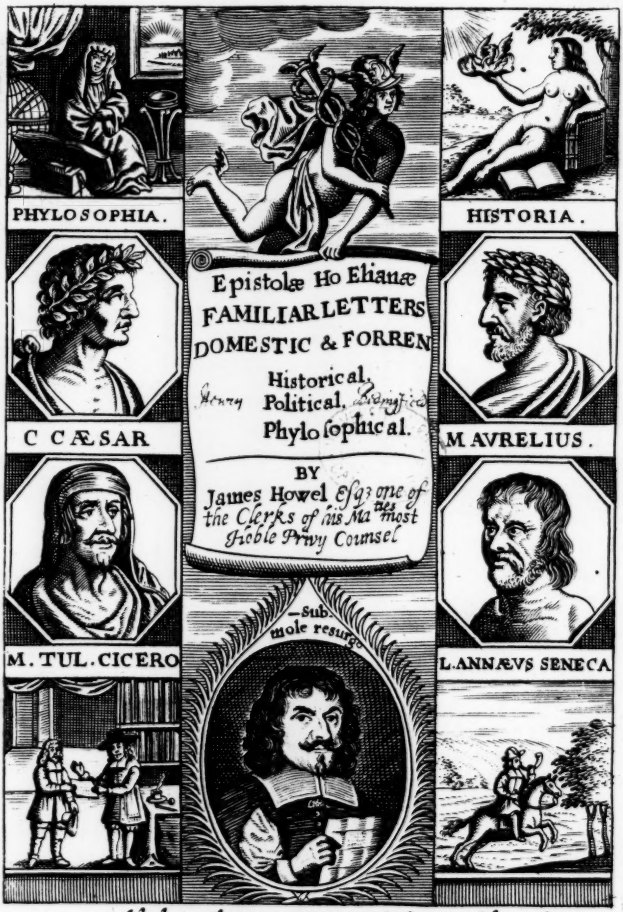
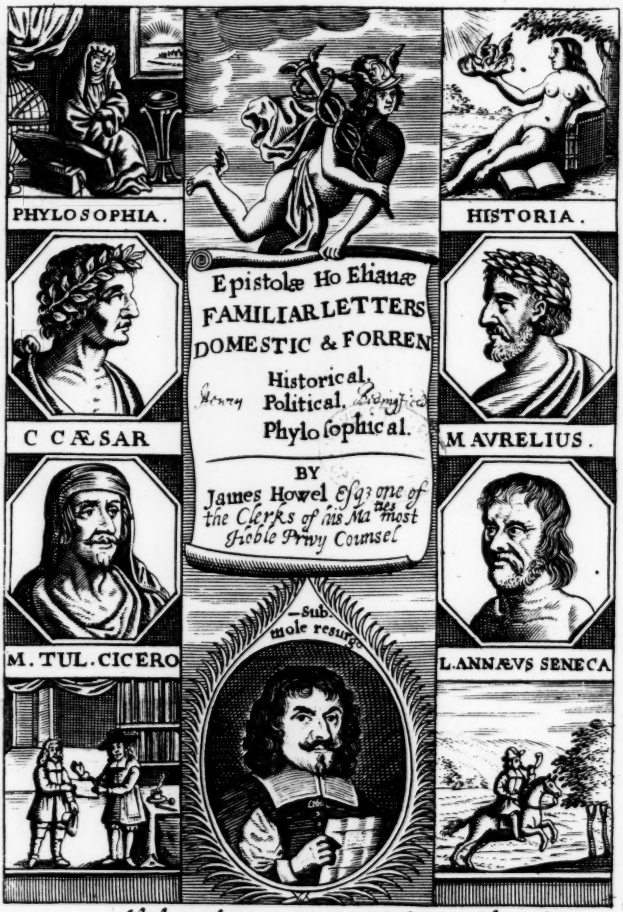


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Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ.

FAMILIAR

LETTERS,

Domestic and *Forren.*

Divided into Four Books,

Partly { *Historical,* / *Political,* / *Philosophical,*

Upon Emergent Occasions.

By *JAMES HOWEL* Esq;
One of the Clerks of His Late Majesty's
Most Honourable Privy-Council.

The Sixth Edition.

Ut clavis portam, *sic pandit* Epistola pectus.

LONDON:
Printed for *Thomas Guy*, at the *Oxford* Arms near *Popes-Head-Alley* in *Lumbard-Street*, 1688.

07:646

TO

His Majeſtie.

SIR,

THeſe Letters *Addreſs'd (moſt of them) to your beſt degrees of Subjects, do, as ſo many Lines drawn from the Circumference to the Centre, all meet in Your Majeſty; who as the Law ſtiles You the* Fountain *of* Honour *and* Grace, *ſo You ſhould be the* Centre *of our* Happineſs. *If your Majeſty vouchſafe them a gracious Aſpect, they may all prove* Letters *of Credit, if not Credential* Letters, *which Soverain Princes uſe only to Authorize; They venture to go abroad into the vaſt* Ocean *of the World, as* Letters *of* Mart, *to try their Fortunes; and Your Majeſty being the greateſt Lord of* Sea *under Heaven, is fitteſt to protect them, and then they will not fear any human Power. Moreover, as this Royal Protection ſecures them from all danger, ſo it will infinitely conduce to the proſperity of their Voyage, and bring them to ſafe Port with rich Returns.*

Nor would theſe Letters *be ſo* Familiar, *as to preſume upon ſo high a Patronage, were not many of them* Records *of Your own Royal* Actions: *And 'tis well known, that* Letters can treaſure up, and tranſmit matters of State to poſterity, with as much Faith, and be as authentick Regiſters, and ſafe Repoſitories of Truth, as any Story whatſoever.

This brings them to lye proſtrate at Your Feet, with their Author, who is,

SIR,

Your Majeſty's moſt Loyal

Subject and Servant,

HOWELL.

The

The Vote or a Poem-Royal,

PRESENTED

To His MAJESTY for a *New-Years-Gift*, by way of Diſcourſe, 'twixt the *Poet* and his *Muſe*.

Calendis Januarii, 1641.

POEMA.

Στρηνετικόν.

THE World's bright Eye, Time's meaſurer begun
Through watry *Capricorn* his Courſe to run;
Old *Janus* haſten'd on, his Temples bound
With Ivy, his gray Hairs with Holly crown'd:
When in a ſerious queſt my thoughts did muſe
What Gift, as beſt becoming, I ſhould chuſe,
To *Britain*'s Monarch (my dread Soveraign) bring,
Which might ſupply a *New-Years* offering;
I rummag'd all my Stores, and ſearch'd my Cells,
Where naught appear'd, God wot, but Bagatels:
No far fetch'd *Indian* Gem cut out of Rock,
Or fiſh'd in Shells, were truſted under Lock;
No piece which *Angelo*'s ſtrong Fancy hit,
Or *Titian*'s Penſil, or rare *Hylliard*'s Wit;
No Ermins, or black Sables, no ſuch Skins,
As the grim *Tartar* hunts or takes in Gins;
No Medals, or rich Stuff of *Tyrian* Dye;
No coſtly Bowls of froſted Argentry;
No curious Land-skip, or ſome Marble Piece
Digg'd up in *Delphos*, or elſe-where in *Greece*;
No *Roman* Perfumes, Buffs, or Cordovans,
Made drunk with Amber, by *Moreno*'s Hands;
No Arras or rich Carpets freighted o're
The ſurging Seas, from *Aſia*'s doubtful Shore;
No Lions Cub or Beaſt of ſtrange aſpect,
Which in *Numidian*'s fiery Womb had ſlept;
No old *Toledo* Blades, or Dammaskins;
No Piſtols, or ſome rare-ſpring Carrabins;

No *Spaniſh* Ginnet, or choice Stallion ſent,
From *Naples*, or hot *Africs* Continent:
In fine, I nothing found, I could deſcry
Worthy the Hands of *Cæſar*, or his Eye.
My Wits were at a ſtand, when, loe, my Muſe
(None of the Quire, but ſuch as they do uſe
For Laundreſſes or Handmaids of mean rank,
I knew ſometimes on *Po* and *Iſis* Bank)
Did ſoftly buz, ———

Muſe.

———Then let me ſomething bring,
May handſel the *New-Year* to *CHARLES* my King,
May uſher in bifronted *Janus* ———

Poet.

Thou fond fool-hardy *Muſe*, thou ſilly Thing,
Which 'mongſt the Shrubs and Reeds do'ſt uſe to Sing;
Dar'ſt thou perk up, and the tall Cedar clime,
And venture on a King with gingling Rime?
Though all thy Words were Pearls, thy Letters Gold,
And cut in Rubies, or caſt in a Mould
Of Diamonds; yet ſtill thy Lines would be
Too mean a Gift for ſuch a Majeſty.

Muſe.

I'le try and hope to paſs without diſdain,
In *New-Years*-Gifts, the Mind ſtands for the Main.
The Sophy, finding 'twas well meant, did daign
Few drops of running-Water from a Swain:
Then ſure, 'twill pleaſe my Liege, if I him bring
Some gentle Drops from the *Caſtalian* Spring;
Though Rarities I want of ſuch account;
Yet have I ſomething on the forked Mount.
'Tis not the firſt, or third acceſs I made
To *Cæſar*'s Feet, and thence departed glad.
For as the Sun with his Male heat doth render
Nile's muddy ſlime fruitful, and apt t'engender,
And daily to produce new kind of Creatures
Of various ſhapes, and thouſand differing features;
So is my Fancy quickned by the glance
of His benign Aſpect and Countenance,
It makes me pregnant and to ſuperfœte,
Such is the vigor of his beams and heat.
Once in a *Vocal Forreſt* I did Sing,
And made the Oak to ſtand for *CHARLES* my King.
The beſt of Trees, whereof (it is no vant)
The greateſt Schools of *Europe* ſing and chant.

There

There you ſhall alſo find Dame (a) *ARHETINE*,
Great *Henry*'s Daughter, and Great *Britain*'s Queen,
Her Name engraven in a Lawrel-Tree,
And ſo tranſmitted to Eternity.
For now I hear that *Grove* ſpeaks beſides mine
The Language of the *Loir*, the *Po* and *Rhine*;
(And to my Prince (my ſweet *black Prince*) of late,
I did a youthful Subject dedicate.)
Nor do I doubt but that in time my *Trees*
Will yield me Fruit to pay *Apollo*'s Fees;
To offer up whole Hecatombs of Praiſe
To *Cæſar*, if on them he caſts his Rays:
And if my Lamp have Oyl, I may compile
The *Modern Annals*, of Great *Albion*'s Iſle;
To vindicate the Truth of *CHARLES*'s Reign,
From ſcribling Pamphletors who Story ſtain
With looſe imperfect paſſages, and thruſt
Lame things upon the World, t'ane up in truſt.
I have had audience (in another ſtrain)
Of *Europe*'s greateſt Kings; when *German* Main,
And the *Cantabrian* Waves I croſs'd, I drank
Of *Tagus*, *Stine*, and ſate at *Tyber*'s Bank;
Through *Scylla* and *Charibdis* I have ſteer'd,
Where reſtleſs *Ætna*'s belching Flames appear'd;
By *Greece*, once *Pallas*'s Garden, then I praiſs't,
Now all o're-ſpread with ignorance and waſte;
Nor hath fair *Europe* her vaſt bounds throughout,
An Academy of Note I found not out.
But now I hope in a ſucceſsful prore,
The Fates have fix'd me on ſweet *England*'s Shore;
And by theſe various wandrings true I found,
Earth is our common Mother, every ground
May be ones Country, for by Birth each Man
Is in this World a *Coſmopolitan*,
A free-born Burgeſs, and receives thereby
His Denization from Nativity:
Nor is this lower World but a huge Inn,
And Men the rambling Paſſengers, wherein
Some do warm Lodgings find, and that as ſoon
As out of Nature's Cloſſets they ſee Noon,
And find the Table ready laid; but ſome
Muſt for their Commons trot, and trudge for Room:
With eaſie pace ſome climbs *Promotions-Hill*,
Some in the Dale, do what they can ſtick ſtill;
Some through falſe Glaſſes, Fortune ſmiling ſpy,
Who ſtill keeps off, though ſhe appears hard by:

Some

Some like the Oſtrich with her Wings do flutter,
But cannot fly, or ſoar, above the Gutter.
Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hopes Cape*;
Some ne'r can do't, though the ſame courſe they ſhape.
So that poor Mortals are ſo many Balls
Toſs'd ſome o're Line, ſome under Fortune's Walls.
And it is Heaven's high Pleaſure, Man ſhould lye
Obnoxious to this partiality,
That by induſtrious ways he ſhould contend
Nature's ſhort pittance to improve and mend:
Now, Induſtry ne'r fail'd, at laſt t' advance
Her patient Sons above the reach of Chance.

Pott.

But whither rov'ſt thou thus ——— ?
Well; ſince I ſee thou art ſo ſtrongly bent,
And of a gracious Look ſo confident,
Go and throw down thy ſelf at *Cæſar*'s Feet,
And in thy beſt Attire thy Soveraign greet.
Go, an auſpicious and moſt bliſsful Year
Wiſh Him, as e're ſhin'd o're this Hemiſphear.
Good may the Entrance, better the Middle be,
And the Concluſion beſt of all the Three:
Of Joy ungrudg'd, may each Day be a Debter,
And every Morn ſtill uſher in a better:
May the ſoft gliding *Nones*, and every *Ide*,
With all the *Calends*, ſtill ſome good betide;
May *Cynthia* with kind Looks, and *Phœbus* Rays,
One clear his Nights, the other gild his Days.
Free Limbs, unphyſic'd Health, due Appetite,
Which no Sauce elſe but Hunger may excite:
Sound Sleeps, green Dreams be his, which repreſent
Symptoms of Health, and the next Day's content;
Chearful and vacant thoughts, not always bound
To Counſel, or in deep Idea's drown'd,
(Though ſuch late Traverſes, and Tumults might
Turn to a *lump of Care*, the airieſt Wight)
And ſince while fragile Fleſh doth us array,
The humours ſtill are combating for ſway,
(Which were they free from this reluctancy,
And counter pois'd, Man would immortal be.)
May *Sanguin* o're the reſt predominate
In Him, and their malignant Flux abate.
May his great Queen, in whoſe imperious Eye
Reigns ſuch a world of winning Majeſty,

Like

Like the rich Olive or Falernian Vine,
Swell with more gems of *Cions* maſculine;
And as her Fruit ſprung from the Roſe and Luce;
(The beſt of Stems Earth yet did e're produce)
Is tied already by a ſanguine Lace,
To all the Kings of *Europe*'s high-born Race;
So may they ſhoot their youthful Branches or'e
The ſurging Seas, and graff with every ſhore.
May Home-commerce and Trade encreaſe from far,
That both the *Indies* meet within his bar,
And bring in Mounts of Coyn his Mints to feed,
And *Banquers* (Traficks chief ſupporters) breed,
Which may enrich his Kingdoms, Court, and Town,
And ballaſt ſtill the Coffers of the Crown;
For Kingdoms are as Ships, the Prince his Cheſts
The Ballaſt, which, if empty, when diſtreſt
With Storms, their holds are lightly trim'd, the Keel
Can run no ſteedy Courſe, but toſs'd and reel;
May his Imperial Chamber always ply
To his Deſires, her Wealth to multiply,
That ſhe may prize his Royal favor more,
Than all the Wares fetch'd from the great *Mogor*.
May the (*b*) Grand Senate, with the Subjects Right
Put in the Counter-ſcale the Regal Might,
The Flowers o'th' Crown, that they may prop each other,
And like the *Grecian*'s Twin live, love together.
For the chief Glory of a People is,
The power of their King, as theirs is his:
May he be ſtill within himſelf at home,
That no juſt Paſſion make the Reaſon room,
Yet Paſſions have their turns to rouſe the Soul,
And ſtir her ſlumbring Spirits, not Controul;
For as the Ocean beſides Ebb and Flood,
(Which (*c*) Nature's greateſt Clerk ne'r underſtood)
Is not for Sail, if any impregning Wind
Fill not the flagging Canvaſs, ſo a mind,
Too claim is not for Action, if deſire
Heats not it ſelf at Paſſions quickning Fire;
For Nature is allow'd ſometimes to Muſter
Her Paſſions, ſo they only blow, not Bluſter.
May Juſtice ſtill in her true Scales appear,
And Honour fix'd in no unworthy Sphear;
Unto whoſe Palace all acceſs ſhould have
Through *Vertues* Temple, not through *Pluto*'s Cave.

May

May his true Subjects Hearts be his chief Fort,
Their Purſe his Treaſure, and their Love his Port,
Their Prayers as ſweet Incenſe, to draw down
Myriads of Bleſſings on his Queen and Crown.
And now that his glad Preſence, did aſſwage
That fearful Tempeſt in the *North* did rage.
May thoſe frog Vapours in the *Iriſh* Sky
Be ſcatter'd by the beams of Majeſty;
That the *Hybernian* Lyre give ſuch a ſound,
May on our Coaſts with joyful Ecchoes bound.
And when this fatal Planet leaves to lour.
Which too to long on Monarchies doth pour
His direful influence, may Peace once more
Deſcend from Heaven, on our tottering Shore,
And ride in Triumph both on Land and Main,
And with her Milk-white Steed draw *Charles's Wain*;
That ſo, for thoſe *Saturnian* Times of Old,
An Age of Pearl may come in lieu of Gold.
Virtue ſtill guide his Courſe, and if there be
A Thing as Fortune, him accompany.
May no ill genius haunt him, but by's ſide
The beſt protecting Angel ever bide.
May he go on to vindicate the Right
Of holy Things, and make the Temple bright,
To keep that Faith, that ſacred Truth entire,
Which he received from (*d*) *Solomon* his Sire.
And ſince we all muſt hence, by th' Iron Decree
Stamp'd in the black Records of Deſtiny.
Late may his Life, his Glory ne're wear out,
Till the great Year of *Plato* wheel about.

So prayeth

The worſt of Poets,
to
The beſt of Princes,
yet
The moſt Loyal of
His
Votaries and Vaſſals,

JAMES HOWEL.

Comment.

a Arhetine, *id eſt, vertuous*
Anagram of Henrietta.
b The Parliament.
c Hippocrates.
d King *James.*

To the Knowing Reader, touching Familiar Letters.

LOve is the life of Friendſhip, *Letters* are
The life of Love, the Loadſtones that by rare
Attractions makes Souls meet, and melt, and mix,
As when by Fire exalted Gold we fix.
They are thoſe wing'd *Poſtillions* that can fly
From the Antartic to the Artic Sky.
The Heralds and ſwift Harbingers that move
From Eaſt to Weſt, on Embaſſies of Love;
They can the *Tropics* cut, and croſs the *Line*,
And ſwim from *Ganges* to the *Rhone* or *Rhine*,
From *Thames* to *Tagus*, thence to *Tybir* run,
And terminate their Journey with the Sun.
They can the Cabinets of *Kings* unſcrue,
And hardeſt intricacies of *Stace* unclue;
They can the *Tartar* tell, what the *Mogor*,
Or the Great *Turk* doth on the *Aſian* ſhore;
The *Knez* of them may know, what *Preſter John*
Doth with his *Camels* in the torrid Zone;
which made the *Indian Inca* think they were
Spirits, who in white Sheets the Air did tear.
The lucky Gooſe ſav'd *Jove's* beleagred *Hill*,
Once by her *Noiſe*, but oftner by her *Quill*:
It twice prevented *Rome*, was not o'rerun
By the tough *Vandal*, and the rough-hewn *Hun*.
Letters can *Plots*, though moulded underground,
Diſcloſe, and their fell *Complices* confound,
Witneſs that fiery *Pile*, which would have blown
Up to the Clouds, Prince, People, Peers, and Town,
Tribunals, Church, and Chappel, and had dryed
The *Thames*, though ſwelling in her higheſt pride,
And parboyl'd the poor Fiſh, which from her Sands
Had been toſs'd up to the adjoyning Lands.
Lawyers as *Vultures* had ſoar'd up and down:
Prelates like *Magpies*, in the Air had flown,
Had not the Eagles *Letters* brought to light,
That ſubterranean horrid work of Night.
Credential Letters, States and Kingdoms tye,
And Monarchs knit in Leagues of Amity;
They are thoſe golden Links that do enchain
Whole Nations, thoſe deſcended by the main;
They are the ſoul of Trade, they make Commerce,
Expand it ſelf throughout the Univerſe.

Letters

Letters may more than *Hiſtory* incloſe
The choiſeſt Learning, both in Verſe and Proſe:
They Knowledge can unto our Souls diſplay,
By a more gentle, and familiar way,
The higheſt Points of State and Policy,
The moſt ſevere parts of Philoſophy
May be their Subject, and their Themes enrich,
As well as private Buſineſſes, in which
Friends uſe to correſpond, and Kindred greet;
Merchants negotiate, the whole World meet.
In *Seneca*'s rich *Letters* is inſhrin'd,
What e're the Ancient Sages left behind:
Tully makes his the ſecret ſymptoms tell,
Of thoſe Diſtempers which proud *Rome* befel;
When in her higheſt Flouriſh ſhe would make
Her *Tyber* from the *Ocean* Homage take.
Great *Antonin* the Emperor, did gain
More Glory by his *Letters* than his *Raign*:
His *Pen* out-laſts his *Pike*, each golden Line,
In his Epiſtles doth his Name inſhrine:
Aurelius by his *Letters* did the ſame,
And they in chief Immortalize his Fame.
Words vaniſh ſoon, and vapor into Air,
While *Letters* on Record ſtand freſh and fair,
And tell our Nephews who to us were dear,
Who our choice Friends, who our Familiars were.
The baſhful Lover, when his ſtammering Lips
Falter, and fear ſome unadviſed ſlips,
May boldly Court his Miſtreſs with the Quill,
And his hot Paſſions to her Breaſt inſtill:
The *Pen* can furrow a fond Females Heart,
And pierce it more than *Cupid*'s feigned Dart:
Letters a kind of *Magic* Vertue have,
And like ſtrong *Philtres* humane Souls inſlave.
Speech is the *Index*, *Letters* Idæas are,
Of the informing Soul, they can declare,
And ſhew the inward man, as we behold
A Face reflecting in a Chryſtal Mold:
They ſerve the Dead and Living, they become
Attorneys and Adminiſters: In ſum,
Letters like *Gordian* Knots, do Nations tye,
Elſe all Commerce, and Love 'twixt Men would dye.

J. H.

These ensuing Letters *contain for their principal Subject, a faithful relation of the privatest Passages that happen'd at Court, a good part of King* James's *Reign, and that of his late Majesty. As such also of forren Affairs which had Reference to these Kingdoms;*

Viz. Of

THE Wars of *Germany*, and the Transactions of the Treaties, about restoring the *Palatinate*, with the House of *Austria* and *Sweden*.

The Treaty and Traverses of the Match with *Spain*.

The Treaty of the Match with *France*.

An exact survey of the *Netherlands*.

Another of *Spain*, *Italy*, *France*, and of most Countries in *Europe*, with their chief Cities and Governments.

Of the *Hans*, Towns, and the famous quarrel 'tween Queen *Elizabeth* and them.

Divers *Letters* of the extent of Christianity, and of other Religions upon Earth.

Divers *Letters* of the Languages up and down the Earth.

Accounts of sundry Embassies from *England* to other States.

Some pieces of Poetry wherewith the Prose goes interladed.

Divers new Opinions in Philosophy descanted upon.

Passages of former Parliaments, and of this present, *&c.*

Among these *Letters*, there goes along a Legend of the *Author's* Life, and of his several Employments, with an account of his forren Travels and Negotiations; wherein he had occasion to make his Address to these Personages, and Persons under-written.

Letters *to Noble Men.*

TO His late Majesty.
To the D. of *Buckingham*.
To the Earl of *Cumberland*.
To the Earl of *Dorset*.
To the Earl of *Rutland*.
To the Earl of *Leicester*.
To the Earl of *Sunderland*.
To the Earl of *Bristol*.
To the Earl of *Rivers*.
To the Earl of *Strafford*.
To the Earl of *Carberry*,
To the L. Vicount *Conway*, Secretary.
To the L. Vicount *Savage*.
To the L. *Herbert* of *Cherberry*.
To the L. *Cottington*.
To the L. *Mahun*.
To the L. *Digby*.
To the Lady Marchioness of *Winchester*.
To the Lady *Scroope*.
To the Countess of *Sunderland*.
To the Lady *Cornwallis*.
To the Lady *Digbby*.
To the Vicountess St. *John*.
To Bishop *Usher*, Lord Primate of *Ireland*.
To B. *Field*.
To B. *Duppa*.
To the B. of *London*.
To B. *Howel*.
To the B. of *Rochester*.

To

To Knights, Doctors, Esquires, Gentlemen, and Merchants.

TO Sir *Robert Manſel.*
To Sir *James Crofts.*
To Sir *John North.*
To Sir *Edward Spencer.*
To Sir *Kenelm Digby.*
To Sir *Edward Savage.*
To Sir *John Smith.*
To Sir *Will. Saint-Geon.*
To Sir *Thomas Savage.*
To Sir *Francis Cottington.*
To Sir *Robert Napier.*
To Sir *Peter Witchts.*
To Sir *Sacvil Trever.*
To Sir *Sacvil Crow.*
To Sir *Arthur Ingram.*
To Sir *Thomas Lake.*
To Sir *Eubule Theloall.*
To Sir *Alex. Ratcliff.*
To Sir *Philip Manwayring.*
To Sir *Bevis Theloall.*
To Doctor *Manſel.*
To Dr. *Howel.*
To Dr. *Prichard.*
To Dr. *Wicham.*
To Dr. *J. Day.*
To Mr. Alder. *Clethro.*
To Mr. Alder. *Moulſon.*
To the Town of *Richmond.*
To. Mr. *R. Altham.*
To Mr. D. *Chaldwall.*
To Capt. *Francis Bacon,*
To Mr. *Ben. Johnſon.*
To Mr. *End.* and Capt. *Thomas Porter.*
To Mr. *Simon Digby.*
To Mr. *Walſingham Greſley.*
To Mr. *Thomas Gwyn.*
To Mr. *John Wroth.*
To Mr. *William Blois.*
To Mr. *Howel Gwyn.*
To Mr. *Robert Baron.*
To Mr. *Thomas More.*
To Mr. *John Savage.*
To Mr. *Hugh Penry.*
To Mr. *Chriſtopher Jones.*
To Mr. *R. Brown.*
To Mr. *William Martin.*
To Capt. *Nicholas Leat.*
To Mr. *R. Brownrigg.*
To Mr. *John Batty.*
To Mr. *Will. Saint-Geon.*
To Mr. *James Howard.*
To Mr. *Ed. Noy.*
To Mr. *William Auſtin.*
To Mr. *Rowland Gwyn.*
To Mr. *William Vaughan.*
To Mr. *Arthur Hopton.*
To Mr. *Thomas Jones.*
To Mr. *John Price.*
To Capt. *Ol. Saint-Geon.*

With divers others.

Epiſto-

Epiſtolæ Ho-Elianæ.

Familiar LETTERS.

I.

To Sir J. S. *at* Leed's *Caſtle.*

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Sir,

IT was a quaint difference the Ancients did put 'twixt a *Letter* and an *Oration*, that the one ſhould be attir'd like a Woman, the other like a Man: The latter of the two is allowed large ſide-Robes, as long Periods, Parentheſis, Similes, Examples, and other parts of Rhetorical flouriſhes: But a *Letter* or *Epiſtle* ſhould be ſhort-coated, and cloſely couched; a Hungerlin becomes a *Letter* more handſomely than a Gown. Indeed we ſhould write as we ſpeak; and that's a true Familiar *Letter* which expreſſeth ones mind as if he were diſcourſing with the party to whom he writes in ſuccinct and ſhort terms. The *Tongue* and the *Pen* are both of them Interpreters of the *Mind*; but I hold the *Pen* to be the more faithful of the two: The *Tongue*, *In udo poſita*, being ſeated in a moſt ſlippery place, may fail and falter in her ſudden extemporal expreſſions; but the *Pen* having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not ſo ſubject to errour, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now *Letters*, though they be capable of any Subject, yet commonly they are either *Narratory*, *Objurgatory*, *Conſolatory*, *Monitory*, or *Congratulatory*: The firſt conſiſts of *Relations*; the ſecond of *Reprehenſions*; the third of *Comfort*; the laſt two of *Councel* and *Joy*. There are ſome who in lieu of *Letters* write *Homelies*, they Preach when they ſhould Epiſtolize: There are others that turn them to tedious *Tractates*, this is to make *Letters* degenerate from their true Nature: Some Modern Authors there are, who have expos'd their *Letters* to the World; but moſt of them, I mean among you *Latine* Epiſtolizers, go fraighted with meer *Bartholemew* Ware, with trite and trivial Phraſes onely, liſted with pedantic ſhreds of School-boy Verſes: Others there are among our next Tranſmarin Neighbours Eaſtward, who write in their own Language, but their Stile is ſo ſoft and eaſie, that their *Letters* may be ſaid to be like Bodies of looſe Fleſh without Sinews, they have neither Joynts of Art, nor *Arteries* in them; they have a kind of

ſimpering and lank hectic Expreſſions made up of a bombaſt of Words and finical affected Complements only; I cannot well away with ſuch ſleazy ſtuff, with ſuch Cobweb compoſitions, where there is no ſtrength of matter, nothing for the Reader to carry away with him, that may inlarge the Notions of his Soul: One ſhall hardly find an Apothegm, Example, Simile, or any thing of Philoſophy, Hiſtory, or ſolid Knowledge, or as much as one new *created* Phraſe in a hundred of them; any to draw one Obſervation out of them, were as if one went about to diſtil Cream out of Froth; inſomuch that it may be ſaid of them, what was ſaid of the Eccho, *That ſhe was a meer Sound and nothing elſe.*

I return you your *Balzac* by this Bearer; and when I found thoſe *Letters* wherein he is ſo familiar with his *King*, ſo flat, and thoſe to *Richelieu*, ſo puff'd with prophane Hyperboles and larded up and down with ſuch groſs Flatteries, with others beſides which he ſends as *Urinals* up and down the World to look into his Water, for diſcovery of the crazy condition of his Body, I forbore him further. So I am

Your moſt Affectionate Servitor,

Weſtm. 25 Julii, 1625. J. H.

II.

To my Father upon my firſt going beyond Sea.

Sir,

I Should be much wanting to my ſelf, and to that obligation of Duty, the Law of *God*, and his Handmaid *Nature* hath impoſed upon me, if I ſhould not acquaint you with the courſe and quality of my Affairs and Fortunes, ſpecially at this time, that I am upon point of croſſing the Seas to eat my Bread abroad: Nor is it the common relation of a Son that onely induc'd me hereunto, but that moſt indulgent and coſtly Care you have been pleaſed (in ſo extraordinary a manner) to have had of my Breeding (though but one Child of *Fifteen*) by placing me in a choice Methodical *School* (ſo far diſtant from your dwelling, under a Learned (though *Laſhing*) Maſter; and by tranſplanting me thence to *Oxford*, to be graduated; and ſo holding me ſtill up by the Chin until I could ſwim without Bladders. This Patrimony of liberal Education you have been pleaſed to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad, as a ſure inſeparable Treaſure; nor do I feel it any burden or incumbrance unto me at all; and what danger ſoever my perſon, or other things I have about me do incur, yet I do not fear the loſing of this, either by Shipwrack or Pirates at Sea, nor by Robbers or Fire, or any other caſualty aſhore:

ſhore: And at my return to *England*, I hope, at leaſtwiſe, I ſhall do my indeavour, that you may find this Patrimony improved ſomewhat to your comfort.

The main of my Imployment is from that gallant Knight Sir *Robert Manſell*, who, with my Lord of *Pembrook*, and divers other of the prime Lords of the Court, have got the ſole Patent of making all ſorts of *Glaſs* with Pit-Coal, onely to ſave thoſe huge proportions of Wood which were conſumed formerly in the Glaſs Furnaces: And this Buſineſs being of that nature, that the Workmen are to be had from *Italy*, and the chief Materials from *Spain*, *France*, and other forren Countries, there is need of an Agent abroad for this uſe; (and better than I have offered their Service in this kind) ſo that I believe I ſhall have Imployment in all theſe Countries before I return.

Had I continued ſtill Steward of the *Glaſs-Houſe* in *Broad ſtreet*, where Captain *Francis Bacon* hath ſucceeded me, I ſhould in a ſhort time have melted away to nothing, amongſt thoſe hot *Venetians*, finding my ſelf too green for ſuch a Charge; therefore it hath pleaſed God to diſpoſe of me now to a condition more ſutable to my Years, and that will, I hope, prove more advantagious to my future Fortunes.

In this my Peregrination, if I happen, by ſome accident, to be diſappointed of that Allowance I am to ſubſiſt by, I muſt make my Addreſs to you, for I have no other Rendevous to flee unto; but it ſhall not be, unleſs in caſe of great Indigence.

Touching the *News* of the time: Sir *George Villiers*, the new Favourite, tapers up apace, and grows ſtrong at Court: His Predeceſſour, the Earl of *Somerſet*, hath got a Leaſe of Ninety Years for his Life, and ſo hath his *Articulate* Lady, called ſo for Articling againſt the Frigidity and Impotence of her former Lord: She was afraid that *Cooke* the Lord Chief Juſtice (who had uſed extraordinary art and induſtry in diſcovering all the circumſtances of the Poiſoning of *Overbury*) would have made white *Broth* of them, but that the *Prerogative* kept them from the *Pot*: yet the ſubſervient Inſtruments, the leſſer Flies, could not break throw, but lay entangled in the Cobweb; amongſt others Miſtreſs *Turner*, the firſt Inventreſs of *Yellow-Starch*, was Executed in a Cobweb-Lawn-Ruff of that colour at *Tyburn*, and with her, I believe, that *Yellow-Starch*, which ſo much diſfigured our Nation, and rendered them ſo ridiculous and fantaſtic, will receive its Funeral. Sir *Gervas Elwaies*, Lieutenant of the *Tower*, was made a notable Example of Juſtice and Terrour to all Officers of Truſt, for being acceſſory, and that in a paſſive way onely, to the Murder, yet he was Hanged on *Tower-Hill*: And the Caveat is very remarkable which he gave upon the Gallows, *That People*

ſhould be very cautious how they make Vows to Heaven, for the breach of them ſeldom paſs without a Judgement, whereof he was a moſt ruthful Example; for being in the Low-Countries, *and much given to Gaming, he once made a Solemn Vow, (which he brake afterwards) That if he plaid above ſuch a Sum, he might be Hanged.* My Lord *(William)* of *Pembrook* did a moſt noble act like himſelf, for the King having given him all Sir *Gervas Elwaies*'s Eſtate, which came to above 1000 Pound *per an.* he freely beſtowed it on the Widow and her Children.

The latter end of this Week I am to go a Ship-board, and firſt for the *Low-Countries.* I humbly pray your Bleſſing may accompany me in theſe my Travels by Land and Sea, with a continuance of your Prayers, which will be as ſo many good Gales to blow me to *Safe-Port*, for I have been taught, *That the Parents Benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of a Prophetic Vertue to make the Child proſperous.* In this Opinion I ſhall ever reſt,

Broad-ſtreet in *London* this 1ſt of *March*, 1618.

Your Dutiful Son,
J. H.

III.

To Dr. Francis Manſell, *ſince Principal of* Jeſus-*Colledge in* Oxford.

Sir,

BEing to take leave of *England*, and to lanch out into the World abroad to breath forren Air a while, I thought it very handſome, and an act well becoming me, to take my leave alſo of *You* and of my dearly honoured Mother *Oxford:* Otherwiſe both of you might have juſt grounds to exhibit a Bill of Complaint, or rather, a Proteſt againſt me, and cry me up; *You*, for a forgetful Friend; *She*, for an ungrateful Son, if not ſome ſpurious Iſſue. To prevent this, I ſalute you both together; *You* with the beſt of my moſt candid Affections; *Her* with my moſt dutiful Obſervance and Thankfulneſs for the Milk ſhe pleaſed to give me in that Exuberance, had I taken it in that meaſure ſhe offered it me while I ſlept in her Lap: yet that little I have Sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this courſe of Life will help to concoct it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my Imployment, to ſtudy *Men* as well as *Books.* The ſmall time I Supervis'd the *Glaſs-Houſe*, I got amongſt thoſe *Venetians* ſome ſmatterings of the *Italian* Tongue, which, beſides the little I have, you know, of *School-Languages*, is all the Preparatives I have made for Travel. I am to go this Week down to *Graveſend*, and ſo Embarque for *Holland.* I have got a *Warrant* from the Lords

of

of the Councel to Travel for three Years any where, *Rome* and St. *Omer* excepted. I pray let me retain ſome room, though never ſo little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our ſeparation, and let our Souls meet ſometimes by intercourſe of *Letters*; I promiſe you that yours ſhall receive the beſt entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your Friendſhip at a very high rate: So with apprecation of as much Happineſs to you at home, as I ſhall deſire to accompany me abroad, I reſt ever,

London, this 20 *March*, 1618. *Your Friend to Serve you*, J. H.

IV.

To Sir James Crofts, *Knight, at St.* Oſith.

Sir,

I Could not ſhake Hands with *England*, without kiſſing your Hands alſo; and becauſe, in regard of your diſtance now from *London*, I cannot do it in Perſon, I ſend this Paper for my Deputy.

The News that keeps greateſt noiſe here now, is the return of Sir *Walter Raleigh* from his Mine of Gold in *Guiana*, the *South* parts of *America*, which at firſt was like to be ſuch a hopeful boon Voyage, but it ſeems that that Golden Mine is proved a meer *Chymera*, an Imaginary Airy Mine: And, indeed, his Majeſty had never any other conceit of it. But what will not one in Captivity (as Sir *Walter* was) promiſe, to regain his Freedom? who would not promiſe not onely Mines, but Mountains of Gold for Liberty? And 'tis pitty ſuch a knowing well-weigh'd Knight had not had a better Fortune; for the *Deſtiny* (I mean that brave Ship which he built himſelf of that Name, that carried him thither) is like to prove a *Fatal* Deſtiny to him, and to ſome of the reſt of thoſe Gallant *Adventurers* which contributed for the ſetting forth of Thirteen Ships more, who were moſt of them his Kinſmen and younger Brothers, being led into the ſaid Expedition by a general Conceit the World had of the Wiſdom of Sir *Walter Raliegh*; and many of theſe are like to make *Shipwrack* of their Eſtates by this Voyage. Sir *Walter* landed at *Plymouth*, whence he thought to make an Eſcape; and ſome ſay he hath tampered with his Body by Phyſick, to make him look Sickly, that he may be the more pitied, and permitted to lie in his own Houſe. Count *Gondamar*, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadour, ſpeaks high Language, and ſending lately to deſire Audience of his Majeſty, he ſaid he had but one Word to tell him, his Majeſty wondring what might be deliver-

ed in one Word; when he came before him, he ſaid onely, *Pirats, Pirats, Pirats*; and ſo departed.

'Tis true that he Proteſted againſt this Voyage before, and that it could not be but for ſome Predatory Deſign: And, that if it be as I hear, I fear it will go very ill with Sir *Walter*, and that *Gondamar* will never give him over till he hath his Head off his Sholders, which may quickly be done, without any new Arraignment, by vertue of the old Sentence that lies ſtill dormant againſt him, which he could never get off by Pardon, notwithſtanding that he mainly laboured in it before he went; but his Majeſty could never be brought to it, For he ſaid he would keep this as a Curb to hold him within the bounds of his Commiſſion, and the good Behaviour.

Gondamar cries out, That he hath broke the Sacred Peace 'twixt the two Kingdoms; that he hath Fired and Plundered *Santo Thoma*, a Colony the *Spaniards* had Planted with ſo much Bloud, near under the *Line*, which made it prove ſuch hot Service unto him. and where, beſides others, he loſt his eldeſt Son in the Action; and could they have preſerved the Magazin of *Tobacco* onely, beſides other things in that Town, ſomething mought have bin had to countervail the charge of the Voyage. *Gondamar* alleadgeth further, That the Enterprize of the Mine failing, he propounded to the reſt of his Fleet to go and intercept ſome of the Plate-Galeons, with other Deſigns which would have drawn after them apparent Acts of Hoſtility, and ſo demands Juſtice: Beſides other Diſaſters which fell out upon the daſhing of the firſt Deſign, Captain *Remiſh*, who was the main Inſtrument for Diſcovery of the Mine, Piſtoll'd himſelf in a deſperate mood of Diſcontent in his Cabin, in the *Convertine*.

This return of Sir *Walter Railegh* from *Guiana*, puts me in mind of a facetious Tale I read lately in *Italian* (for I have a little of that *Language* already) how *Alphonſo* King of *Naples* ſent a *Moor*, who had been his Captive a long time, to *Barbary*, with a conſiderable ſum of Money, to buy Horſes, and to return by ſuch a time. Now there was about the King a kind of *Buffoon* or *Jeſter* who had a *Table-Book* or *Journal*, wherein he was uſed to Regiſter any Abſurdity, or Impertinence, or merry Paſſage that happened upon the Court: That day the *Moor* was diſpatched for *Barbary*, the ſaid *Jeſter* waiting upon the King at Supper, the King call'd for his *Journal*, and askt what he had obſerved that day; thereupon he produced his *Table-Book*, and amongſt other things, he read how *Alphonſo*, King of *Naples*, had ſent *Beltram* the *Moor*, who had been a long time his Priſoner, to *Morocco* (his own Country) with ſo many thouſand Crowns, to buy Horſes: The King asked him why he inſerted that, *Becauſe*, ſaid he, *I think*

think he will never come back to be a Priſoner again, and ſo you have loſt both Man and Money. But if he do come, then your Feſt is marr'd, quoth the King. *No, Sir, for if he return I will blot out your Name, and put him in for a Fool.*

The application is eaſie and obvious: But the World wonders extreamly, that ſo great a wiſe man as Sir *Walter Raleigh* would return to caſt himſelf upon ſo inevitable a Rock, as I fear he will; and much more, that ſuch choice Men, and ſo great a power of Ships, ſhould all come home and do nothing.

The *Letter* you ſent to my Father, I conveyed ſafely the laſt Week to *Wales*. I am this Week, by God's help, for the *Netherlands*, and then I think for *France*. If in this my forren Imployment I may be any way ſerviceable unto you, you know what power you have to diſpoſe of me, for I honour you in a very high degree, and will live and die,

London, 28th of *March*, 1618. *Your humble and ready Servant*, J. H.

V.

To my Brother, after Dr. Howel, *and now Biſhop of* Briſtol. *From* Amſterdam.

Brother,

I Am newly landed at *Amſterdam*, and it is the firſt forren Earth I ever ſet Foot upon: I was pittifully Sick all the Voyage, for the Weather was rough, and the Wind untoward; and at the mouth of the *Texel* we were ſurpriſed by a furious Tempeſt, ſo that the Ship was like to ſplit upon ſome of thoſe old Stumps of Trees wherewith that River is full; for in Ages paſs'd, as the Skipper told me, there grew a fair Forreſt in that Channel where the *Texel* makes now her Bed: Having bin ſo rocked and ſhaken at Sea, when I came aſhore I began to incline to *Copernicus* his Opinion, which hath got ſuch a ſway lately in the World, *viz.* That the Earth, as well as the reſt of her fellow-Elements, is in perpetual Motion; for ſhe ſeem'd ſo to me a good while after I had landed. He that obſerves the ſite and poſition of this Country, will never hereafter doubt the truth of that Philoſophical Problem which keeps ſo great a noiſe in the Schools, *viz.* That the Sea is higher than the Earth; becauſe, as I ſailed along theſe Coaſts, I viſibly found it true; for the Ground here, which is all 'twixt *Marſh* and *Mooriſh*, lies not onely level, but to the apparent ſight of the Eye, far lower than the Sea; which made the Duke of *Alva* ſay, *That the Inhabitants of this Country were the neareſt Neighbours to Hell* (the great Abyſs) *of any People*

upon Earth, becauſe they dwell loweſt: Moſt of that Ground they tread, is plucked, as it were, out of the very Jawes of *Neptune*, who is afterwards pent out by high Dikes, which are preſerved with incredible Charge, inſomuch, That the Chief *Dike-Grave* here, is one of the greateſt Officers of Truſt in all the Province, it being in his power to turn the whole Country into a Salt Lough when he liſt, and ſo to put *Hans* to ſwim for his Life; which makes it to be one of the chiefeſt parts of his Litany, *From the Sea, the Spaniard, and the Devil, The* LORD *deliver Me.* I need not tell you who preſerves him from the laſt, but from the *Spaniard*, his beſt Friend is the *Sea* itſelf, nowithſtanding that he fears him as an Enemy another way; for the *Sea* ſtretching himſelf here into divers Arms, and meeting with ſome of thoſe freſh Rivers that deſcend from *Germany* to diſgorge themſelves into him through theſe Provinces, moſt of thoſe Towns are thereby incompaſs'd with Water, which by Sluces they can contract or dilate as they liſt: This makes their Towns inacceſſible, and out of the reach of Canon; ſo that *Water* may be ſaid to be one of their beſt Fences; otherwiſe, I believe, they had not been able to have born up ſo long againſt the Gigantic power of *Spain.*

This City of *Amſterdam*, though ſhe be a great *Staple* of *News*, yet I can impart none unto you at this time; I will defer that till I come to the *Hague.*

I am lodged here at one Mounſieur *Dela Cluze*, not far from the *Exchange*, to make an Introduction into the *French*, becauſe I believe I ſhall ſteer my Courſe hence next to the Country where that Language is ſpoken; but I think I ſhall Sojourn here about two Months longer, therefore I pray direct your *Letters* accordingly, or any other you have for me: *One of the prime Comforts of a Traveller is to receive Letters from his Friends; they begit new Spirits in him, and preſent joyful Objects to his Fancy, when his Mind is clouded ſometimes with Fogs of Melancholy:* Therefore I pray make me Happy as often as your Conveniency will ſerve with yours: You may ſend or deliver them to Captain *Bacon* at the *Glaſs-Houſe*, who will ſee them ſafely ſent.

So, my Dear Brother, I pray God Bleſs us both, and ſend us, after this large diſtance, a joyful Meeting.

Amſterdam, April 1ſt, 1617. *Your Loving Brother*, J. H.

VI. *To*

VI.

To Dan. Caldwall *Eſquire.* *From* Amſterdam.

My Dear Dan.

I Have made your Friendſhip ſo neceſſary unto me for the contentment of my life, that Happineſs it ſelf would be but a kind of Infelicity without it: It is as needful to me, as Fire and Water, as the very Air I take in and breath out; it is to me not only *neceſſitudo*, but *neceſſitas*: Therefore, I pray, let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I deſire to return unto you by way of Correſpondence and Retaliation. Our firſt Ligue of Love, you know, was contracted among the *Muſes* in *Oxford*; for no ſooner was I *matriculated* to Her, but I was *adopted* to You; I became her *Son* and your *Friend* at one time; you know I followed you then to *London*, where our Love received *Confirmation* in the *Temple*, and elſewhere. We are now far aſunder, for no leſs then a Sea ſevers us, and that no narrow one, but the *German* Ocean: *Diſtance ſometimes endears Friendſhip, and abſence ſweetneth it, it much enhanceth the value of it, and makes it more precious:* Let this be verified in us; let that Love which formerly uſed to be nouriſhed by perſonal communication and the Lips, be now fed by *Letters*; let the Pen ſupply the Office of the Tongue: *Letters* have a ſtrong operation, they have a kind of art-like Embraces to mingle Souls, and make them meet though Millions of Paces aſunder; by them we may converſe and know how it fares with each other, as it were by entercourſe of Spirits: Therefore amongſt your civil Speculations, I pray let your thoughts ſometimes reflect on me (your abſent ſelf) and wrap thoſe thoughts in Paper, and ſo ſend them me over; I promiſe you they ſhall be very welcome, I ſhall embrace and hug them with my beſt Affections.

Commend me to *Tom Bowyer*, and enjoyn him the like; I pray be no Niggard in diſtributing my Love plentifully amongſt our Friends at the Inns of Court: Let *Jack Tolderoy* have my kind Commends with this Caveat, *That the Pot which goes often to the Water, comes home crack'd at laſt*: Therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the *Fleece* in *Cornhil* his Thorow-Fair too often. So may my dear *Daniel* live happy, and love his

From Amſterdam, *April the* 10th, 1619. J. H.

VII. *To*

VII.

To my Father. *From* Amſterdam.

Sir,

I Am lately arrived in *Holland* in a good plight of Health, and continue yet in this Town of *Amſterdam*, a Town I believe, that there are few her Fellows, being from a mean Fiſhing *Dorp*, come in a ſhort revolution of Time, by a monſtrous encreaſe of Commerce and Navigation, to be one of the greateſt *Marts* of *Europe:* 'Tis admirable to ſee what various ſorts of Buildings, and new Fabrics, are now here erecting every-where, not in Houſes onely, but in whole Streets and Suburbs: ſo that 'tis thought ſhe will in a ſhort time double her proportion in Bigneſs.

I am lodg'd in a *French* mans Houſe, who is one of the Deacons of our *Engliſh Browniſts* Church here; 'tis not far from the *Synagoge* of *Jews*, who have free and open Exerciſe of their Religion here: I believe in this Street where I lodge, there be well near as many Religions as there be Houſes; for one Neighbour knowes not, nor cares not much, what Religion the other is of, ſo that the number of Conventicles exceeds the number of Churches here. And let this Country call it ſelf as long as it will the *United* Provinces one way, I am perſwaded in this point, there's no place ſo *Diſunited.*

The *Dog* and *Rag* Market is hard by, where every *Sunday* Morning there is a kind of public *Mart* for thoſe Commodities, notwithſtanding their preciſe obſervance of the *Sabbath.*

Upon *Saturday* laſt I happened to be in a Gentleman's company, who ſhew'd me, as I walk'd along in the Streets, a long-Bearded old *Jew* of the Tribe of *Aaron*; when the other *Jews* met him, they fell down and kiſs'd his Foot: This was that *Rabbi*, with whom our Country man *Broughton* had ſuch a Diſpute.

This City, notwithſtanding her huge Trade, is far inferiour to *London* for Populouſneſs; and this I infer out of their Weekly Bills of *Mortality*, which come not at moſt but to Fifty or thereabout; whereas in *London*, the ordinary number is 'twixt two and three Hundred, one Week with another: Nor are there ſuch Wealthy men in this Town as in *London*; for by reaſon of the generallity of Commerce, the Banks, Adventures, the Common Shares and Stocks, which moſt have in the *Indian* and other Companies, the Wealth doth diffuſe it ſelf here in a ſtrange kind of equality, not one of the *Bourgers* being exceeding Rich, or exceeding Poor: inſomuch, that I believe our Four and Twenty *Aldermen*, may buy a Hundred of the richeſt men in *Amſterdam.* It

is

is a rare thing to meet with a *Beggar* here, as rare, as to ſee a Horſe, they ſay, upon the Streets of *Venice*; and this is held to be one of their beſt pieces of Government; for, beſides the ſtrictneſs of their Laws againſt *Mendicants*, they have Hoſpitals of all ſorts for Young and Old, both for the Relief of the one, and the Employment of the other; ſo that there is no Object here to exerciſe any act of Charity upon: They are here very neat, though not ſo magnificent in their Buildings, ſpecially in their Frontiſpieces, and firſt Rooms, and for Cleanlineſs, they may ſerve for a Pattern to all People: They will preſently dreſs half a Dozen diſhes of Meat, without any noiſe or ſhew at all; for if one goes to the Kitchin, there will be ſcarce appearance of any thing, but a few covered Pots upon a Turf-Fire, which is their prime Fuel; after Dinner they fall a ſcowring of thoſe Pots, ſo that the outſide will be as bright as the inſide, and the Kitchin ſuddenly ſo clean, as if no Meat had been dreſſed there a Month before: They have neither Well or Fountain, or any Spring of Freſh-Water in or about all this City, but their Freſh-Water is brought unto them by *Boats*; beſides, they have Ceſterns to receive the Rain-Water, which they muſt uſe: So that my *Laundreſs* bringing my Linnen to me one day, and I commending the Whiteneſs of them, ſhe anſwered, *That they muſt needs be White and Fair, for they were waſhed in* Aqua Cœleſtis; meaning Skie-Water.

'Twere cheap living here, were it not for the monſtrous Acciſes which are impoſed upon all ſorts of Commodities, both for Belly and Back; for the Retailer payes the *States* almoſt the one Moity as much as he payed for the Commodity at firſt, nor doth any murmur at it, becauſe it goes not to any Favorite, or private Purſe, but to preſerve them from the *Spaniard*, their Common Enemy, as they term him; ſo that the ſaying is truly verifi'd here, *Defend me, and Spend me:* With this Acciſe principally, they maintain all their Armies by Sea and Land, with their Garriſons at home and abroad, both here and in the *Indies*, and defray all other public Charges beſides.

I ſhall hence ſhortly for *France*, and in my way take moſt of the prime Towns of *Holland* and *Zealand*, ſpecially *Leyden* (the *Univerſity)* where I ſhall ſojourn ſome days. So humbly craving a continuance of your Bleſſing and Prayers, I reſt

May *the* 1ſt, 1619. *Your Dutiful Son,* J. H.

VIII. *To*

VIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard, *at* Jeſus *Colledge in* Oxford. *From* Leyden.

Sir,

IT is the Royal Prerogative of *Love*, not to be confined to that ſmall Local compaſs which circumſcribes the Body, but to make his Sallies and Progreſſes abroad, to find out, and enjoy his deſired Object, under what Region ſoever: Nor is it the vaſt Gulph of *Neptune*, or any diſtance of Place, or difference of Clime, can bar him of this Priviledge: I never found the experiment hereof ſo ſenſibly, nor felt the comfort of it ſo much, as ſince I ſhook Hands with *England:* For though you be in *Oxford*, and I at *Leyden*, albeit you be upon an Iſland, and I now upon the Continent, (though the loweſt part of *Europe*) yet thoſe ſwift Poſtillions, my *Thoughts*, find you out daily, and bring you unto me; I behold you often in my Chamber, and in my Bed; you Eat, you Drink, you Sit down, and Walk with me, and my Fantaſie enjoys you often in my Sleep, when all my Senſes are lock'd up, and my Soul wanders up and down the World, ſometimes through pleaſant Fields and Gardens, ſometimes through odd uncouth Places, over Mountains and broken confuſed Buildings. As my Love to you doth thus exerciſe his Power, ſo I deſire yours to me may not be idle, but rows'd up ſometimes to find me out, and ſummon me to attend you in *Jeſus* Colledge.

I am now here in *Leyden*, the only Accademy, beſides *Franiker*, of all the *United Provinces:* Here are Nations of all ſorts, but the *Germans* ſwarm more than any. To compare their *Univerſity* to yours, were to caſt *New-Inn* in counterſcale with *Chriſt-Church* Colledge, or the *Alms Houſes* on *Tower-Hill* to *Sutton's Hoſpital.* Here are no Colledges at all, God wot, (but one for the *Dutch*) nor ſcarce the face of an *Univerſity*, onely there are general Schools where the *Sciences* are Read by ſeveral Profeſſors, but all the Students are *Oppidanes:* A ſmall Time and leſs Learning, will ſuffice to make one a *Graduate*; nor are thoſe Formalities of Habits, and other Decencies here, as with you, much leſs thoſe Exhibitions and ſupport for Schollars, with other Encouragements; inſomuch, that the *Oxonians* and *Cantabrigians* —— *Bona ſi ſua norint*; were they ſenſible of their own Felicity, are the happieſt *Accademians* on Earth; yet *Apollo* hath a ſtrong influence here: And as *Cicero* ſaid of them of *Athens*, *Athenis pingue Cœlum, tenuia Ingenia*; *The* Athenians *had a thick Air, and thin Wits:* So I may ſay of theſe *Lugdunenſians, They have a groſs Air, but thin* ſub-

ſubtile Wits: (Some of them) witneſs elſe *Heinſius, Grotius, Arminius* and *Baudius*; of the two laſt I was told a Tale, that *Arminius* meeting *Baudius* one day diſguis'd with Drink (wherewith he would be often) he told him, *Tu Baudi dedecoras noſtram Academiam; Et tu Armini noſtram Religionem:* Thou *Baudius* diſgraceſt our *Univerſity*; And thou *Arminius* our *Religion.* The Heaven here hath always ſome Clowd in his Countenance; and from this groſneſs and ſpiſſitude of Air proceeds the ſlow Nature of the Inhabitants; yet this ſlowneſs is recompenced with another benefit, it makes them patient and conſtant, as in all other actions, ſo in their Studies and Speculations, though they uſe

——— *Craſſos tranſire Dies, lucemque paluſtrem.*

I pray impart my Love liberally amongſt my Friends in *Oxford*, and when you can make Truce with your more ſerious Meditations, beſtow a thought, drawn into a few Lines, upon

Leyden, May 30, 1619. *Your* J. H.

IX.

To Mr. Richard Altham, *at his Chamber in* Grays-Inn.

Dear Sir,

THough you be now a good way out of my reach, yet you are not out of my remembrance; you are ſtill within the Horizon of my *Love.* Now the Horizon of *Love* is large and ſpacious, it is as boundleſs as that of the Imagination; and where the Imagination rangeth, the Memory is ſtill buſie to Uſher in, and preſent the deſired Object it fixeth upon: It is *Love* that ſets them both on work, and may be ſaid to be the higheſt ſphear whence they receive their Motion. Thus you appear unto me often in theſe forren Travels, and that you may believe me the better, I ſend you theſe Lines as my Ambaſſadour (and Ambaſſadours muſt not lye) to inform you accordingly, and ſo Salute you.

I deſire to know how you like *Ployden*; I heard it often ſaid, That there is no Study requires Patience and Conſtancy more then the *Common Law*, for it is a good while before one comes to any known Perfection in it, and conſequently to any gainful Practice. This (I think) made *Jack Chaundler* throw away his *Littleton*, like him that when he could not catch the *Hare*, ſaid, *A Pox upon her, ſhe is but dry tough Meat, let her go:* It is not ſo with you; for I know you are of that diſpoſition, that when you mind a thing, nothing can frighten you in making conſtant perſuit after it, till you have obtained it: For if the *Mathematics* with their Crabbedneſs and Intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded through

through the very midſt of them, and arrived to ſo excellent a Perfection; I believe it is not in the power of *Ployden*, to Daſtardize or Cowe your Spirits, until you have overcome him, at leaſtwiſe have ſo much of him as will ſerve your turn. I know you were always a quick and preſſing Diſputant in *Logic* and *Philoſophy*, which makes me think your *Genius* is fit for *Law*, (as the *Baron* your excellent Father was) for a good *Logitian* makes always a good *Lawyer*: and hereby one may give a ſtrong Conjecture of the Aptneſs or Ineptitude of ones Capacity to that Study and Profeſſion; and you know as well as I, that *Logicians*, who went under the name of *Sophiſters*, were the firſt *Lawyers* that ever were.

I ſhall be upon incertain removes hence, until I come to *Rouen* in *France*, and there I mean to caſt Anchor a good while; I ſhall expect your *Letters* there with impatience, I pray preſent my Service to Sir *James Altham*, and to my good *Lady*, your Mother, with the reſt to whom it is due in *Biſhops-Gate-Street*, and elſewhere. So I am

Yours in the beſt degree of Friendſhip,

Hague, 30 *of* May,
1619. J. H.

X.

To Sir James Crofts. *From the* Hague.

Sir,

THe ſame Obſervance that a Father may challenge of his Child, the like you may claim of me, in regard of the extraordinary Care you have been pleaſed to have always, ſince I had the Happineſs to know you, of the courſe of my Fortunes.

I am now newly come to the *Hague*, the Court of the Six (and almoſt Seven) *Confederated Provinces*; the *Councel of State* with the Prince of *Orange*, makes his firm Reſidence here, unleſs he be upon a March, and in motion for ſome Deſign abroad. This Prince *(Maurice)* was caſt in a Mould ſuitable to the Temper of this People: He is ſlow and full of Warine, and not without a mixture of Fear, I do not mean Puſillanimous, but Politic Fear: he is the moſt Conſtant in the Quotidian Courſe and Carriage of his Life, of any that I have ever heard or read of; for whoſoever knows the Cuſtoms of the Prince of *Orange*, may tell what he is a doing here every Hour of the Day, though he be in *Conſtantinople*: In the Morning he awaketh about Six in *Summer*, and Seven in *Winter*; the firſt thing he doth, he ſends one of his Grooms or Pages, to ſee how the Wind ſits, and he wears or leaves off his Waſ-

Waſ-cot accordingly; then he is about an Hour Dreſſing himſelf, and about a quarter of an Hour in his Cloſet, then comes in the Secretary, and if he hath any private or public *Letters* to Write, or any other Diſpatches to make, he doth it before he ſtirs from his Chamber, then comes he abroad, and goes to his Stable, if it be no *Sermon-Day*, to ſee ſome of his Gentlemen or Pages (of whoſe Breeding he is very careful) Ride the Great Horſe: He is very Acceſſible to any that hath Buſineſs with him, and ſheweth a winning kind of Familiarity, for he will ſhake Hands with the meaneſt Boar of the Country; and he ſeldom hears any Commander or Gentleman with his Hat on; he Dines punctually about Twelve, and his Table is free for all Comers, but none under the degree of a Captain uſeth to ſit down at it; after Dinner he ſtays in the Room a good while, and then any one may Accoſt him, and tell his Tale; then he retires to his Chamber, where he anſwers all *Petitions* that were delivered him in the Morning; and towards the Evening, if he goes not to Councel, which is ſeldom, he goes either to make ſome Viſits, or to take the Air abroad, and according to this conſtant Method he paſſeth his Life.

There are great Stirs like to ariſe 'twixt the *Bohemians*, and the Elected King the Emperour, and they are come already to that height, that they conſult of Depoſing him, and to Chuſe ſome *Proteſtant* Prince to be their King, ſome talk of the Duke of *Saxony*, others of the *Palſegrave*; I believe the States here, would rather be for the latter, in regard of Conformity of Religion, the other being a *Lutheran*.

I could not find in *Amſterdam* a large *Ortelius* in *French* to ſend you, but from *Antwerp* I will not fail to ſerve you.

So wiſhing you all Happineſs and Health, and that the Sun may make many Progreſſes more through the *Zodiac*, before thoſe Comely Gray Hairs of yours go to the Grave, I reſt

June 1619. *Your very Humble Servant,*

J. H.

XI.

To Captain Francis Bacon, *at the* Glaſs-Houſe *in* Broad-Street.

Sir,

MY laſt to you was from *Amſterdam*, ſince which time, I have travers'd the prime parts of the *United Provinces*, and I am now in *Zealand*, being newly come to this Town of *Middleborough*, which is much Creſt-faln ſince the Staple of *Engliſh*

liſh Cloth was removed hence, as is *Fluſhing* alſo her next Neighbour, ſince the departure of the *Engliſh* Garriſon: A good intelligent Gentleman told me the manner how *Fluſhing* and the *Brill*, our two Cautionary Towns here, were redeem'd, which was thus: The Nine Hundred and odd Souldiers at *Fluſhing* and the *Rammakins* hard by, being many Weeks without their Pay, they borrow'd divers Sums of Money of the *States* of this Town, who finding no hopes of Supply from *England*, Advice was ſent to the *States General* at the *Hague*, they conſulting with Sir *Ralph Winwood* our Ambaſſadour (who was a favourable Inſtrument unto them in this Buſineſs, as alſo in the Match with the *Palſegrave*) ſent Inſtructions to the Lord *Caroon*, to acquaint the Earl of *Suffolk* (then Lord Treaſurer) herewith; and in caſe they could find no ſatisfaction there, to make his Addreſs to the King himſelf, which *Caroon* did, His Majeſty being much incens'd, that his Subjects and Souldiers ſhould Starve for want of their Pay in a forren Country, ſent for the Lord Treaſurer, who drawing his Majeſty aſide, and telling how empty his *Exchequer* was, His Majeſty told the Ambaſſadour, *That if his Maſters, the* States, *would pay the Money they ow'd him upon thoſe Towns, he would deliver them up:* The Ambaſſadour returning the next Day, to know whether his Majeſty perſiſted in the ſame Reſolution; in regard that at his former Audience, he perceived him to be a little tranſported, his Majeſty anſwered, *That he knew the* States *of* Holland *to be his good Friends and Confederates, both in point of Religion and Poliy; therefore he apprehended not the leaſt fear of any difference, that ould fall out between them, in contemplation whereof, if they deſir'd have their Towns again, he would willingly ſurrender them:* Hereupon the *States* made up the Sum preſently, which came in convenient time, for it ſerv'd to defray the expenceful Progreſs he made to *Scotland*, the Summer following. When that Money was lent by Queen *Elizabeth*, it was Articled, That Intereſt ſhould b payed upon Intereſt; and beſides, that for every Gentleman who ſhould loſe his life in the *States* Service, they ſhould make good Five Pounds to the Crown of *England*. All this his Majeſty remitted, and onely took the Principal; and this was done in requital of that Princely Entertainment and great Preſents, which my Lady *Elizabeth* had received in divers of their Towns, as ſhe paſs'd to *Heydelberg*.

The Bearer hereof, is Sign. *Antonio Miotti*, who was Maſter of a *Chryſtal-Glaß-Furnace* here a long time, and as I have it by good intelligence, he is one of the ableſt, and moſt knowing men, for the guidance of a *Glaß-Work* in *chriſtendom:* Therefore according to my Inſtructions I ſend him over, and hope to have done Sir *Robert* good Service thereby. So with my kind Reſpects

ſpects unto you, and my moſt humble Service where you know it is due, I reſt

June 6th, 1619. *Your Affectionate Servant,*

J. H.

XII.

To Sir James Crofts. Antwerp.

Sir,

I Preſume that my laſt to you from the *Hague* came to ſafe Hand: I am now come to a more cheerful Country, and amongſt a People ſomewhat more vigorous and mettal'd, being not ſo heavy as the *Hollander*, or homely, as they of *Zealand*. This goodly Ancient City, methinks, looks like a diſconſolate Widow, or rather ſome ſuperannuated Virgin, that hath loſt her Lover, being almoſt quite bereſt of that flouriſhing Commerce, wherewith, before the falling off of the Provinces from *Spain*, ſhe abounded to the envy of all other Cities and Marts of *Europe*. There are few places this ſide the *Alps* better Built, and ſo well Streeted as this, and none at all ſo well girt with Baſtions and Ramparts, which in ſome places are ſo ſpacious, that they uſually take the Air in Coaches upon the very Walls, which are beautified with divers rows of Trees, and pleaſant Walks: The Cittadel here, though it be an addition to the Stateline ſs and Strength of the Town, yet it ſerves as a ſhrew'd curb unto her, which makes her chomp upon the Bit, and foam ſometimes with Anger, but ſhe cannot help it. The Tumults in *Bohemia* now grow hotter and hotter; they write how the Great Councel at *Prague* fell to ſuch a Hurliburly, that ſome of thoſe Senators who adher'd to the Emperour, were thrown out at the Windows, where ſome were maim'd, ſome broak their Necks. I am ſhortly to bid a Farewel to the *Neatherlands*, and to bend my courſe for *France*, where I ſhall be moſt ready to entertain any Commands of yours: So may all Health and Happineſs attend you, according to the Wiſhes of,

July 5th, 1619. *Your Obliged Servant,*

J. H.

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XIII.

To Dr. Tho. Richard *at* Oxford. *From* Rouen.

Sir,

I Have now taken firm footing in *France*, and though *France* be one of the chiefeſt Climates of Complement, yet I can uſe none

towards you, but tell you in plain down right Language, That in the Liſt of thoſe Friends I left behind me in *England*, you are one of the prime Rank, one whoſe name I have mark'd with the whited Stone: If you have gain'd ſuch a place amongſt the choiceſt Friends of mine, I hope you will put me ſomewhere amongſt yours, though I but fetch up the Rear, being contented to be the *Infima ſpecies*, the loweſt in the predicament of your Friends.

I ſhall Sojourn a good while in this City of *Rouen*, therefore I pray make me happy with the Comfort of your *Letters*, which I ſhall expect with a longing Impatience: I pray ſend me ample Advertiſements of your Welfare, and the reſt of our Friends, as well on the Banks of *Iſis*, as amongſt the *Britiſh* Mountains. I am but a freſh man yet in *France*, therefore I can ſend you no News, but that all is here quiet, and *'tis no ordinary News that the* French *ſhould be quiet:* But ſome think this Calm will not laſt long, for the Queen Mother (late *Regent*) is diſcontented, being reſtrain'd from coming to Court, or to the City of *Paris*, and the Tragical Death of her Favourite, (and Foſter-Brother) the late Marqueſs of *Ancre*, lieth yet in her Stomach undigeſted: She hath the Duke of *Eſpernon*, and divers other potent Princes, that would be ſtrongly at her Devotion (as 'tis thought) if ſhe would ſtir. I pray preſent my Service to Sir *Eubule Theloall*, and ſend me word with what pace, *Jeſus* Colledge new Walls go up: I will borrow my Concluſion to you at this time, of my Country man *Owen:*

Uno non poſſum quantum te diligo verſu
Dicere, ſi ſatis eſt diſtichon, ecce duos.
I cannot in one Verſe my Love declare,
If two will ſerve the turn, lo, here they are.

Whereunto I will add this Sirname, *Anagram.*

Aug. 6th, 1619. *Yours whole,*
J Howel.

XIV.

To Dan. Caldwall *Eſquire.* *From* Rouen.

MY dear *Dan.* when I came firſt to this Town, amongſt other Objects of Contentment which I found here, whereof there are variety, a *Letter* of yours was brought me, and 'twas a *She Letter*, for two more were enwomb'd in her Body, ſhe had an eaſie and quick Deliverance of that Twin; but, beſides them, ſhe was big and pregnant of divers ſweet Pledges, and lively Evidences of your own Love towards me, whereof I am as fond as any Mother can be of her Child: I ſhall endeavour to cheriſh and foſter

ſter this dear Love of yours, with all the tenderneſs that can be, and warm it at the Fuel of my beſt Affections, to make it grow every Day ſtronger and ſtronger, until it comes to the ſtate of Perfection, becauſe I know it is true and real, it is no ſpurious or adulterated Love: If I intend to be ſo indulgent and careful of yours, I hope you will not ſuffer mine to ſtarve with you; my Love to you needs not much tending, for it is a luſty ſtrong Love, and will not eaſily miſcarry.

I pray when you Write next, to ſend me a Dozen Pair of the beſt White Kid-skin Gloves, the *Royal Exchange* can afford; as alſo Two Pair of the pureſt White Worſted Stockins you can get, of Women ſize, together with half a Dozen Pair of Knifes: I pray ſend your man with them to *Vacandary* the *French* Poaſt upon *Tower-Hill*, who will bring them me ſafely. When I go to *Paris*, I ſhall ſend you ſome Curioſities, equivalent to theſe; I have here incloſ'd return'd an Anſwer to thoſe two that came in yours, I pray ſee them ſafely delivered. My kind Reſpects to your Brother *Sergeant* at Court, to all at *Batterſay*, or any where elſe, where you think my Commendations may be well plac'd.

No more at this time, but that I commend you to the Never-Failing Providence of God, deſiring you to go on in nouriſhing ſtill between us, that Love, which for my part,

No Traverſes of Chance, *of* Time, *of* Fate,
Shall e're Extinguiſh till our Lives laſt Date;
But as the Vine *her lovely* Elm *doth wire,*
Graſp both our Heart, and flame with freſh deſire,

Aug. 13, 1619. *Yours* J. H.

XV.

To my Father. From Rouen.

Sir,

YOurs of the third of *Auguſt*, came to ſafe Hand in an incloſ'd from my Brother; you may make eaſie conjecture how welcome it was unto me, and to what a height of Comfort it rais'd my Spirits, in regard it was the firſt I received from you, ſince I croſs'd the Seas, I humbly thank you for the Bleſſing you ſent along with it.

I am now upon the fair Continent of *France*, One of *Nature*'s choiſeſt Maſter-Pieces; one of *Ceres*'s cheifeſt Barns of Corn; one of *Bacchus*'s prime Wine-Cellers; and one of *Neptune*'s beſt Salt-Pits; a compleat Self-ſufficient Country, where there is rather a ſuperfluity, then defect of any thing, either for Neceſſity or Pleaſure, did *the Policy of the Country correſpond with the Bounty of Na-*

ture, in the equal diſtribution of the Wealth among the Inhabitants; for I think there is not upon the Earth, a richer Country, and poorer People: 'Tis true, *England* hath a good repute abroad for her Fertility, yet be our Harveſts never ſo kindly, and our Crops never ſo plentiful, we have every Year commonly ſome Grain from thence, or from *Dantzic*, and other places, imported by the Merchant: Beſides, there be many more Heaths, Commons, bleak barren Hills, and waſt Grounds in *England*, by many degrees, then I find here; and I am ſorry our Country of *Wales*, ſhould give more inſtances hereof, then any other part.

This Province of *Normandy*, once an *Appendix* of the Crown of *England*, though it want Wine, yet it yields the King as much Deſmeans as any one of the reſt: the lower *Norman* hath Syder for his common Drink; and I viſibly obſerved, that they are more plump and replet in their Bodies, and of a clearer Complexion then thoſe that drink altogether Wine. In this great City of *Rouen* there be many Monuments of the *Engliſh* Nation yet extant: In the outſide of the higheſt Steeple of the Great Church, there is the Word of GOD Engraven in huge Golden Characters, every one almoſt as long as my ſelf to make them the more viſible: In this Steeple hangs alſo the greateſt Bell of *Chriſtendom*, call'd *d' Amboiſe*, for it weighs near upon Forty Thouſand Pound weight: There is alſo here Saint *Oen*, the greateſt Sanctuary in the City, Founded by one of our Compatriots, as the Name imports: This Province is alſo ſubject to Wardſhips, and no other part of *France* beſides: But whether the Conquerour tranſported that Law to *England* from hence, or whether he ſent it over from *England* hither, I cannot reſolve you: There is a marvellous quick Trade beaten in this Town, becauſe of the great Navigable River *Sequana* (the *Seine*) that runs hence to *Paris*, whereon there ſtands a ſtrange Bridge that ebbs and flows, that riſeth and falls with the River, it being made of Boats, whereon Coaches and Carts may paſs over as well as Men: Beſides, this is the neareſt Mercantil City that ſtands 'twixt *Paris* and the Sea.

My laſt unto you was from the *Low-Countrys*, where I was in motion to and fro above four Months; but I fear it miſcarried in regard you make no mention of it in yours.

I begin more and more to have a ſenſe of the ſweetneſs and advantage of forren Travel: I pray when you come to *London*, to find a time to viſit Sir *Robert*, and acknowledge his great Favours unto me, and deſire a continuance thereof, according as I ſhall endeavour to deſerve them. So with my due and daily Prayers for your Health, and a ſpeedy ſucceſsful iſſue of all your Law Buſineſſes, I humbly crave your Bleſſing, and reſt,

Sept. 7, 1619. *Your Dutiful Son,* J. H.

XVI. *To*

XVI.

To Captain Francis Bacon. *From* Paris.

Sir,

I Received two of yours in *Rouen* with the Bills of Exchange, therein inclos'd, and according to your Directions, I ſent you thoſe things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to *Paris*, this huge Magazin of Men, the Epitome of this large populous Kingdom, and Rendevouz of all Forrenors. The Structures here are indifferently fair, though the Streets generally foul all the four Seaſons of the Year; which I impute firſt to the Poſition of the City, being Built upon an Iſle (the Iſle of *France*, made ſo by the branching and ſerpentine Courſe of the River of *Seine)* and having ſome of her Subburbs ſeated high, the filth runs down the Channel, and ſettles in many places within the Body of the City, which lieth upon a Flat; as alſo for a world of Coaches, Carts, and Horſes of all ſorts that go to and fro perpetually, ſo that ſometimes one ſhall meet with a ſtop half a Mile long of thoſe Coaches, Carts, and Horſes, that can move neither forward nor backward by reaſon of ſome ſudden encounter of others coming a Croſs-way; ſo that often times it will be an Hour or two before they can diſ-intangle: In ſuch a ſtop the Great *Henry* was ſo fatally Slain by *Ravillac*. Hence comes it to paſs, that this Town (for *Paris* is a *Town*, a *City*, and an *Univerſity)* is always dirty, and 'tis ſuch a Dirt, that by perpetual motion is beaten into ſuch a thick black unctious Oyl, that where it ſticks, no Art can waſh it off of ſome Colours; inſomuch, that it may be no improper compariſon to ſay, That an ill name is like the *Crot* (the Dirt) of *Paris*; which is indelible: beſides, the ſtain this Dirt leaves, it gives alſo ſo ſtrong a ſcent, that it may be ſmelt many Miles off, if the Wind be in ones Face as he comes from the freſh Air of the Country: This may be one cauſe why the Plague is always in ſome Corner or other of this vaſt City, which may be call'd, as once *Scythia* was, *Vagina Populorum*, or (as Mankind was call'd by a great Philoſopher) *A great Mole-Hill of Ants:* Yet I believe this City is not ſo Populous as ſhe ſeems to be, for her form being round (as the whole Kingdom is) the Paſſengers wheel about, and meet oftener then they uſe to do in the long continued Streets of *London*, which makes *London* appear leſs Populous then ſhe is indeed; ſo that *London* for length (though not for Latitude) including *Weſtminſter*, exceeds *Paris*, and hath in *Michaelmas* Term more Souls moving within her in all places. 'Tis under one Hundred Years that *Paris* is become

ſo ſumptuous and ſtrong in Buildings; for her Houſes were mean, until a Mine of White Stone was diſcover'd hard by, which runs in a continued Vein of Earth, and is digg'd out with eaſe being ſoft, and is between a White Clay and Chalk at firſt, but being Pullied up, with the open Air it receives a cruſty kind of hardneſs, and ſo becomes perfect Free-ſtone; and before it is ſent up from the Pit, they can reduce it to any form: Of this Stone, the *Louvre*, the King's Palace is Built, which is a vaſt Fabric, for the Gallery wants not much of an *Italian* Mile in length, and will eaſily lodge 3000 Men; which ſome told me, was the end for which the laſt King made it ſo big, that lying at the ſag-end of this Great Mutinous City, if the perchanſe ſhould Riſe, the King might pour out of the *Louvre* ſo many Thouſand Men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodg'd here hard by the *Baſtile*, becauſe it is furtheſt off from thoſe places where the *Engliſh* reſort; for I would go on to get a little Language as ſoon as I could. In my next, I ſhall impart unto you what State-News *France* affords, in the interim, and always I am

March 30th, 1620. *Your Humble Servant,* J. H.

XVII.

To Richard Altham *Eſquire.* *From* Paris.

Dear Sir,

LOve is the Marrow of Friendſhip, and *Letters* are the Elixir of Love; they are the beſt Fuel of Affection, and caſt a ſweeter *Odour* than any Frankincenſe can do; ſuch an *Odour*, ſuch an *Aromatic* Perfume your late *Letter* brought with it, proceeding from the fragrancy of thoſe dainty Flowers of Eloquence, which I found bloſſoming, as it were, in every Line; I mean thoſe ſweet Expreſſions of Love and Wit, which in every Period were intermingled with ſo much Art, that they ſeem'd to contend for maſtery which was the ſtrongeſt: I muſt confeſs, that you put me to hard ſhifts to correſpond with you in ſuch exquiſit Strains and Raptures of *Love*, which were ſo lively, that I muſt needs judge them to proceed from the Motions, from the *Diaſtole* and *Syſtole* of a Heart truly affected; certainly your Heart did dictate every Syllable you writ, and guided your Hand all along: Sir, give me leave to tell you, that not a Dram, nor a Doze, not a Scruple of this precious *Love* of yours is loſt, but is ſafely treaſur'd up in my Breſt, and anſwer'd in like proportion to the full; mine to you is as cordial, it is paſſionate and perfect as *Love* can be.

I thank you for the desire you have to know how it fares with me abroad; I thank God I am perfectly well, and well contented with this wandering course of life a while; I never enjoyed my Health better, but I was like to endanger it two Nights ago; for being in some jovial Company abroad, and coming late to our Lodging, we were suddenly surprized by a Crue of *Filous* of Night Rogues, who drew upon us, and as we had exchang'd some Blows, it pleas'd God the *Chevalieur de Guet*, an Officer, who goes up and down the Streets all Night, on Horse-back, to prevent Disorders, pass'd by, and so rescued us; but *Jack White* was hurt, and I had two thrusts in my Cloak. There is never a Night passeth, but some Robbing or Murther is committed in this Town, so that it is not safe to go late any where, specially about the *Pont-Neuf*, the New Bridge, though *Henry* the Great himself lies Centinel there in Arms, upon a huge *Florentine* Horse, and sits bare to every one that passeth, an improper posture methinks to a King on Horse-back: Not long since, one of the Secretaries of State (whereof there are here always Four) having bin invited to the Subburbs of Saint *Germaines* to Supper, left order with one of his Laquays, to bring him his Horse about Nine; it so happened, that a mischance befel the Horse, which lam'd him as he went a watring to the *Seine*, insomuch that the Secretary was put to beat the Hoof himself, and Foot it home; but as he was passing the *Pont-Neuf* with his Laquay carrying a Torch before him, he might o're-hear a noise of clashing of Swords and Fighting, and looking under the Torch, and perceiving they were but two, he bid his Laquay go on; they had not made many paces, but two armed men with their Pistols cock'd, and Swords drawn, made pushing towards them, whereof one had a Paper in his Hand, which he said, he had casually took up in the Streets, and the difference between them was about that Paper; therefore they desir'd the Secretary to read it with a great deal of Complement, the Secretary took out his Spectacles, and fell a reading of the said Paper, whereof the substance was, *That it should be known to all Men, that whosoever did pass over that Bridge after Nine a Clock in Winter, and Ten in Summer, was to leave his Cloak behind him, and in case of no Cloak, his Hat.* The Secretary starting at this, one of the Camerades told him, That he thought that Paper concerned him; so they unmantled him of a new Plush Cloak, and my Secretary was content to go home quietly, and *en Cuerpo*. This makes me think often of the excellent Nocturnal Government of our City of *London*, where one may pass and repass securely all Hours of the Night, if he give good words to the Watch. There is a gentle Calm of Peace now throughout all *France*, and the King intends to make a Progress to all the Frontier Towns of the Kingdom, to see how they are

Fortified. The Favourite *Luines* ſtrengtheneth himſelf more and more in his Minionſhip, but he is much murmured at in regard the Acceſs of Suiters to him are ſo difficult, which made a Lord of this Land ſay, *That three of the hardeſt things in the World were, To quadrate a Circle, to find out the Philoſophers Stone, and to ſpeak with the Duke of* Luines.

I have ſent you by *Vacandary* the Poaſt, the *French* Beaver and Tweeſes you writ for: Bever-Hats are grown dearer of late, becauſe the *Jeſuites* have got the Monopoly of them from the King.

Farewel dear Child of *Vertue* and Minion of the *Muſes*, and continue to Love

May the 1ſt, 1620.

Your J. Howel.

XVIII.

To Sir James Crofts. *From* Paris.

Sir,

I Am to ſet forward this Week for *Spain*, and if I can find no Commodity of Imbarcation at St. *Malo's*, I muſt be forc'd to Journey it all the way by Land, and clammer up the huge *Pyrency-Hills*, but I could not bid *Paris* Adieu, till I had conveyed my true and conſtant Reſpects to you by this *Letter*. I was yeſterday to wait upon Sir *Herbert Crofts* at Saint *Germaines*, where I met with a *French* Gentleman, who amongſt other Curioſities, which he pleaſed to ſhow me up and down *Paris*, brought me to that place where the late King was Slain, and to that where the Marqueſs of *Ancre* was Shot, and ſo made me a punctual Relation of all the Circumſtances of thoſe two Actions; which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notableſt Accidents that ever happen'd in *France*, I thought it worth the labour to make you partaker of ſome part of his Diſcourſe.

France, as all *Chriſtendom* beſides, (for there was then a Truce 'twixt *Spain* and the *Hollander*) was in a profound Peace, and had continued ſo Twenty Years together, when *Henry* the Fourth fell upon ſome great Martial Deſign, the bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heap'd up in the *Baſtile* a Mount of Gold that was as high as a Lance) he levied a huge Army of 40000 Men, whence came the Song, *The King of* France *with Forty Thouſand Men:* and upon a ſudden he put this Army in perfect Equipage, and ſome ſay he invited our Prince *Henry* to come unto him to be a Shearer in his Exploits: But going one Afternoon to the *Baſtile*, to ſee his Treaſure and Ammunition,

nition, his Coach ſtopp'd ſuddenly, by reaſon of ſome Colliers and other Carts that were in that narrow Street; whereupon one *Ravillac* a Lay-Jeſuit (who had a whole Twelve Month watch'd an opportunity to do the Act) put his Foot boldly upon one of the Wheels of the Coach, and with a long Knife ſtretch'd himſelf over their Shoulders who were in the Boot of the Coach, and reach'd the King at the end, and Stab'd him right in the left ſide to the Heart, and pulling out the fatal Steel, he doubled his thruſt; the King with a ruthful voice cryed out, *Je ſuis Bleſſe*, (I am hurt) and ſuddenly the Bloud iſſued at his Mouth: The Regicide Villain was apprehended, and command given, that no violence ſhould be offered him, that he might be reſerv'd for the Law, and ſome exquiſit Torture. The Queen grew half diſtracted hereupon, who had been Crown'd Queen of *France* the Day before in great Triumph; but a few Days after ſhe had ſomething to countervail, if not to over-match her *Sorrow*; for according to St. *Lewis*'s Law, ſhe was made Queen Regent of *France*, during the King's Minority, who was then but about Years of Age. Many Conſultrations were held how to puniſh *Ravillac*, and there were ſome *Italian* Phyſicians that undertook to preſcribe a Torment, that ſhould laſt a conſtant Torment for three Days, but he ſcap'd onely with this, His Body was pull'd between four Horſes, that one might hear his Bones crack, and after the diſlocation, they were ſet again, and ſo he was carried in a Cart, ſtanding half Naked, with a Torch in that Hand which had committed the Murther; and in the place where the Act was done, it was cut off, and a Gauntlet of hot Oyl was clap'd upon the Stump, to ſtench the Bloud, whereat he gave a doleful Shrike, then was he brought upon a Stage, where a new pair of *Boots* was provided for him, half fill'd with boyling Oyl, then his Body was Pincer'd, and hot Oyl pour'd into the Holes; in all the extremity of this Torture, he ſcarce ſhewed any ſenſe of Pain, but when the Gauntlet was clap'd upon his Arms to ſtench the Flux, at which time he of reaking Bloud, gave a Shrike onely; he bore up againſt all theſe Torments about three Hours before he died: All the *Confeſſion* that could be drawn from him, was, *That he thought he had done God good Service, to take away that King, which would have Embroil'd all* Chriſtendon *in an endleſs War.*

A fatal thing it was, that *France* ſhould have three of her Kings come to ſuch violent Deaths, in ſo ſhort a *revolution* of time: *Henry* the Second Running at Tilt with Monſieur *Montgomery*, was kill'd by a Splinter of a Lance that pierc'd his eye: *Henry* the Third, not long after, was kill'd by a young Fryar, who in lieu of a *Letter*, which he pretended to have for him, pull'd

pull'd out of his long Sleeve a Knife, and thruſt him into the *bottom* of the Belly, as he was coming from his *Cloſe-Stool*, and ſo diſpatcht him; but that Regicide was hack'd to pieces in the place by the Nobles: The ſame Deſtiny attended this King by *Ravillac*, which is become now a common name of Reproach and Infamy in *France*.

Never was King ſo much lamented as this, there are a world not onely of his Pictures, but Statues up and down *France*, and there's ſcarce a Market-Town but hath him erected in the Market-Place, or over ſome Gate, not upon Sign-Poſts, as our *Henry* the Eight; and by a publick Act of Parliament, which was confirmed in the *Conſiſtory* at *Rome*, he was Entitled, *Henry the Great*, and ſo place'd in the Temple of *Immortality*. A notable Prince he was, and of an admirable temper of Body and Mind, he had a graceful facetious way to gain both Love and Aw; he would be never tranſported beyond himſelf with Choler, but he would paſs by any thing with ſome *Reparty*, ſome witty Strain, wherein he was excellent; I will inſtance in a few which were told me from a good hand: One Day he was charg'd by the Duke of *Bovillon* to have chang'd his Religion, he anſwer'd, *No, Couſin, I have chang'd no Religion, but an Opinion:* And the Cardinal of *Perron* being by, he enjoyn'd him to write a Treatiſe for his Vindication, the Cardinal was long about the Work, and when the King ask'd from time to time where his *Book* was, he would ſtill anſwer him, *That he expected ſome Manuſcripts from* Rome *before he could finiſh it.* It happen'd, that one Day the King took the Cardinal along with him to look on his *Workmen*, and new Buildings at the *Louvre*; and paſſing by one Corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfiniſhed; the King ask'd the chief Maiſon why that Corner was not all this while perfected: *Sir, It is becauſe I want ſome choiſe Stones. No, no,* ſaid the King, looking upon the Cardinal, *it is becauſe thou wanteſt Manuſcripts from* Rome. Another time, the old Duke of *Main*, who was uſed to play the Droll with him, coming ſoftly into his Bed-Chamber, and thruſting in his bald Head and long Neck, in a poſture to make the King merry, it happened the King was coming from doing his Eaſe, and ſpying him, he took the round Cover of the *Cloſe-Stool*, and clap'd it on his bald Sconce, ſaying, *Ah, Couſin, you thought once to have taken the Crown off of my Head, and to wear it on your own; but this of my Tail ſhall now ſerve your turn.* Another time, when at the Siege of *Amiens*, he having ſent for the Count of *Soiſſons* (who had 100000 *Franks* a Year Penſion from the Crown) to aſſiſt him in thoſe Wars, and that the Count excuſed himſelf by reaſon of his Years and Poverty, having exhauſted himſelf in the former Wars, and

all

all that he could do now, was to Pray for his Majeſty, which he would do heartily: This Anſwer being brought to the King, he replied, *Will my Couſin, the Count of* Soiſſons, *do nothing elſe but Pray for me? Tell him that Prayers without Faſting, is not available; therefore I will make my Couſin Faſt alſo, from his Penſion of* 100000 per annum.

He was once troubled with a fit of the Gout, and the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadour coming then to Viſit him, and ſaying he was ſorry to ſee his Majeſty ſo Lame, he anſwered, *As Lame as I am, if there were occaſion, your Maſter, the King of* Spain, *ſhould no ſooner have his Foot in the Stirrop, but he ſhould find me on Horſe-back.*

By theſe few you may gueſs at the Genius of this Spriteful Prince, I could make many more inſtances, but then I ſhould exceed the bounds of a *Letter:* When I am in *Spain* you ſhall hear further from me, and if you can think on any thing wherein I may ſerve you, believe it, Sir, that any Imployment from you, ſhall be welcome to

May the 12th, 1620. *Your much Obliged Servant,* J. H.

XIX.

To my Brother Dr. Howel.

Brother,

BEing to Morrow to part with *Paris*, and begin my Journey for *Spain*, I thought it not amiſs to ſend you this, in regard I know not when I ſhall have opportunity to write unto you again.

This Kingdom, ſince the young King hath taken the Scepter into his own hands, doth flouriſh very much with Quietneſs and Commerce; nor is there any motion or the leaſt tintamar of Trouble in any part of the Country, which is rare in *France*. 'Tis true, the Queen Mother is diſcontented ſince ſhe left her Regency, being confin'd and I know not what it may come unto in time, for ſhe hath a ſtrong Party, and the Murthering of her Marqueſs of *Ancre* will yet bleed as ſome fear.

I was lately in ſociety of a Gentleman, who was a Spectator of that Tragedy, and he pleas'd to relate unto me the particulars of it, which was thus: When *Henry* the Fourth was Slain, the Queen Dowager took the Reigns of the Government into her Hands, during the young King's Minority; and amongſt others whom ſhe advanc'd, Signior *Conchino*, a *Florentine*, and her Foſter-Brother, was one; her Countenance came to ſhine ſo ſtrongly upon him, that he became her onely Confident and Favourite, in-

inſomuch, that ſhe made him Marqueſs of *Ancre*, one of the Twelve Marſhals of *France*, Governour of *Normandy*, and conferred divers other Honours and Offices of Truſt upon him, and who but he: The Princes of *France* could not endure this Domineering of a Stranger, therefore they leagu'd together to ſuppreſs him by Arms: The Queen Regent, having intelligence hereof, ſurprized the Prince of *Conde*, and clap'd him up in the *Baſtile*; the Duke of *Main* fled hereupon to *Peronne* in *Picardy*, and other great Men put themſelves in an armed Poſture, to ſtand upon their Guard. The young King being told, that the Marqueſs of *Ancre* was the ground of this Diſcontentment, commanded Monſieur *de Vitry*, Captain of his Guard, to Arreſt him, and in caſe of Reſiſtance, to kill him: This buſineſs was carried very cloſely till the next Morning, that the ſaid Marqueſs was coming to the *Louvre* with a ruffling Train of Gallants after him, and paſſing over the Draw-Bridge at the Court-Gate, *Vitry* ſtood there with the King's Guard about him, and as the Marqueſs entered, he told him, That he had a Commiſſion from the King to Apprehend him; therefore he demanded his Sword. The Marqueſs hereupon put his Hand upon his Sword; ſome thought to yeild it up, others to make oppoſition; in the mean time *Vitry* diſcharged a Piſtol at him, and ſo diſpatch'd him: The King being above in his Gallery, ask'd what noiſe that was below, one ſmilingly anſwered, *Nothing, Sir, but that the Marſhal of* Ancre *is Slain. Who ſlew him? The Captain of your Guard. Why? Becauſe he would have drawn his Sword at your Majeſties Royal commiſſion.* Then the King replied, Vitry *hath done well, and I will maintain the Act.* Preſently the Queen Mother had all her Guard taken from her, except ſix Men, and ſixteen Women, and ſo ſhe was Baniſhed *Paris*, and commanded to retire to *Blois*: *Ancre*'s Body was Buried that Night in a Church hard by the Court, but the next Morning, when the Laquays and Pages (who are more unhappy here than the Apprentiſes in *London*) broke up his Grave, tore his Coffin to pieces, rip'd the Winding-Sheet, and tied his Body to an Aſſes Tail, and ſo dragg'd him up and down the Gutters of *Paris*, which are none of the ſweeteſt, they then ſlic'd off his Ears, and nail'd them upon the Gates of the City, they cut off his Genitories (and they ſay he was hung like an Aſs) and ſent them for a Preſent to the Duke of *Main*, the reſt of his Body they carried to the New-Bridge, and hung him, his Heels upwards and Head downwards, upon a new Gibbet, that had been ſet up a little before to puniſh them who ſhould ſpeak ill of the preſent Government, and it was his chance to have the Maiden-Head of it himſelf: His Wife was hereupon Apprehended, Impriſoned, and Beheaded

for

for a Witch, ſome few Days after upon a Surmiſe, that ſhe had Enchanted the Queen to dote ſo upon her Husband; and they ſay the young King's Picture was found in her Cloſet in *Virgin-Wax*, with one Leg melted away; a little after a Proceſs was formed againſt the Marqueſs (her Husband) and ſo he was *Condemn'd after Death.* This was a right Act of a *French* popular Fury, which like an angry Torrent is irreſiſtible; nor can any Banks, Boundaries, or Dikes, ſtop the impetuous rage of it. How the young King will proſper after ſo high, and an unexampled Act of Violence, by beginning his Reign, and embruing the Walls of his own Court with Bloud in that manner, there are divers Cenſures.

When I am ſetled in *Spain*, you ſhall hear from me, in the interim, I pray let your Prayers accompany me in this long Journey; and when you Write to *Wales*, I pray acquaint our Friends with my Welfare. So I pray God Bleſs us both, and ſend us a happy Interview.

Paris, Sept. 8th, 1620. *Your Loving Brother,* J. H.

XX.

To my Couſin W. Vaughan *Eſquire.*

Couſin,

I Am now in *French-Britany*, I went back from *Paris* to *Rouen* and ſo through all *Low-Normandy*, to a little Port call'd *Granville*, where I Embark'd for this Town of St. *Malo*, but I did Purge ſo violently at Sea, that it put me into a burning Feaver for ſome few Days, whereof (I thank God) I am newly recovered, and finding no opportunity of Shipping here, I muſt be forc'd to turn my intended Sea-Voyage to a long Land-Journey.

Since I came to this Province, I was curious to converſe with ſome of the lower *Britons* who ſpeak no other Language but our *Welſh*, for their radical Words are no other, but 'tis no wonder, for they were a Colony of *Welſh* at firſt, as the *name* of this Province doth imply, as alſo the Latine name *Armorica*, which though it paſs for Latine, yet it is but pure *Welſh*, and ſignifies a Country bordering upon the Sea, as that Arch-Heretick was call'd *Pelagius, a Pelago*, his name being *Morgan.* I was a little curious to peruſe the Annals of this Province, and during the time that it was a Kingdom, there were Four Kings of the name *Hoell*, whereof one was called *Hoell the Great.*

This Town of St. *Malo*, hath one Rarity in it, for there is here a perpetual Garriſon of *Engliſh*, but they are of *Engliſh* Dogs, which

which are let out in the Night to Guard the Ships, and Eat the Carren up and down the Streets, and ſo they are ſhut up again in the Morning.

It will be now a good while before I ſhall have conveniency to ſend to you, or receive from you; howſoever, let me retain ſtill ſome little room in your Memory, and ſometimes in your Meditations, while I carry you about me perpetually, not onely in my Head, but in Heart, and make you Travel all along with me thus from Town to Country, from Hill to Dale, from Sea to Land, up and down the World; and you muſt be contented to be ſubject to theſe incertain Removes and Perambulations, until it ſhall pleaſe God to fix me again in *England*; nor need you, while you are thus my Concomitant through new places every day, to fear any ill uſage, as long as I fare well.

St. Malo, Sept. 15th, 1620. *Yours* χῃσει χ) κλησει J. H.

XXI.

To Sir John North, *Knight.* *From* Rochel.

Sir,

I Am newly come to *Rochel*, nor am I ſorry that I went ſomewhat out of my way to ſee this Town, not (to tell you true) out of any extraordinary love I bear to the People; for I do not find them ſo Gentle and Debonnair to Strangers, nor ſo Hoſpitable as the reſt of *France*, but I excuſe them for it, in regard it is commonly ſo with all Republick and Hans Towns, whereof this ſmells very rank; nor indeed hath any *Engliſh* man much cauſe to love this Town, in regard in Ages paſs'd, ſhe plaied the moſt treacherous part with *England* of any other place in *France:* For the Story tells us, That this Town having by a perfidious Stratagem (by forging a counterfeit Commiſſion from *England)* induc'd the *Engliſh* Governour to make a general Muſter of all his Forces out of the Town; this being one Day done, they ſhut their Gates againſt him, and made him go ſhake his Ears, and to ſhift for his Lodging, and ſo rendred themſelves to the *French* King, who ſent them a Blank to write their own Conditions. I think they have the ſtrongeſt Ramparts by Sea of any place of *Chriſtendom*, nor have I ſeen the like in any Town of *Holland*, whoſe Safety depends upon Water. I am bound to Morrow for *Bourdeaux*, then through *Gaſcogny* to *Tholouſe*, ſo through *Languidoc* over the Hills to *Spain*; I go in the beſt ſeaſon of the Year, for I make an *Autumnal* Journey of it. I pray let your Prayers accompany me all along, they are the beſt Officers of Love, and Fruits of Friendſhip:

ſhip: So God proſper you at home, as me abroad, and ſend us in good time a joyful Conjuncture.

October the 8th, 1620. *Yours*, J. H.

XXII.

To Mr. Tho. Porter, *after Captain* Porter.

MY Dear *Tom*, I had no ſooner ſet Foot upon this Soyl, and breath'd *Spaniſh* Air, but my Thoughts preſently reflected upon you: Of all my Friends in *England*, you were the firſt I met here, you were the prime Object of my Speculation, methought the very Winds in gentle Whiſpers did breath out your Name, and blow it on me; you ſeem'd to reverberate upon me with the Beams of the Sun, which you know hath ſuch a powerful influence, and indeed too great a ſtroke in this Country: And all this you muſt aſcribe to the Operations of Love, which hath ſuch a ſtrong vertual force, that when it faſteneth upon a pleaſing Subject, it ſets the Imagination in a ſtrange fit of working, it imploys all the Faculties of the Soul, ſo that not one Cell in the Brain is idle, it buſieth the whole inward Man, it affects the Heart, amuſeth the Underſtanding, it quickneth the Fancy, and leads the Will as it were by a ſilken Thred to co-operate with them all: I have felt theſe motions often in me, ſpecially at this time, that my Memory fixed upon you; but the reaſon that I fell firſt upon you in *Spain*, was, that I remembred I had heard you often diſcourſing how you have received part of your Education here, which brought you to ſpeak the Language ſo exactly well: I think often of the Relations I have heard you make of this Country, and the good Inſtructions you were pleaſed to give me.

I am now in *Barcelonia*, but the next Week I intend to go on through *your* Town of *Valentia* to *Alicant*, and thence you ſhall be ſure to hear from me further, for I make account to Winter there. The Duke of *Oſſuna* paſs'd by here lately, and having got leave of Grace to releaſe ſome Slaves, he went aboard the *Cape-Gallie*, and paſſing through the *Churma* of Slaves, he ask'd divers of them what their Offences were, every one excus'd himſelf, one ſaying, That he was put in out of Malice, another by Bribery of the Judge, but all of them Unjuſtly; amongſt the reſt, there was one ſturdy little black man, and the Duke asking him what he was in for: *Sir*, ſaid he, *I cannot deny but I am juſtly put in here, for I wanted Money, and ſo took a Purſe hard by* Tarragona *to keep me from Starving.* The Duke with a little Staff he had in his

his Hand, gave him two or three Blows upon the Shoulder, saying, *You Rogue, what do you do amongst so many Honest Innocent Men? get you gone out of their Company.* So he was freed, and the rest remain'd still in *statu quo primus*, to tug at the Oar.

I pray commend me Signiour *Camillo* and *Mazalao*, with the rest of the *Venetians* with you, and when you go aboard the *Ship* behind the *Exchange*, think upon

Barcelona, Novemb.
10th, 1620. *Yours*, J. H.

XXIII.

To Sir James Crofts.

Sir,

I Am now a good way within the Body of *Spain*, at *Barcelona*, a proud wealthy City, Situated upon the *Mediterranian*, and is the *Metropolis* of the Kingdom of *Catalonia*, call'd of old *Hispania Tarraconensis:* I had much ado to reach hither, for, besides the monstrous abruptness of the Way, these parts of the *Pyreneys* that border upon the *Mediterranean*, are never without Thieves by Land (call'd *Bandeleros)* and Pirates on the Sea-side, which lie sculking in the Hollows of the Rocks, and often surprize Passengers unawares, and carry them Slaves to *Barbary* on the other side. The safest way to pass, is to take a Bordon in the Habit of a Pilgrim, whereof there are abundance that perform their Vows this way to the Lady of *Monserat*, one of the prime places of Pilgrimage in *Christendom*; it is a stupendious Monastery, built on the top of a huge Land-Rock, whither it is impossible to go up, or come down by a direct way, but a path is cut out full of windings and turnings; and on the crown of this craggy Hill there is a flat, upon which the Monastery and Pilgrimage place is founded, where there is a Picture of the Virgin *Mary*, Sunburnt and Tann'd, it seems when she went to *Ægypt*; and to this Picture a marvailous confluence of People from all parts of *Europe* resort.

As I pass'd between some of the *Pyrency-Hills*, I observ'd the poor *Labradors*, some of the Country People, live no better than bruit Animals in point of Food, for their ordinary Commons is Grass and Water, onely they have always within their Houses a Bottle of Vinegar, and another of Oyl, and when Dinner or Supper time comes, they go abroad and gather their Herbs, and so cast Vinegar and Oyl upon them; and will pass thus two or three Days without Bread or Wine, yet are they strong and lusty Men, and will stand stiffly under a Musket.

There is a Tradition, that there were divers Mines of Gold in Ages

Ages paſs'd amongſt thoſe Mountains; and the Shepherds that kept Goats then, having made a ſmall Fire of Roſemary-Shrubs, with other combuſtible ſtuff, to warm themſelves, this Fire graz'd along, and grew ſo outragious, that it conſum'd the very Entrails of the Earth, and melted thoſe Mines; which growing Fluid by Liquefaction, ran down into the ſmall Rivelets that were in the Valleys, and ſo carried all into the Sea, that monſtrous Gulph, which ſwalloweth all, but ſeldom diſgorgeth any thing; and in theſe Brooks to this Day ſome ſmall Grains of Gold are found.

The *Viceroy* of this Country hath taken much pains to clear theſe Hills of Robbers, and there hath been a notable havock made of them this Year; for in divers Woods as I paſs'd, I might ſpy ſome Trees laden with dead Carcaſes, a better Fruit far then *Diogenes*'s Tree bore, whereon a Woman had hang'd her ſelf, which the *Cynic* cryed out to be the beſt-bearing Tree that ever he ſaw.

In this place then lives neither *Engliſh* Merchant or Factor, which I wonder at, conſidering that it is a Maritim Town, and one of the greateſt in *Spain*, her chiefeſt Arſenal for Gallies, and the Scale by which ſhe conveys her Moneys to *Italy*; but I believe the reaſon is, that there is no commodious Port here for Ships of any Burden, but a large Bay. I will enlarge my ſelf no further at this time, but leave you to the Guard and Guidance of God, whoſe ſweet Hand of Protection hath brought me through ſo many uncouth places and difficulties to this City: So hoping to meet your *Letters* in *Alicant*, where I ſhall Anchor a good while, I reſt

Barcelona, Novemb. 24th, 1620. *Yours to Diſpoſe of,* J. H.

XXIV.

To Dr. Fr. Manſell. *From* Valentia.

Sir,

THough it be the ſame glorious Sun that ſhines upon you in *England*, which Illuminates alſo this part of the Hemiſphear though it be the Sun that ripeneth your Pippins, and our Pomgranats; your Hops, and our Vineyards here, yet he deſpenſeth his Heat in different degrees of ſtrength; thoſe Rays that do but Warm you in *England*, do half Roaſt us here; thoſe Beams that irradiate onely, and guild your Honey-Suckled-Fields, do ſcorch and parch this chinky gaping Soil, and ſo put too many Wrincles upon the Face of our Common Mother the Earth. O Bleſſed Clime! O Happy *England!* where there is ſuch a rare tempera-

ture of the Heat and Cold, and all the reſt of Elementary Qualities, that one may paſs (and ſuffer little) all the Year without either Shade in Summer, or Fire in Winter!

I am now in *Valentia*, one of the nobleſt Cities of all *Spain*, Situated in a large Vegue or Valley, above Threeſcore Miles compaſs, here are the ſtrongeſt Silks, the ſweeteſt Wines, the excellent'ſt Almonds, the beſt Oils, and the beautiful'ſt Females of all *Spain*, for the prime Courtiſans in *Madrid* and elſe-where are had hence; the very brute Animals make themſelves Beds of Roſemary, and other fragrant Flowers hereabouts; and when one is at Sea, if the Wind blow from the Shore, he may ſmell this Soil before he come in ſight of it many Leagues off, by the ſtrong odoriferous Scent it caſts: As it is the moſt pleaſant, ſo it is alſo the temperateſt Clime of all *Spain*, and they commonly call it the *Second Italy*, which made the *Moors*, whereof many thouſands were diſterr'd and baniſhed hence to *Barbary*, to think that *Paradiſe* was in that part of the Heavens which hung over this City. Some Twelve Miles off, is old *Sagunto*, call'd now *Morviedre*, through which I paſſed, and ſaw many Monuments of *Roman* Antiquities there, amongſt others, there is the Temple Dedicated to *Venus*, when the Snake came about her Neck, a little before *Hannibal* came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wiſh you were here with me, and I believe you would not deſire to be a good while in *England*. So I am

March the 1ſt, 1620. *Your* J. H.

XXV.

To Chriſtopher Jones *Eſq*; *at* Grays-Inn.

Sir,

I Am now (thanks be to God) come to *Alicant*, the chief Rendevouz I aim'd at in *Spain*; for I am to ſend hence a Commodity call'd *Barillia*, to Sir *Robert Manſell*, for making of Criſtal-Glaſs, and I have treated with Signior *Andriotti*, a *Genoa* Merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000 Pound, by *Letters* of Credit from Maſter *Richant*, and upon his Credit, I might have taken many Thouſand Pounds more, he is ſo well known in the Kingdom of *Valentia*. This *Barillia* is a ſtrange kind of Vegetable, and it grows no where upon the ſurface of the Earth, in that Perfection, as here: The *Velentians* have it hence, and it is a Commodity whereby this Maritim Town doth partly ſubſiſt, for it is an Ingredient that goes to the making of the beſt Caſtle-Soap. It grows thus: 'Tis a round thick Earthy Shrub that bears Berries

ries like Barbaries, but 'twixt Blew and Green, it lies close to the Ground, and when it is ripe, they dig it up by the Roots, and put it together in Cocks, where they leave it dry many Days like Hey, then they make a Pit of a Fathom deep in the Earth, and with an Instrument like one of our Prongs, they take the Tuffs and put Fire to them, and when the flame comes to the Berries they melt, and dissolve into an *Azure* Liquor, and fall down into the Pit till it be full, then they Dam it up, and some Days after they open it, and find this *Barillia* Juice turn'd to a Blew Stone, so hard, that it is scarce Malleable; it is sold at One Hundred Crowns a Tun, but I had it for less; there is also a spurious Flower call'd *Gazul*, that grows here, but the Glass that's made of that is not so Resplendent and Clear. I have been here now these three Months, and most of my Food hath been Grapes and Bread, with other Roots, which have made me so fat, that I think if you saw me, you would hardly know me, such nourriture these deep Sanguine *Alicant*-Grapes give. I have not receiv'd a Syllable from you since I was in *Antwerp*, which transforms me to Wonder, and engenders odd Thoughts of Jealousie in me, that as my Body grows fatter, your Love grows lanker towards me; I pray take off these scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a Schism in Friendship, which I hold to be a very Holy League, and no less than a Piacle to infringe it; in which Opinion I rest

Alicant, March 27th, 1621. *Your Constant Friend,* J. H.

XXVI.

To Sir John North, *Knight.*

Sir,

HAving endur'd the brunt of a whole Summer in *Spain*, and tried the temper of all the other three Seasons of the Year up and down the Kingdoms of *Catalaunia*, *Valentia*, and *Mercia*, with some parts of *Aragon*, I am now to direct my Course for *Italy*; I hoped to have Embark'd at *Carthagena*, the best Port upon the *Mediterranean*, for what Ships and Gallies get in thither, are shut up, as it were, in a Box from the violence and injury of all Weathers, which made *Andrea Doria*, being asked by *Philip* the Second, which were his best Harbours; he Answered, *June*, *July*, and *Carthagena*; meaning that any Port is good in those two Months, but *Carthagena* was good any time of the Year. There was a most ruthful Accident had happen'd there a little before I came, for whereas Five Ships had gone thence laden with Souldiers for *Naples*, amongst whom there was the Flower of the Gen-

try of the Kingdom of *Murca*; thoſe Ships had hardly Sail'd three Leagues, but they met with Sixteen Sails of *Algier* Men of War, who had lain skulking in the Creeks thereabout, and they had the Winds, and all things elſe ſo favourable, that of thoſe five Ships they took one, ſunk another, and burnt a third, and two fled back to Safe-Harbour; the Report hereof being bruited up and down the Country, the Gentlewomen came from the Country to have Tidings, ſome of their Children, others of their Brothers, and Kindred, and went tearing their Hair, and Houling up and down the Streets in a moſt piteous manner: The Admiral of theſe two Ships, as I heard afterwards, was ſent for to *Madrid*, and Hang'd at the Court Gate, becauſe he did not Fight. Had I come time enough to have taken the opportunity, I might have been made, either Food for Hadocks, or turn'd to Cindars, or have been by this time a Slave in the Bannier at *Algier*, or tugging at an Oar; but I hope God hath reſerv'd me for a better Deſtiny: So I came back to *Alicant*, where I lighted upon a luſty *Dutch* man, who had carried me ſafe hither, but we were near upon Forty Days in Voyage; we paſs'd by *Mailorca* and *Minorca*, the *Baleares Inſulæ*, by ſome Ports of *Barbary*, by *Sardinia Corſica*, and all the Iſlands of the *Mediterranean* Sea, we were at the Mouth of *Tyber*, and thence forc'd our Courſe for *Sicilie*; we paſs'd by thoſe Sulphureous Fiery Iſlands, *Mongibel* and *Strombolo*, and about the dawn of the Day we ſhot through *Scylla* and *Charibdis*, and ſo into the *Phare* of *Meſſina*, thence we touch'd upon ſome of the *Greek* Iſlands, and ſo came to our firſt intended Courſe into the *Venetian Gulph*, and are now here at *Malamocca*, where we remain yet aboard, and muſt be content to be ſo, to make up the Month before we have *Pratic*, that is, before any be permitted to go aſhore and Negotiate, in regard we touch'd at ſome Infected places; for there are no People upon Earth ſo fearful of the Plague, as the *Italians*, ſpecially the *Venetian*, though their Neighbours the *Greeks* hard by, and the *Turks* have little or no apprehenſion at all of the danger of it, for they will Viſit and Commerſe with the Sick without any ſcruple, and will fix there longeſt Finger in the midſt of their Fore-head, and ſay, Their Deſtiny and manner of Death is pointed there. When we have gain'd y'on *Maiden City*, which lieth before us, you ſhall hear farther from me: So leaving you to his Holy Protection who hath thus graciouſly vouchſafed to preſerve this Ship, and me, in ſo long and dangerous a Voyage, I reſt

Malamoca, *April* 30th, 1621. *Tours*, J. H.

XXVII. *To*

XXVII.

To my Brother Dr. Howel.

Brother,

IF this *Letter* fail either in point of Orthography or Stile, you muſt impute the firſt to the tumbling poſture my Body was in at the Writing hereof, being a Shipboard, the ſecond the mudineſs of my Brain, which like Lees in a narrow Veſſel, hath been ſhaken at Sea in divers Tempeſts near upon Forty Days, I mean Natural Days, which include the Nights alſo, and are compos'd of Four and Twenty Hours, by which number the *Italian* computes his Time, and tells his Clock, for at the Writing hereof, I heard one from *Malamocca* ſtrike One and Twenty Hours: When I ſhall have Saluted yonder *Virgin City* that ſtands before me, and hath tantaliz'd me now this Sennight, I hope to cheer my Spirits, and ſettle my Pericranium again.

In this Voyage we paſs'd thorough, at leaſt touch'd, all thoſe Seas which *Horace* and other Poets Sing of ſo often, as the *Ionian*, the *Ægean*, the *Icarian*, the *Eyrrhene*, with others, and now we are in the *Adrian* Sea, in the Mouth whereof, *Venice* ſtands like a Gold-Ring in a Bears Muzzle: We paſs'd alſo by *Ætna*, by the *Infames Scopules*, *Acrocerania*, and though *Scylla* and *Charibdis*, about which the Ancient Poets, both *Greek* and *Latine*, keep ſuch a Coil, but they are nothing ſo horrid and dangerous as they make them to be, they are two white keen-pointed Rocks, that lie under Water Diametrically oppoſed, and like two Dragons defying one another, and there are Pilots, that in ſmall Shallops, are ready to Steer all Ships that paſs: This amongſt divers others, may ſerve for an inſtance, That the old Poets uſe to heighten and hoiſe up things by their Airy Fancies, above the reality of Truth. *Ætna* was very furious when we paſs'd, as ſhe uſeth to be ſometimes more then other, 'ſpecially when the Wind is Southward, for then ſhe is more ſubject to belching out flakes of Fire (as Stutterers uſe to Stammer more when the Wind is in that hole) ſome of the ſparkles fell aboard of us, but they would make us believe in *Syracuſa*, now *Meſſina*, that *Ætna* in times paſs'd, hath Eructated ſuch huge gobbets of Fire, that the ſparks of them have burnt Houſes in *Malta*, above Fifty Miles off, tranſported thither by a direct ſtrong Wind: We paſs'd hard by *Corinth*, now *Raguſa*, but I was not ſo happy as to touch there, for you know

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum:

I convers'd with many *Greeks*, but found none that could underſtand, much leſs Pratically ſpeak any of the old Dialects of the

Latine-Greek, it is ſo adulterated by the Vulgar, as a Bed of Flowers by Weeds, nor is there any People, either in the Iſlands, or on the Continent, that ſpeak it Converſably, yet there are in the *Morea* Seven Pariſhes call'd *Zacones*, where the Original *Greek* is not much degenerated, but they confound divers Letters of the Alphabet with one ſound, for in point of pronuntiation there is no difference 'twixt *Upſilon*, *Iota*, and *Eta*.

The laſt I received from you was in *Latine*, whereof I ſent you an anſwer from *Spain* in the ſame Language, though in a coarſer Dialect: I ſhall be a Gueſt to *Venice* a good while, therefore I deſire a frequency of Correſpondence between us by *Letters*, for there will be conveniency every Week of receiving and ſending: When you Write to *Wales*, I pray ſend Advice, that I am come ſafe to *Italy*, though not Landed there yet: So, my Dear Brother, I Pray God Bleſs us both, and all our Friends, and reſerve me to ſee you again with Comfort, and you me, who am

From a Shipbord before *Your Loving Brother,*
Venice, *May* 5, 1621. J. H.

XXVIII.

To the Honourable Sir Robert Manſell, *Vice-Admiral of* England. *From* Venice.

Sir,

AS ſoon as I came to *Venice*, I applied my ſelf to diſpatch your Buſineſs according to Inſtruction, and Mr. *Stymor* was ready to contribute his beſt Furtherance: Theſe two *Italians* who are the Bearers hereof, by report here, are the beſt Gentlemen-Workmen that ever blew Cryſtal, one is allied to *Antonio Miotti*, the other is Couſin to *Mazalao*; for other things they ſhall be ſent in the Ship *Lion*, which Rides here at *Malamocca*, as I ſhall ſend you Account by conveyance of Mr. *Symns*: Herewith I have ſent a *Letter* to you from Sir *Henry Wotton*, the Lord Ambaſſadour here, of whom I have received ſome Favours; he wiſh'd me to Write, That you have now a double Intereſt in him; for, whereas before he was onely your Servant, he is now your Kinſman by your late Marriage.

I was lately to ſee the *Arſenal* of *Venice*, one of the worthieſt things of *Chriſtendom*; they ſay there are as many Gallies and Galçaſſes of all ſorts, belonging to St. *Mark*, either in Courſe, at Anchor, in Dock, or upon the Carine, as there be Days in the Year; here they can build a compleat Gally in half a Day, and put her a Float in perfect Equipage, having all the Ingredients fitted before-hand, as they did in three Hours, when *Henry* the Third

paſs'd

paſs'd this way to *France* from *Poland*, who wiſh'd, that beſides *Paris*, and his Parliament-Towns, he had this *Arſenal* in exchange for Three of his chiefeſt Cities: There are Three Hundred People perpetually here at Work, and if one comes Young, and grows Old in St. *Mark*'s Service, he hath a Penſion from the State during Life. Being brought to ſee one of the *Clariſſimos* that Governs this *Arſenal*, this huge Sea Store-Houſe, among other matters reflecting upon *England*, he was ſaying, That if *Cavaglier Don Roberto Manſell* were now here, he thought verily the Republic would make a proffer to him to be Admiral of that Fleet of Gallies, and Galleons, which are now going againſt the Duke of *Oſſuna*, and the Forces of *Naples*; you are well known here.

I was, ſince I came hither in *Murano*, a little Iſland, about the diſtance of *Lambeth* from *London*, where Cryſtal-Glaſs is made, and 'tis a rare ſight to ſee a whole Street, where, on the one ſide, there are Twenty Furnaces together at Work: they ſay here, That although one ſhould tranſplant a Glaſs-Furnace from *Murano* to *Venice* her ſelf, or to any of the little Aſſembly of Iſlands about her, or to any other part of the Earth beſides, and uſe the ſame Materials, the ſame Workmen, the ſame Fuel, the ſelf-ſame Ingredients every way, yet they cannot make Cryſtal-Glaſs in that Perfection, for Beauty and Luſtre, as in *Murano*; ſome impute it to the quality of the Circumambient Air, that hangs over the place, which is purified and attenuated by the concurrence of ſo many Fires that are in thoſe Furnaces Night and Day perpetually, for they are like the *Veſtal* Fire which never goes out: And it is well known, that ſome Airs make more qualifying impreſſions than others; as a *Greek* told me in *Sicily*, of the Air of *Ægypt*, where there be huge common Furnaces to hatch Eggs by the Thouſands in *Camils* Dung; for during the time of Hatching, if the Air happen to come to be over-caſt, and grow cloudy, it ſpoils all, if the Skie continue ſtill ſerene and clear, not one Egg in a Hundred will miſcarry.

I met with *Camillo* your Conſaorman here lately, and could he be ſure of Entertainment, he could return to ſerve you again, and I believe for leſs Salary.

I ſhall attend your Commands herein by the next, and touching other particulars, whereof I have written to Captain *Bacon*: So I reſt

May 30, 1621. *Your moſt Humble and Ready Servant*
J. H.

XXIX.

To my Brother. From Venice.

Brother,

I Found a *Letter* of yours that had lain dormant here a good while in Mr. *Symns*'s Hands, to Welcome me to *Venice*, and I thank you for the variety of News, wherewith ſhe went Fraighted; for ſhe was to me, as a Ship richly laden from *London* uſeth to be to our Merchants here, and I eſteem her Cargazon at no leſs a value, for ſhe enrich'd me with the knowledge of my Father's Health, and your own, with the reſt of my Brothers and Siſters, in the Country, with divers other Paſſages of Contentment; beſides, ſhe went alſo Ballaſted with your good Inſtruction, which, as Marchants uſe to do of their Commodities, I will turn to the beſt Advantage, and *Italy* is no ill Market to improve any thing; the onely *procede* (that I may uſe the Mercantil Term) you can expect is Thanks, and this way I ſhall not be wanting to make you rich Returns.

Since I came to this Town I diſpatched ſundry Buſineſſes of good Value for Sir *Robert Manſell*, which I hope will give Content. The Art of Glaſs-Making here is very highly valued; for whoſoever he be of that Profeſſion, are Gentlemen *ipſo facto*, and it is not without reaſon, it being a rare kind of Knowledge and Chymiſtry, to tranſmute Duſt and Sand (for they are the onely main Ingredients) to ſuch a diaphanous pellucid dainty Body as you ſee a Cryſtal-Glaſs is, which hath this property above Gold or Silver or any other Mineral, to admit no Poiſon; as alſo, that it never waſtes or loſeth a whit of its firſt Weight, though you uſe it never ſo long: When I ſaw ſo many ſorts of curious Glaſſes made here, I thought upon the Complement which a Gentleman put upon a Lady in *England*, who having five or ſix comely Daughters, ſaid, *He never ſaw in his life, ſuch a dainty Cupboard of Cryſtal-Glaſſes:* The Complement proceeds, it ſeems, from a Saying they have here, *That the firſt handſome Woman that ever was made, was made of* Venice *Glaſs:* Which implies *Beauty, but Brittleneſs withal*; (and *Venice* is not unfurniſhed with ſome of that Mould, for no place abounds more with Laſſes and Glaſſes) but conſidering the Brittleneſs of the Stuff, it was an odd kind of Melancholly in him that could not be perſwaded, but that he was an *Urinal*; ſurely he deſerv'd to be Piſs'd in the Mouth: But when I pried into the Materials, and obſerv'd the Furnaces, and the Calcinations, the Tranſubſtantiation, the Liquefactions that are incident to this Art, my thoughts were rais'd to a higher ſpeculation,

lation, That if this ſmall Furnace-Fire hath Vertue to convert ſuch a ſmall lump of dark Duſt and Sand into ſuch a precious clear Body as Cryſtal, ſurely, that Grand Univerſal Fire, which ſhall happen at the Day of Judgement, may by its violent Ardour *vitrifie* and turn to one lump of Cryſtal, the whole Body of the Earth, nor am I the firſt that fell upon this Conceit.

I will enlarge my ſelf no further to you at this time, but conclude with this *Tetraſtic*, which my Brain ran upon in my Bed this Morning,

Vitrea ſunt noſtræ commiſſa negotia curæ,
Hoc oculis ſpeculum mittimus ergo tuis:
Quod ſpeculum? eſt inſtra ſpeculi mea littera, per quod
Vivida fraterni cordis imago nitet.

Adieu my Dear Brother, live Happily and Love

June 1ſt, 1621. *Your Brother.*

J. H.

XXX.

To Mr. Richard Altham *at* Grays-Inn.

Gentle S,

O dulcior illo
Melle quod in cœris Attica ponit apis,

O thou that doſt in Sweetneſs far excel,
That Joyce the Attic Bee ſtor's in her Cell.

My Dear Dick,

I Have now a good while ſince taken footing in *Venice*, this admired *Maiden City*, ſo call'd, becauſe ſhe was never Deflowered by any Enemy ſince ſhe had a Being, nor ſince her *Rialto* was firſt Erected, which is now above Twelve Ages ago.

I proteſt unto you at my firſt landing, I was for ſome Days raviſhed with the high Beauty of this *Maid*, with her lovely Countenance, I admired her magnificent Buildings, her marvailous Situation, her dainty ſmooth neat Streets, whereon you may walk moſt Days in the Year in a Silk-Stockin and Satin-Slippers, without ſoiling them, nor can the Streets of *Paris* be ſo Foul, as theſe are Fair. The Beauteous *Maid* hath been often attempted to be Vitiated, ſome have *Courted* her, ſome *Brib'd* her, ſome would have *Forc'd* her, yet ſhe hath ſtill preſerved her Chaſtity Intire; and though ſhe hath lived ſo many Ages, and paſſed ſo many ſhrew'd Brunts, yet ſhe continueth freſh to this very Day without the leaſt Wrinkle of old Age, or any Symptomes of Decay; where-

whereunto Political Bodies, as well as Natural, uſe to be liable: Beſides, ſhe hath Wreſtled with the greateſt Potentates upon Earth; The Emperour, the King of *France*, and moſt of the other Princes of *Chriſtendom* in that famous League of *Cambray* would have ſunk her, but ſhe bore up ſtill withing her Lakes, and broke that League to pieces by her Wit: The Grand *Turk* hath been often at her; and though he could not have his Will of her, yet he took away the richeſt Jewel ſhe wore in her *Coronet*, and put it in his *Turban*, I mean the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, the onely Royal Gem ſhe had; he hath ſet upon her Skirts often ſince, and though ſhe cloſed with him ſometimes, yet ſhe came off ſtill with her *Maiden-Head*, though ſome that envy her Happineſs, would brand her to be of late times a kind of *Concubine* to him, and that ſhe gives him ready Money once a Year to lie with her, which ſhe minceth by the name of *Preſent*, though it be indeed rather a *Tribute*.

I would I had you here with a Wiſh, and you would not deſire in haſt to be at *Grays-Inn*, though I hold your Walks to be the pleaſanteſt place about *London*; and that you have there the choiſeſt Society. I pray preſent my kind Commendations to all there, and Service at *Biſhops-Gate-Street*, and let me hear from you by the next Poaſt: So I am

Venice, June 5, 1621. *Intirely yours*, J. H.

XXXI.

To Dr. Fr. Manſell. *From* Venice.

GIve me leave to Salute you firſt in theſe *Sapphics*:

Inſulam tendens iter ad Britannam
Charta, de paucis volo, Siſte greſſum,
Verba Manſello, *bene noſcis illum,*
talia perfer.
Finibus longè patriis Hoellus
Dimorans, quantis Venetum ſuperba
Civitas leucis Dorobernienſi
diſtat ab urbe;
Plurimam mentis tibi vult ſalutem,
Plurimum cordis tibi vult vigorem,
Plurimum ſortis tibi vult favorem
Regis & Aulæ.

Theſe Wiſhes come to you from *Venice*, a place where there is nothing wanting that Heart can wiſh; Renowned *Venice*, the Admired'ſt

mired'ſt City in the World, a City that all *Europe* is bound unto, for ſhe is her greateſt Rampart againſt that huge Eaſtern Tyrant the *Turk* by Sea, elſe I believe he had over run all *Chriſtendom* by this time. Againſt him this City hath performed notable Exploits, and not onely againſt him, but divers others: She hath Reſtored Emperours to their Thrones, and Popes to their Chairs, and with her Gallies often preſerved St. *Peter*'s Bark from ſinking: for which, by way of Reward, one of his Succeſſours Eſpouſed her to the Sea, which Marriage is ſolemnly renewed every Year in ſolemn Proſeſſion by the *Dogge* and all the *Clariſſimos*, and a Gold-Ring caſt into the Sea out of the Great *Galeaſſe*, call'd the *Bucentoro*, wherein the firſt Ceremony was performed by the Pope himſelf, above Three Hundred Years ſince, and they ſay it is the ſelf-ſame Veſſel ſtill, though often put upon the *Carine*, and trimed. This made me think on that famous Ship at *Athens*; nay, I fell upon an abſtracted Notion in Philoſophy, and a Speculation touching the Body of Man, which being in perpetual Flux, and a kind of Succeſſion of Decays, and conſequently requiring ever and anon, a Reſtauration of what it looſeth of the Vertue of the former Aliment, and what was converted after the third Concoction into a Bloud and fleſhly Subſtance, which as in all other Sublunary Bodies that have internal principles of Heat, uſeth to tranſpire, breath out, and waſte away through inviſible Poers by Exerciſe, Motion, and Sleep, to make room ſtill for a ſupply of new Nourriture: I fell, I ſay, to conſider whether our Bodies may be ſaid to be of like condition with this *Bucentoro*; which though it be reputed ſtill the ſame Veſſel, yet I believe there's not a Foot of that Timber remaining which it had upon the firſt Dock, having been, as they tell me, ſo often Plank'd and Ribb'd, Caulk'd and Piec'd; in like manner our Bodies may be ſaid to be Daily Repaird by new Suſtenance which begets new Bloud, and conſequently new Spirits, new Humours, and I may ſay new Fleſh, the old by continual Deperdition and inſenſible Tranſpirations evaporating ſtill out of us, and giving way to freſh; ſo that I make a queſtion, Whether by reaſon of theſe perpetual Reparations and Accretions, the Body of Man may be ſaid to be the ſame Numerical Body in his old Age, that he had in his Manhood, or the ſame in his Manhood, that he had in his Youth, the ſame in his Youth, that he carried about him in his Childhood, or the ſame in his Childhood, which he wore firſt in the Womb? I make a doubt, Whether I had the ſame Identical Individually Numerical Body, when I carried a Calf-Leather Sachel to School in *Hereford*, as when I wore a Lamb-Skin Hood in *Oxford*; or whether I have the ſame Maſs of Bloud in my Veins, and the ſame Fleſh now in *Venice*, which I carried about me three Years ſince, up and down

London

London Streets, having in lieu of Beer and Ale, drank Wine all the while, and fed upon different Viands? Now the Stomach is like a Crufible, for it hath a Chymical kind of Vertue to tranſmute one Body into another, to tranſubſtantiate Fiſh and Fruits into Fleſh within and about us; but though it be queſtionable, whether I wear the ſame Fleſh which is fluxible, I am ſure my Hair is not the ſame, for you may remember I went flaxen Hair'd out of *England*, but you ſhall find me return'd with a very dark Brown, which I impute not onely to the Heat and Air of thoſe hot Countries I have Eat my Bread in, but to the quality and difference of Food: You will ſay that Hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpoſe; moreover, methinks I hear you ſay, That this may be true, onely in the Bloud and Spirits, or ſuch fluid Parts, not in the ſolid and heterogeneal Parts: But I will preſs no further at this time this Philoſophical Notion, which the ſight of *Bucentoro* infus'd into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a *Letter*, and I fear me to treſpaſs too much upon your Patience; I leave the further Diſquiſition of this Point to your own Contemplations, who are a far riper Philoſopher then I, and have waded deeper into, and drunk more of *Ariſtotle*'s Well; but to conclude, though it be doubtful whether I carry about me the ſame Body or no, in all Points that I had in *England*, I am well aſſur'd, I bear ſtill the ſame Mind, and therein I verified the old Verſe

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,
The Air but not the Mind they change,
Who in Outlandiſh Countries range.

For what alterations ſoever happen in this Microcoſm, in this little World, this ſmall bulk and Body of mine, you may be confident, that nothing ſhall alter my Affections, ſpecially towards you, but that I will perſevere ſtill the ſame,

Venice, June 25th, 1621. *The very Same,* J. H.

XXXII.

To Richard Altham *Eſquire.*

Dear Sir,

I Was plung'd in a deep fit of Melancholly, *Saturn* had caſt his black influence o're all my Intellectuals, methought I felt my Heart as a lump of Dow, and heavy as Lead within my Breaſt, when a *Letter* of yours of the Third of this Month was brought me, which preſently begot new Spirits within me, and made ſuch ſtrong impreſſions upon my Intellectuals, that it turn'd and tranſ-

transform'd me into another Man; I have read of a Duke of *Milan* and others, who were Poiſon'd by reading of a *Letter*, but yours produced contrary effects in me, it became an Antidote, or rather a moſt Soveraign Cordial to me, more operative than *Bezar*, of more vertue than Potable Gold, or the Elixir of Amber, for it wrought a ſudden Cure upon me: That fluent and rare mixture of Love and Wit, which I found up and down therein, were the Ingredients of this Cordial; they were as ſo many choice Flowers, ſtrew'd here and there, which did caſt ſuch an Odoriferous Scent, that they reviv'd all my Senſes, and diſpell'd thoſe dull Fumes which had formerly o're clouded my Brain: Such was the operation of your moſt Ingenious and Affectionate *Letter*, and ſo ſweet Entertainment it gave me; If your *Letter* had that Vertue, what would your *Perſon* have done? And did you know all, you would wiſh your *Perſon* here a while; did you know the rare Beauty of this *Virgin City*, you would quickly make Love to her, and change your *Royal Exchange* for the *Rialto*, and your *Grays-Inn* Walks for St. *Mark*'s *Place*, for a time. Farewel dear Child of *Vertue*, and Minion of the *Muſes*, and Love ſtill

Venice, July 1ſt, 1621. *Your* J. H.

XXXIII.

To my much Honoured Friend, Sir John North, *Knight. From* Venice.

Noble Sir,

THe firſt Office of Gratitude is, to *Receive* a good turn Civilly, then to *Retain* it in Memory, and acknowledge it; thirdly, to endeavour a Requital: For this laſt Office, it is in vain for me to attempt it, 'ſpecially towards you, who have laden me with ſuch a variety of Courteſies, and weighty Favours, that my poor ſtock comes far ſhort of any Retaliation; but for the other two, *Reception* and *Retention*, as I am not conſcious to have been wanting in the firſt Act, ſo I ſhall never fail in the ſecond, becauſe both theſe are within the compaſs of my Power; for if you could pry into my Memory, you ſhould diſcover there a huge Magazine of your Favours (you have been pleaſed to do me preſent and abſent) ſafely ſtored up and co-acervated, to preſerve them from mouldring away in Oblivion; for *Courteſies ſhall be no periſhable Commodity*: Should I attempt any other Requital, I ſhould extenuate your Favours, and derogate from the worth of them; yet if to this of the Memory, I can contribute any other act of Body or Mind,

Mind, to enlarge my Acknowledgements towards you, you may be well aſſured that I ſhall be ever ready to court any Occaſion, whereby the World may know how much I am

Venice, July 3d, 1621. *Your Thankful Servitor,* J. H.

XXXIV.

To Dan. Caldwall *Eſquire.* *From* Venice.

My Dear D.

COuld *Letters* flie with the ſame Wings as *Love* uſeth to do, and cut the Air with the like ſwiftneſs of Motion, this *Letter* of mine ſhould work a Miracle, and be with you in an inſtant; nor ſhould ſhe fear Interception or any other Caſualty in the way, or coſt you one Peny the Poaſt, for ſhe ſhould paſs invifibly: But 'tis not fitting that *Paper*, which is made but of old Rags, wherewith *Letters* are ſwadled, ſhould have the ſame priviledge as *Love*, which is a Spiritual Thing, having ſomething of Divinity in it, and partakes in Celerity with the *Imagination*, than which there is not any thing more ſwift you know, no not the Motion of the upper Sphere, the *Primum mobile*, which ſnatcheth all the other Nine after, and indeed the whole Macrocoſm, all the World beſides, except our Earth (the Center) which upper Sphere the *Aſtronomers* would have to move ſo many Degrees, ſo many Thouſand Miles in a Moment; ſince then, *Letters* are denied ſuch a Velocity, I allow this of mine Twenty Days; which is the ordinary time allow'd 'twixt *Venice* and *London*, to come unto you, and thank you a thouſand times over for your laſt of the Tenth of *June*, and the rich *Veniſon-Feaſt* you made, as I underſtand, not long ſince, to the Remembrance of me, at the *Ship* Tavern: Believe it Sir, you ſhall find that this Love of yours is not ill imployed, for I eſteem it at the higheſt degree, I value it more than the *Treaſury of St.* Mark, which I lately ſaw, where among other things there is a huge Iron Cheſt, as tall as my ſelf, that hath no Lock, but a Crevice through which they they caſt in the Gold that's Bequeath'd to St. *Mark* in Legacies, whereon there is Graven this proud Motto,

Quando queſto ſcrimino S' Aprira
Tutto'l Mundo Tremera.

When the Cheſt ſhall open, the whole World ſhall Tremble.

The Duke of *Oſſuna*, late Vice-Roy of *Naples*, did what he could to force them to open it, for he brought St. *Mark* to waſte much of this Treaſure in the late Wars, which he made purpoſely to that end, which made them have Recourſe to us and the *Hollander* for Ships, not long ſince.

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt of *Italy*, this is call'd the *Maiden City* (notwithſtanding her great numbers of Courteſans) and there is a Prophecy, *That She ſhall continue a Maid until Her Husband forſake Her*; meaning the Sea, to whom the Pope Married her long ſince; and the Sea is obſerv'd not to love her ſo deeply as he did, for he begins to ſhrink, and grow ſhallower in ſome places about here; nor doth the Pope alſo, who was the Father, that gave her to the Sea, affect her ſo much as he formerly did, 'ſpecially ſince the Extermination of the *Jeſuits*: ſo that both *Husband* and *Father*, begin to abandon her.

I am to be a Gueſt to this Hoſpitable *Maid*, a good while yet, and if you want any Commodity that ſhe can afford, (And what cannot ſhe afford for Humane Pleaſure or Delight?) do but Write, and it ſhall be ſent you.

Farewel gentle Soul, and Correſpond ſtill in pure Love with

Venice, July 29th, *Your* J. H.

1621.

XXXV.

To Sir James Croſts, *Knight.* *From* Venice.

Sir,

I Received one of yours the laſt Week, that came in my Lord Ambaſſadour *Wotton*'s Packet, and now being upon point of parting with *Venice*, I could not do it without acquainting you (as far as the extent of a *Letter* will permit) with her Power, her Policy, her Wealth and Pedigree: She was Built of the Ruines of *Aquileia* and *Padoua*, for when thoſe ſwarms of toughNorthern People over-run *Italy*, under the Conduct of that *Scourge of Heaven Attila*, with others, and that this ſoft Voluptuous Nation after ſo long a deſuetude from Arms, could not repel their Fury, many of the Ancient Nobility and Gentry fled into theſe Lakes and little Iſlands, amongſt the Fiſher-men, for their Security, and finding the Air good and commodious for Habitation, they began to Build upon theſe ſmall Iſlands, whereof there are in all Threeſcore; and in tract of Time they conjoyn'd and leagu'd them together by Bridges, whereof there are now above 800: And this makes up the City of *Venice*; who is now above Twelve Ages Old, and was contemporary with the *Monarchy* of *France*; but the *Signiory* glorieth in one thing above the *Monarchy*, That She was Born a CHRISTIAN, but the *Monarchy* not. Though this City be thus hem'd in with the Sea, yet ſhe ſpreads her Wings far wide upon the Shore; ſhe hath in *Lombardy* Six conſiderable Towns, *Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Breſcia, Cromo*, and *Bergamo*; ſhe hath in the

the *Marquiſate*, *Baſſan* and *Caſtlefranco*; ſhe hath all *Friuli* and *Iſtria*; ſhe commands the Shores of *Dalmatia* and *Slavonia*; ſhe keeps under the Power of St. *Mark*, the Iſlands of *Corfu* (anciently *Corcyra*) *Ceptalonia*, *Zant*, *Cerigo*, *Lucerigo*, and *Candy* (*Jove*'s Cradle;) ſhe had a long time the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, but it was quite rent from her by the *Turk*, which made that high Spirited *Baſſa*, being taken Priſoner at the Battel of *Lepanto*, where the Grand Signiour loſt above 200 Gallies, to ſay, *That that Defeat to his Great Maſter, was but like the Shaving of his Beard, or the Pairing of his Nails; but the taking of* Cyprus *was like the Cutting off a Limb, which will never grow again:* This mighty Potentate being ſo near a Neighbour to her, ſhe is forc'd to comply with him, and give him an Annual Preſent in Gold: She hath about Thirty Gallies moſt part of the Year in courſe to ſcowre and ſecure the *Gulph*; ſhe entertains by Land in *Lumbardy*, and other parts 25000 Foot, beſides ſome of the Cantons of *Suiſſes* whom ſhe gives Pay unto; ſhe hath alſo in conſtant Pay 600 Men of Arms, and every of theſe muſt keep two Horſes apiece, for which they are allowed 120 Duckates a Year, and they are for the moſt part Gentlemen of *Lumbardy:* When they have any great Expedition to make, they have always a Stranger for their General, but he is ſupervis'd by two *Proveditors*, without whom he cannot attempt any thing.

Her Great Counſel conſiſts of above 2000 Gentlemen, and ſome of them meet every *Sunday* and *Holiday*, to chuſe Officers and Magiſtrates, and every Gentleman being paſs'd Twenty Five Years of Age, is capable to ſit in this Counſel: The *Doge* or *Duke* (their *Soveraign Magiſtrate*) is choſen by Lots, which would be too tedious here to demonſtrate, and commonly he is an Aged Man who is Created, like that courſe they hold in the *Popedom:* When he is Dead, there be *Inquiſitors* that examine his Actions, and his Miſdemeanors are puniſhable in his Heirs: There is a Surintendent Counſel of Ten, and Six of them may diſpatch Buſineſs without the *Doge*, but the *Doge* never without ſome of them, not as much as open a *Letter* from any forren State, though Addreſs'd to himſelf, which makes him to be call'd by other Princes, *Teſta di ligno*; A Head of Wood.

The Wealth of this *Republic* hath been at a ſtand, or rather declining ſince the *Portugal* found a Road to the *Eaſt-Indies* by the *Cape of Good Hope*; for this City was us'd to fetch all thoſe Spices, and other *Indian* Commodities, from the *Grand Cayro* down the *Nile*, being formerly carried to *Cayro* from the *Red-Sea*, upon *Camels* and *Dromedaries* Backs, Threeſcore Days Journey: And ſo *Venice* us'd to diſpence thoſe Commodities through all *Chriſtendom*, which not onely the *Portugal*, but the *Engliſh* and *Hollander*, now Tranſport, and are Maſters of the Trade. Yet there

there is no outward appearance at all of Poverty, or any Decay in this City, but ſhe is ſtill Gay, Flouriſhing, and Freſh, and flowing with all kind of Bravery and Delight, which may be had at cheap Rates: Much more might be written of this Ancient Wiſe *Republic*, which cannot be comprehended within the narrow incloſure of a *Letter*. So with my due and daily Prayers, for a continuance of your Health, and increaſe of your Honour, I reſt

Venice, Aug. 1ſt, 1621. *Your moſt humble and ready Servitor,* J. H.

XXXVI.

To Robert Brown *Eſquire, at the* Middle-Temple. *From* Venice.

Robin,

I Have now enough of the *Maiden City*, and this Week I am to go further into *Italy*; for though I have been a good while in *Venice*, yet I cannot ſay I have been hitherto upon the Continent of *Italy*; for this City is nought elſe but a Knot of Iſlands in the *Adriatic* Sea, joyn'd in one Body by Bridges, and a good way diſtant from the firm Land. I have lighted upon very choice Company, your Couſin *Brown* and Mr. *Web*, and we all take the Road of *Lumbardy*, but we made an Order amongſt our ſelves, That our Diſcourſe be always in the Language of the Country, under penalty of a Forfeiture, which is to be indiſpenſably Paid. *Randal Symns* made us a curious Feaſt lately, where in a Cup of the richeſt *Greek* we had your Health, and I could not tell whether the Wine or the Remembrance of you was ſweeter; for it was naturally a kind of Aromatic Wine, which left a fragrant perfuming kind of Farewel behind it. I have ſent you a Runlet of it in the Ship *Lion*, and if it come ſafe, and unprick'd, I pray beſtow ſome Bottles upon the Lady (you know) with my humble Service. When you Write next to Mr. *Symns*, I pray acknowledge the good Hoſpitality, and extraordinary Civilities I received from him: Before I conclude, I will acquaint you with a common Saying that is us'd of this dainty City of *Venice:*

Venetia, Venetia, *chi non te vede non te Pregia,*
Ma chi'ha troppo veduto *te Deſpreggia.*

Engliſh'd and Rrim'd thus: (though I know you need no Tranſlation, you underſtand ſo much of *Italian.*)

Venice, Venice, *none* Thee *unſeen can Prize;*
Who hath ſeen too much will Thee *Deſpiſe.*

I will conclude with that famous *Hexaſtic* which *Sannazarius* made of this rare City, which pleaſeth much better:

Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus *in undis*
Stare urbem, & toti ponere jura Mari;
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis Jupiter *Arces*
Objice, & illa tui mœnia Martis, ait,
Sic Pelago Tibrim *præfers, urbem aſpice utramque,*
Illam Homines dices, hanc poſuiſſe Deos.

When Neptune *ſaw in* Adrian *Surges ſtand*
Venice, *and give the Sea Laws of Command:*
Now Jove *ſaid he, Object thy* Capitol,
And Mars *proud Walls: This were for to extol*
Tyber *beyond the* Main, *both Towns behold,*
Rome Men *thou'ſt ſay,* Venice *the* Gods *did Mould.*

Sannazarius had given him by St. *Mark* an Hundred *Zecchins*, for every one of theſe Verſes, which amounts to about 300 Pound. It would be long before the City of *London* would do the like: Witneſs that cold Reward, or rather thoſe cold drops of Water which were caſt upon my Country man Sir *Hugh Middleton*, for bringing *Ware* River through her Streets, the moſt ſerviceable and wholſomeſt Benefit that ever ſhe received.

The parcel of *Italian* Books that you write for, you ſhall receive from Mr. *Leat*, if it pleaſe God to ſend the Ship to Safe-Port; and I take it as a Favour, that you imploy me in any thing that may conduce to your Contentment; becauſe

Venice, Aug. 12, 1621. *I am your Serious Servitor* J. H.

XXXVII.

To Captain Thomas Porter. *From* Venice.

My Dear Captain,

AS I was going a Ship-board in *Alicant*, a *Letter* of yours in *Spaniſh* came to Hand: I diſcovered two things in it, firſt, What a Maſter you are of that Language, then how mindful you are of your Friend; for the firſt, I dare not correſpond with you yet; for the ſecond, I ſhall never come ſhort of you, for I am as mindful of you, as poſſible you can be of me, and ſome Hours, my Pulſe doth not beat more often, than my Memory runs on you, which is often enough in conſcience, for the Phyſitians hold, that in every well diſpos'd Body, there be above 4000 Pulſations every Hour, and ſome Pulſes have been known to beat above 30000 times an Hour in *Acute Feavers*.

I underſtand you are Bound with a gallant Fleet for the *Mediterranean*, if you come to *Alicant*, I pray Commend me to *Franciſco Marco* my Land-lord, he is a merry Droll, and good Company: One Night when I was there, he ſent his Boy with a *Borracho* of Leather under his Cloak for Wine, the Boy coming back about Ten a Clock, and paſſing by the Guard, one ask'd him whether he carried any Weapons about him, (for none muſt wear any Weapons there after Ten at Night) *No*, quoth the Boy, being pleaſant, *I have but a little Dagger*. The Watch came and ſearch'd him, and finding the *Borracho* full of good Wine, Drunk it all up, ſaying, *Sirrah, You know no Man muſt carry any Weapons ſo late; but becauſe we know whoſe Servant you are, there's the Scabbard of your Dagger again*; and ſo threw him the empty *Borracho*. But another Paſſage pleas'd me better of *Don Beltram de Roſa*, who being to Marry a rich *Labradors* (a Yeomans) Daughter hard by, which was much importun'd by her Parents to the Match, becauſe there Family ſhould be thereby Ennobled, he being a Cavalier of St. *Jago*: The young Maid having underſtood that *Don Beltram* had been in *Naples*, and had that Diſeaſe about him, anſwered wittily, *En verdad pro adoba me la langre, no quiero denarmi la carne: Truly, Sir, to better my Blood, I will not hurt my Fleſh.* I doubt I ſhall not be in *England* before you ſet out to Sea, if not, I take my leave of you in this Paper, and wiſh you a proſperous Voyage and an honourable Return; It is the hearty Prayers of

Venice, Aug. 21, 1621. *Your* J. H.

XXXVIII.

To Sir William Saint-John, *Knight*. *From* Venice.

Sir,

HAving ſeen *Antenor*'s Tomb in *Padova*, and the *Amphitheater* of *Flaminius* in *Verona*, with other brave Towns in *Lumbardy*, I am now come to *Rome*; and *Rome*, they ſay, is every Mans Country, ſhe is call'd *Communis Patria*, for every one that is within the Compaſs of the *Latine* Church, finds himſelf here as it were at home, and in his Mother's Houſe, in regard of intereſt in Religion, which is the cauſe, that for one Native, there be five Strangers that Sojourn in this City, and without any diſtinction, or mark of ſtrangeneſs, they come to Preferments and Offices, both in Church and State, according to merit, which is more valued and ſought after here, than any where.

But whereas I expected to have found *Rome* Elevated upon Seven Hills, I met her rather ſpreading upon a Flat, having humbled

her ſelf ſince ſhe was made a *Chriſtian*; and deſcended from thoſe Hills to *Campus Martius*, with *Traſteren*, and the Subburbs of St. *Peter*, ſhe hath yet in compaſs about Fourteen Miles, which is far ſhort of that vaſt Circuit ſhe had in *Claudius* his time: For *Vopiſcus* Writes ſhe was then of Fifty Miles in Circumference; and ſhe had Five Hundred Thouſand free Citizens in a famous Sence that was made, which allowing but Six to every Family in Women, Children, and Servants, came to Three Millions of Souls, but ſhe is now a Wilderneſs in compariſon of that number: The *Pope* is grown to be a great Temporal Prince of late Years, for the State of the Church extends above Three Hundred Miles in Length, and Two Hundred Miles in Breadth, it contains *Ferrara*, *Bologna*, *Romagnia*, the *Marquiſate* of *Ancona Umbria*, *Sabina*, *Perugia*, with a part of *Tuſcany*, the *Patrimony*, *Rome* her ſelf, and *Latium*; in theſe there are above Fifty Biſhopricks: The *Pope* hath alſo the Dutchy of *Spoleto*, and Exarchat of *Ravenna*, he hath the Town of *Beneventa* in the Kingdom of *Naples*, and the Country of *Veniſſo*, call'd *Avignon*, in *France*; he hath Title alſo good enough to *Naples* it ſelf, but rather than offend his Champion, the King of *Spain*, he is contented with a White Mule, and Purſe of Piſtols about his Neck; which he receives every Year for a Heriot or Homage, or what you will call it: He pretends alſo to be Lord Paramount of *Sicily*, *Urbin*, *Parma*, and *Maſſeran*, of *Norway*, *Ireland* and *England*, ſince King *John* did Proſtrate our Crown at *Pandelfo* his Legate's Feet.

The State of the Apoſtolic See here in *Italy* lieth 'twixt two Seas, the *Adriatic*, and the *Tyrrhen*, and it runs through the midſt of *Italy*, which makes the *Pope* powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an Umpire or an Enemy: His Authority being mixt 'twixt Temporal and Spirital, diſperſeth it ſelf into ſo many Members, that a Young Man may grow Old here, before he can well underſtand the Form of Government.

The *Conſiſtory* of Cardinals meet but once a Week, and once a Week they ſolemnly wait upon the *Pope*. I am told there are now in *Chriſtendom* but Sixty Eight Cardinals, whereof there are Six Cardinal-Biſhops, Fifty One Cardinal-Prieſts, and Eleven Cardinal-Deacons: The Cardinal-Biſhops Attend and Sit near the *Pope*, when he Celebrates any Feſtival; the Cardinal-Prieſts Aſſiſt him at Maſs; and the Cardinal-Deacons Attire him. A Cardinal is made by a ſhort *Breve* or *Write* from the *Pope* in theſe Words: *Creamus te Socium Regibus, Superiorem Ducibus, & fratrem Noſtrum: We Create thee a Companion to Kings, Superiour to Dukes, and our Brother.* If a Cardinal-Biſhop ſhould be queſtioned for any Offence, there muſt be Twenty Four Witneſſes produc'd againſt him. The Biſhop of *Oſtia* hath moſt Priviledge of

any

any other, for he Conſecrates and Inſtalls the *Pope*, and goes always next to him. All theſe Cardinals have the repute of Princes; and, beſides other Incomes, they have the Annat of Benefices to ſupport their Greatneſs.

For point of Power, the *Pope* is able to put 50000 Men in the Field, in caſe of Neceſſity, beſides his Naval ſtrength in Gallies: We Read how *Paul* the Third ſent *Charles* the Fifth 12000 Foot, and 500 Horſe: *Pius* the Fifth ſent a greater Aid to *Charles* the Ninth: And for Riches, beſides the Temporal Dominions, he hath in all the Countrys before named, the Datary or Diſpatching of *Bulls*, the Triennial Subſidies, Annats, and other Eccleſiaſtic Rights, mount to an unknown Sum; and it is a common ſaying here, *That as long as the* Pope *can Finger a Pen, he can want no Pence.* *Pius* the Fifth, notwithſtanding his Expences in Buildings, left Four Millions in the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*, in leſs than Five Years; more I believe than this *Gregory* the Fifteenth will, for he hath many Nephews; and better it is to be the *Popes* Nephew, than to be a Favourite to any Prince in *Chriſtendom*.

Touching the Temporal Government of *Rome*, and Oppidan Affairs, there is a Prætor, and ſome choiſe Citizens which Sit in the Capitol: Amongſt other Pieces of Policy, there is a Synagogue of *Jews* permitted here (as in other places of *Italy*) under the *Popes* Noſe; but they go with a Mark of Diſtinction in their Hats; they are Tolerated for advantange of Commerce, wherein the *Jews* are wonderful dextrous, though moſt of them be onely Brokers and Lombardeers; and they are held to be here, as the *Cynic* held Women to be, *Malum neceſſarium*. There be few of the *Romans* that uſe to Pray heartily for the *Popes* long Life, in regard the oftner the change is, the more advantagious it is for the City, becauſe commonly it brings Strangers, and a recruit of new People. This Air of *Rome* is not ſo wholſome as of old; and amongſt other reaſons one is, becauſe of the burning of Stuble to fatten their Fields: For her Antiquities, it would take up a whole Volumn to Write them, thoſe which I hold the chiefeſt are *Veſpatian*'s *Amphitheater*, where Fourſcore Thouſand People might Sit; the Stoves of *Anthony*, divers rare Statues at *Belveder* and St. *Peter*'s, 'ſpecially that of *Laocoon*, the *Obelisk*; for the Genius of the *Roman* hath always been much taken with Imagery, Limning, and Sculptures, inſomuch, that as in former times, ſo now, I believe the Statues and Pictures in *Rome*, exceed the number of living People: One Antiquity among others is very remarkable, becauſe of the change of Language; which is an Ancient *Column* Erected as a Trophy for *Duillius* the *Conſul*, after a famous Naval Victory obtain'd againſt the *Carthagenians* in the Second *Punic* War, where theſe Words are Ingraven and remain legible to this Day:

Exemet leciones Maciſtrates Caſtreis exfocient pugnandod capted enque Navebos marid Conſul, &c. And half a dozen Lines more it is call'd *Columna roſtrata*, having the Beaks and Prores of Ships Ingraven up and down; whereby it appears, that the *Latine* then ſpoken was much differing from that which was us'd in *Cicero*'s time a Hundred and Fifty Years after. Since the diſmembring of the Empire, *Rome* hath run through many Viciſſitudes and turns of Fortune; and had it not been for the Reſidence of the *Pope*, I believe ſhe had become a Heap of Stones, a Mount of Rubbiſh by this time; and however that ſhe bears up indifferent well, yet one may ſay,

Qui miſeranda videt veteris veſtigia Romæ,
Ille poteſt merito dicere Roma *fuit.*

They who the Ruines of Firſt Rome *behold,*
May ſay, Rome *is not now, but was of old.*

Preſent *Rome* may be ſaid to be but a Monument of *Rome* paſs'd, when ſhe was in that Flouriſh that St. *Auſtine* deſired to ſee her in: She who Tam'd the World, Tam'd Herſelf at laſt, and falling under her own Weight, fell to be a Prey to *Time*; yet there is a Providence ſeems to have a care of her ſtill; for though her Air be not ſo good, nor her circumjacent Soil ſo kindly as it was, yet ſhe hath wherewith to keep Life and Soul together ſtill, by her Eccleſiaſtical Courts, which is the ſole cauſe of her Peopling now; ſo that it may be ſaid, When the *Pope* came to be her Head, ſhe was reduc'd to her firſt Principles; for as a Shepherd was Founder, ſo a Shepherd is ſtill Governour and Preſerver: But whereas the *French* have an odd Saying, That

Jamais Cheval ny Homme,
S'amenda pour aller a Rome.

Ne're Horſe, or Man did mend,
That unto Rome *did wend.*

Truly I muſt confeſs, that I find my ſelf much better'd by it; for the ſight of ſome of theſe Ruines did fill me with Symptoms of Mortification, and made me more ſenſible of the Frailty of all Sublunary things, how all Bodies, as well Inanimate as Animate, are ſubject to Diſſolution and Change, and every thing elſe under the Moon, except the Love of

Rome, Sept. 13. 1621.

Your Faithful Servitor,
J. H.

XXXIX *To*

XXXIX.

To Sir T. H. *Knight.* *From* Naples.

Sir,

I Am now in the Gentle City of *Naples*, a City ſwelling with all Delight, Gallantry, and Wealth; and truly, in my opinion, the King of *Spain*'s Greatneſs appears here more eminently, than in *Spain* it ſelf: This is a delicate luxurious City, fuller of True-bred Cavaliers, than any place I ſaw yet. The Clime is hot, and the Conſtitution of the Inhabitants more hot.

The *Neapolitan* is accounted the beſt Courtier of Ladies, and the greateſt Embracer of Pleaſure of any other People: They ſay there is no leſs her than Twenty Thouſand Courtizans Regiſtred in the Office of *Savelli*. This Kingdom with *Calabria*, may be ſaid to be the one Moiety of *Italy*, it extends it ſelf Four Hundred and Fifty Miles, and ſpreads in breadth One Hundred and Twelve; it contains Two Thouſand Seven Hundred Towns, it hath Twenty Archbiſhops, One Hundred Twenty Seven Biſhops, Thirteen Princes, Twenty Four Dukes, Twenty Five Marqueſſes, and Eight Hundred Barrons: There are Three Preſidial Caſtles in this City; and though the Kingdom abound in rich Staple Commodities, as Silks, Cottons, and Wine, and that there is a mighty Revenue comes to the Crown, yet the King of *Spain*, when he caſts up his Account at the Years end, makes but little Benefit thereof, for it is Eaten up 'twixt Governours, Gariſons, and Officers: He is forc'd to maintain Four Thouſand *Spaniſh* Foot, call'd *The Tercia of Naples*, in the Caſtles he hath Sixteen Hundred, in the Perpetual Gariſon he hath a Thouſand Men of Arms, Four Hundred and Fifty Light-Horſe; beſides there are Five Foot-Men enroll'd for every Hundred Fire; and he had need to do all this, to keep this Voluptuous People in Aw; for the Story muſters up Seven and Twenty famous Rebellions of the *Neapolitans* in leſs than Three Hundred Years: But now they pay ſoundly for it, for one ſhall hear them Groan up and down under the *Spaniſh* Yoak; and commonly the King of *Spain* ſends ſome of his *Grandees* hither, to repair their Decayed Fortunes; whence the ſaying ſprung, *That the Vice-Roy of* Sicily *Gnaws, the Governour of* Millain *Eats, but the Vice-Roy of* Naples *Devours*. Our *Engliſh* Merchants here, bear a conſiderable Trade, and their Factors live in better Equipage, and in a more ſplendid manner, as in all *Italy* beſides, than their Maſters and Principals in *London*; they ruffle in Silks and Sattins, and wear good *Spaniſh* Leather-Shooes, while their Maſters Shooes upon our *Exchange* in *London* ſhine with Blacking. At

Puzzoli, not far off, amonſt the *Grotts*, there are ſo many ſtrange ſtupendious things, that Nature her ſelf ſeem'd to have ſtudied of purpoſe how to make her ſelf there Admir'd: I reſerve the Diſcourſing of them, with the Nature of *Tarantola* and *Manna*, which is gather'd here and no where elſe, with other things till I ſhall ſee you, for they are fitter for Diſcourſes than a *Letter*. I will conclude with a Proverb they have in *Italy* of this People:

Napolitano
Largo di Bacca, ſtretto di Mano.

The Neapolitans
Have wide Mouths, but narrow Hands.

They make ſtrong Maſculine Promiſes, but Female Performances, *(For Deeds are Men, but Words are Women)* and if in a whole *Floud* of Complements one find a *Drop* of Reality, 'tis well. The firſt acceptance of a Courteſie is accounted the greateſt Incivillity that can be amongſt them, and a Ground for a Quarrel, as I heard of a *German* Gentleman that was baffled for accepting one onely Invitation to a Dinner. So deſiring to be preſerv'd ſtill in your good Opinion, and in the rank of your Servants, I reſt always moſt ready

Naples, Oct. 1, 1621. *At your Diſpoſing*, J. H.

LX.

To Chr. Jones *Eſquire, at* Grays-Inn. *From* Naples.

Honoured Father,

I Muſt ſtill ſtile you ſince I was Adopted your Son, by ſo good a Mother as *Oxford*: My Mind lately prompted me, that I ſhould commit a great Soloeciſm, amongſt the reſt of my Friends in *England*, if I ſhould leave you Unſaluted, whom I love ſo dearly well, 'ſpecially having ſuch a fair and pregnant Opportunity as the Hand of this worthy Gentleman your Couſin *Morgan*, who is now Poaſting hence for *England*: He will tell you how it fares with me; how any time theſe Thirty odd Months I have been toſs'd from Shore to Shore, and paſs'd under various Meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant City of *Naples*: And though theſe frequent Removes and Tumblings under Climes of differing temper were not without ſome danger, yet the Delight which accompanied them was far greater; and it is impoſſible for any man to conceive the true Pleaſure of Peregrination, but he who actually Enjoys, and puts it in Practice; believe it Sir, that one Year well imployed abroad by one of mature Judgement (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of uſeful and ſolid

ſolid Knowledge, than three in any of our *Univerſities:* You know *Running Waters are the pureſt*; ſo they that traverſe the World up and down have the cleareſt Underſtanding, being faithful Eye-Witneſſes of thoſe things which others receive but in truſt, whereunto they muſt yeild an intuitive conſent, and a kind of implicit faith: When I paſs'd through ſome parts of *Lombardy*, amongſt other things, I obſerv'd the Phyſiognomies and Complexions of the People, Men and Women, and I thought I was in *Wales*, for divers of them have a caſt of Countenance, and a nearer reſemblance with our Nation, than any I ever ſaw yet: And the reaſon is obvious, for the *Romans* having been near upon Three Hundred Years amongſt us, where they had Four Legions (before the *Engliſh* Nation or Language had any Being) for ſo long a Coalition and Tract of Time, the two Nations muſt needs Copulate and Mix; inſomuch, that I believe there is yet remaining in *Wales* many of the *Roman* Race, and divers in *Italy* of the *Britiſh*. Amongſt other Reſemblances, one was in their Roſody, and Vein of Verſifying, or Riming, which is like our *Bards*, who hold Agnominations, and Enforcing of Conſonant Words or Syllables, one upon the other, to be the greateſt Elegance; as for Example in *Welſh: Tewgris todyrris ty'r derrin gwillt*, &c. So I have ſeen divers old Rimes in *Italian* running ſo: *Doane, O Danno, che Febo affronto affronta: In ſelva ſalvo a me Piu caro caore.* &c.

Being lately in *Rome* amongſt other *Paſquils* I met with one that was againſt the *Scot*; though it had ſome Gaul in't, yet it had a great deal of Wit, 'ſpecially towards the concluſion: So that I think if King *James* ſaw it, he would but Laugh at it.

As I remember ſome Years ſince, there was a very abuſive *Satyr* in Verſe brought to our King; and as the Paſſages were a reading before him, he often ſaid, *That if there were no more Men in* England, *the Rogue ſhould Hang for it.* At laſt being come to the concluſion, which was, (after all his railing)

Now God preſerve the King, the Queen, the Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.

This pleas'd His Majeſty ſo well, that he broke into a Laughter, and ſaid, *By my Sol ſo thou ſhalt for me: Thou art a Bitter, but thou art a Witty Knave.*

When you Write to *Monmouth-ſhire*, I pray ſend my Reſpects to my Tutour, Maſter *Moor Fortune*, and my Service to Sir *Charles Williams:* And according to that Relation which was 'twixt us in *Oxford*, I reſt

Naples, Oct. 8. 1621. *Your Conſtant Son to Serve you,* J. H.

XLI. *To*

XLI.

To Sir J. C. *From* Florence.

Sir,

THis *Letter* comes to Kiſs your Hands from Fair *Florence*, a City ſo Beautiful, that the Great Emperour *(Charles* the Fifth) ſaid, *That ſhe was fitting to be ſhewn, and ſeen onely upon Holidays.* She marvellouſly flouriſheth with Buildings, with Wealth and Artiſans; for it is thought that in *Serges*, which is but one Commodity, there are made Two Millions every Year: All degrees of People live here not onely well, but ſplendidly well, notwithſtanding the manifold Exactions of the Duke, upon all things: For none can Buy here Lands or Houſes, but he muſt pay Eight in the Hundred to the Duke; none can Hire or Build a Houſe, but he muſt pay the Tenth Penny; none can Marry, or commence a Suite in Law, but there's a Fee to the Duke; none can bring as much as an Egg or Sallad to the Market, but the Duke hath ſhare therein: Moreover, *Ligorn*, which is the Key of *Tuſcany*, being a Maritim, and a great Mercantil Town, hath mightily inrich'd his Country by being a Frank Port to all Comers, and a ſafe Rendevouz to Pirates, as well as Merchants: Adde hereunto, that the Duke himſelf in ſome reſpect is a Merchant, for he ſometimes Ingroſſeth all the Corn of the Country, and Retails it at what Rate he pleaſeth: This enables the Duke to have perpetually 20000 Men Inroll'd, Train'd up, and Paid, and none but they can carry Arms; he hath 400 Light-Horſe in conſtant Pay, and 100 Men at Arms beſides; and all theſe Quartered in ſo narrow a compaſs, that he can command them all to *Florence* in Twenty Four Hours: He hath Twelve Gallies, Two Galeons, and Six Galeaſſes beſides, and his Gallies, are call'd *The Black-Fleet*, becauſe they annoy the *Turk* more in the bottom of the *Straits*, then any other.

This State is bound to keep good quarter with the Pope, more than others; for all *Tuſcany* is Fenced by Nature her ſelf, I mean with Mountains, except towards the Territories of the *Apoſtolic See*, and the *Sea* it ſelf, therefore it is call'd a *Country of Iron.*

The Duke's Palace is ſo ſpacious, that it occupieth the Room of Fifty Houſes at leaſt: Yet though his Court ſurpaſſeth the Bounds of a Duke's, it reacheth not to the Magnificence of a King's: The Pope was ſollicited to make the Grand Duke a King, and he anſwered, *That he was content he ſhould be King in* Toſcany, *not of* Toſcany. Whereupon one of his Councellours replied,

That

That it was a more Glorious thing to be a Grand Duke, than a Petty King:

Among other Cities which I desir'd to see in *Italy*, *Genoa* was one where I lately was, and found her the Proudest for Buildings of any I met withal, yet the People go the Plainest of any other, and are also most Parsimonious in their Diet; they are the subtilest, I will not say the most subdolous Dealers; they are wonderful Wealthy 'specially in Money: In the Year 1600, the King of *Spain* owed them Eighteen Millions, and they say it is double as much now.

From the time they began to finger the *Indian* Gold, and that this Town hath been the *Scale* by which he hath conveyed his Treasure to *Flanders*, since the Wars in the *Neatherlands*, for the support of his Armies, and that she hath got some Priviledges for the Exportation of Wools, and other Commodities, prohibited to others out of *Spain*, she hath improved extremly in Riches, and made St. *Gorge*'s Mount swell higher than St. *Mark*'s in *Venice*.

She hath been often ill favouredly shaken by the *Venetian*, and hath had other Enemies, which have put her to hard shifts for her own Defence, 'specially in the time of *Lewis* the Eleventh of *France*; at which time, when she would have given her self up to him for Protection, King *Lewis* being told that *Genoa* was content to be his, he answer'd, *She should not be his long, for he would give her up to the Devil, and rid his hands of her.*

Indeed the *Genowaits* have not the Fortune to be so well belov'd, as other People in *Italy*, which proceeds I believe from their cunningness, and over-reaching in Barganings, wherein they have something of the *Jew*. The Duke is there but Biennial, being chang'd every Two Years: He hath Fifty *Germans* for his Guard; there be Four *Centurions* that have two Men apiece, which upon occasion attends the Signory abroad, in Velvet Coats; there be Eight Chief Governours, and Four Hundred Counsellours, amongst whom there be Five Soveraign Syndics, who have Authority to Censure the Duke himself, his time being expir'd, and punish any Governour else, though after Death, upon the Heir.

Amongst other Customs they have in that Town, one is, That none must carry a pointed Knife about him; which makes the *Hollander*, who is us'd to *Snik* and *Snee*, to leave his Horn-Sheath and Knife a Ship-board when he comes ashore. I met not with an *English* man in all the Town; nor could I learn of any Factor of ours that ever resided there.

There is a notable little active *Republic* towards the midst of *Toscany*, call'd *Luca*, which in regard she is under the Emperour's Protection, he dares not meddle withal, though she lie as a *Partridge* under a Faulcons Wings, in relation to the Grand Duke; be-

beſides there is another Reaſon of State, why he meddles not with her, becauſe ſhe is more beneficial unto him now that ſhe is Free, and more induſtrious for to ſupport this Freedom than if ſhe were become his Vaſſal; for then it is probable, ſhe would grow more Careleſs and Idle, and ſo could not vent his Commodities ſo ſoon, which ſhe Buys for ready Money, wherein moſt of her Wealth conſiſts: There is no State that winds the Penny more Nimbly and makes quicker Returns.

She hath a Councel call'd the *Diſcoli*, which prys into the Profeſſion and Life of every one, and once a Year they rid the State of all Vagabonds: So that this *Petty Pretty Republic*, may not be improperly parallel'd to a Hive of *Bees*, which have been always the Emblems of Induſtry and Order.

In this Splendid City of *Florence*, there be many Rarities, which if I ſhould inſert in this *Letter*, it would make her ſwell too big, and indeed they are fitter for Parol Communication. Here is the prime Dialect of the *Italian* ſpoken, though the Pronuntiation be a little more Guttural, than that of *Siena*, and that of the Court of *Rome*, which occaſions the Proverb,

Lingua Toſcana in boca Romana.
The Toſcane *Tongue ſounds beſt in a* Roman *Mouth.*

The People here generally ſeem to be more Generous, and of a higher Comportment than any elſe-where, very cautious and circumſpect in their Negotiations; whence ariſeth the Proverb,

Chi ha da far con Toſco,
Non biſogna chi ſia Loſco.
Who dealeth with a Florentine
Muſt have the uſe of both his Ey'n.

I ſhall bid *Italy* Farewel now very ſhortly, and make my way over the *Alps* to *France*, and ſo home, by God's Grace, to take a Review of my Friends in *England*, amongſt whom, the ſight of your ſelf will be as gladſome to me, as of any other, for I profeſs my ſelf, and purpoſe to be ever

Florence, Nov. 1ſt, 1621. *Your Thrice Affectionate Servitor,* J. H.

XLII.

To Captain Francis Bacon. *From* Turin.

Sir,

I Am now upon the point of ſhaking Hands with *Italy*; for I am come to *Turin*, having already ſeen *Venice* the Rich, *Padua* the Learned,

Learned, *Bologna* the Fat, *Rome* the Holy, *Naples* the Gentle, *Genoa* the Proud, *Florence* the Fair, and *Millain* the Great; from this laſt, I came hither, and in that City alſo appears the *Grandeur* of *Spain*'s Monarchy very much: The Governour of *Millain* is always Captain General of the Calvalry to the King of *Spain* throughout *Italy*. The Duke of *Feria* is now Governour, and being brought to Kiſs his Hands, he us'd me with extraordinary Reſpect, as he doth all of our Nation, being by the Maternal ſide *Dormer*. The *Spaniard* entertains there alſo 3000 Foot, 1000 Light-Horſe, and 600 Men at Arms in perpetual Pay; ſo that I believe the Benefit of that Dutchy alſo, though ſeated in the richeſt Soil of *Italy*, hardly Countervails the Charge. Three things are admir'd in *Millain*, the *Dome*, or Great Church, (Built all of White Marble, within and without) the Hoſpital, and the Caſtle; by which the *Cittadel* of *Antwerp* was trac'd, and is the beſt condition'd Fortreſs of *Chriſtendom*; though *Nova Palma*, a late Fortreſs of the *Venetian*, would go beyond it, which is Built according to the exact Rules of the moſt Modern Enginry, being of a round Form with nine Baſtions, and a Street level to every Baſtion.

The Duke of *Savoy*, though he paſs for one of the Princes of *Italy*, yet the leaſt part of his Territories lie there, being ſquander'd up and down amongſt the *Alps*; but as much as he hath in *Italy*, which is *Piemont*, is a well Peopled, and paſſing good Country.

The Duke of *Savoy*, *Emanuel*, is accounted to be of the Ancient'ſt and Pureſt Extraction of any Prince in *Europe*, and his Knights alſo of the *Annunciade*, to be one of the Ancient'ſt Orders; though this preſent Duke be little in Stature, yet is he of a lofty Spirit, and one of the beſt Souldiers now living; and though he be Valiant enough, yet he knows how to Patch the Lions-Skin with a Fox-Tail: And whoſoever is Duke of *Savoy* had need be Cunning, and more than any other Prince, in regard that lying between two Potent Neighbours, the *French* and *Spaniard*, he muſt comply with both.

Before I wean my ſelf from *Italy*, a Word or two touching the Genius of the Nation: I find the *Italian* a degree higher in Complement than the *French*, he is longer and more grave in the delivery of it, and more prodigal of Words; inſomuch, that if one were to be Worded to Death, *Italian* is the fitteſt Language in regard of the Fluency and Softneſs of it: for throughout the whole Body of it, you have not a Word ends with a Conſonant, except ſome few Monoſyllables Conjunctions and Prepoſitions, and this renders the Speech more ſmooth; which made one ſay, *That when the Confuſion of Tongues happen'd at the Building of the Tower of* Babel, *if the* Italian *had been there*, Nimrod *had made him a Plaiſter-*

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er. They are generally Indulgent of themſelves, and great Embracers of Pleaſure, which may proceed from the luſcious rich Wines and luxurious Food, Fruits and Roots, wherewith the Country abounds; inſomuch, that in ſome places, Nature may be ſaid to be, *Lena ſui*; *A Baud to her ſelf.* The Cardinal *De Medici*'s Rule is of much Authority amongſt them, *That there is no Religion under the Navel.* And ſome of them are of the Opinion of the *Aſians*, who hold, That touching thoſe Natural Paſſions, Deſires, and Motions, which run up and down in the Blood, God Almighty, and his Hand-Maid *Nature*, did not intend they ſhould be a Torment to us, but to be us'd with Comfort and Delight. To conclude, in *Italy* there be *Virtutes magnæ, nec minora Vitia*; *Great Vertues, and no leſs Vices.*

So with a tender of my moſt Affectionate Reſpects unto you, I reſt

Turin, Nov. 30th, 1621. *Your moſt Humble Servitor,* J. H.

XLIII.

To Sir J. H. *From* Lions.

Sir,

I Am now got o're the *Alps*, and return'd to *France*; I had croſſed and clammer'd up the *Pyreneans* to *Spain* before; they are not ſo high and hideous as the *Alps*: But for our *Mountains* in *Wales*, as *Eppiat* and *Penwinmaur*, which are ſo much cry'd up amongſt us, they are *Mole-Hills* in compariſon of theſe, they are but *Pigmys* compar'd to *Giants*, but *Bliſters* compar'd to *Impoſthumes*, or *Pimples* to *Werts*; beſides, our Mountains in *Wales* bear always ſomething uſeful to Man or Beaſt, ſome Graſs at leaſt; but theſe uncouth huge monſtrous Excreſcences of Nature, bear nothing (moſt of them) but craggy Stones: The Tops of ſome of them are blanch'd over all the Year long with *Snows*, and the People who dwell in the Valleys Drinking, for want of others, this *Snow-Water*, are ſubject to a ſtrange Swelling in the Throat, called *Goytre*, which is common amongſt them.

As I ſcal'd the *Alps*, my thoughts reflected upon *Hannibal*, who with *Vinegar* and *Strong-Waters*, did Eat out a Paſſage through thoſe Hills, but of late Years they have found a ſpeedier way to do it by *Gun-Powder.*

Being at *Turin*, I was by ſome Diſaſter brought to an extream low ebb in Money, ſo that I was forc'd to Foot it along with ſome *Pilgrims*, and with gentle Pace and eaſie Journeys, to climb up thoſe Hills till I came to this Town of *Lions*, where a Country man

man of ours, one Mr. *Lewis*, whom I knew in *Alicant*, lives Factor, ſo that now I want not any thing for my Accommodation. This is a ſtately rich Town, and a renowned Mart for the Silks of *Italy*, and other *Levantine* Commodities, and a great Bank for Money, and indeed the greateſt of *France*: Before this Bank was Founded, which was by *Henry* the Firſt, *France* had but little Gold nd Silver; inſomuch, that we read how King *John*, their Captive King, could not in Four Years raiſe Sixty Thouſand Crowns to pay his Ranſom to our King *Edward*; and St. *Lewis* was in the ſame caſe when he was Priſoner in *Ægypt*, where he had left the *Sacrament* for a Gage; but after this Bank was Erected, it fill'd *France* full of Money; they of *Luca*, *Florence*, and *Genoa*, with the *Venetian*, got quickly over the Hills, and brought their Moneys hither to get Twelve in the Hundred Profit, which was the Intereſt at firſt, though it be now much lower.

In this great Mercantil Town, there be two deep Navigable Rivers, the *Rhone* and the *Sone*; the one hath a ſwift rapid Courſe the other ſlow and ſmooth: And one Day as I Walk'd upon their Banks, and obſerv'd ſo much difference in their Courſe, I fell into a Contemplation of the Humours of the *French* and *Spaniard*, how they might be not improperly compar'd to theſe Rivers; the *French* to the ſwift, the *Spaniard* to the ſlow River.

I ſhall Write you no more *Letters* until I preſent my ſelf unto you for a *Speaking-Letter*, which I ſhall do as ſoon as I may tread *London* Stones.

Lions, *Nov.* 32, 1621. *Your moſt Affectionate Servitor*, J. H.

XLIV.

To Mr. Tho. Bowyer. *From* Lions.

Sir,

BEing ſo near the *Lake* of *Geneva*, Curioſity would carry any one to ſee it: The Inhabitants of that Town, methinks, are made of another Paſte, differing from the Affable Nature of thoſe People I had convers'd withal formerly; they have one Policy, leſt that their Pretty *Republic* ſhould be peſter'd with Fugitives, their Law is, *That what Stranger ſoever flies thither for Sanctuary, he is puniſhable there, in the ſame degree, as in the Country where he committed the Offence.*

Geneva is Govern'd by Four Syndics, and Four Hundred Senators: She lies like a Bone 'twixt Three Maſtiffs, the Emperour, the *French* King, and the Duke of *Savoy*, they all Three look upon the Bone, but neither of them dare touch it ſingly, for fear the other two would flie upon him. But they ſay the *Savoyard* hath

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the juſteſt Title, for there are Imperial Records extant, *That although the Biſhops of* Geneva *were Lords Spiritual and Temporal, yet they ſhould acknowledge the Duke of* Savoy *for their Superiour.* This Man's Anceſtors went frequently to the Town, and the Keys were preſently tender'd to him: But ſince *Calvin*'s time, who had been once Baniſh'd, and then call'd in again; which made him to apply that Speech unto himſelf, *The ſtone which the builders refuſed, is become the head ſtone of the corner:* I ſay, ſince they were refin'd by *Calvin*, they ſeem to ſhun and ſcorn all the World beſides, being caſt as it were into another Mould, which hath quite alter'd their very Natural Diſpoſition in point of Moral Society.

Before I part with this famous City of *Lions*, I will relate unto you a wonderful ſtrange Accident that happen'd here not many Years ago: There is an Officer call'd *Le Chevalier du Guet*, (which is a kind of Night-Guard) here as well as in *Paris*, and his Lieutenant call'd *Jaquette*, having Supp'd one Night in a rich Merchants Houſe, as he was paſſing the Round afterwards, he ſaid, *I wonder what I have Eaten and Drunken at the Merchants Houſe, for I find my ſelf ſo Hot, that if I met with the* Devil's Dam *to Night, I ſhould not forbear Uſing her.* Hereupon, a little after he overtook a Young Gentlewoman Mask'd, whom he would needs Uſher to her Lodging, but diſcharg'd all his Watch, except two: She brought him, to his thinking, to a little low Lodging hard by the City Wall, where there were onely two Rooms: after he had Enjoyed her, he deſir'd, that, according to the Cuſtom of *French* Gentlemen, his two Camerads might partake alſo of the ſame Pleaſure; ſo ſhe admitted them one after the other: And when all this was done, as they ſat together, ſhe told them, if they knew well who ſhe was, none of them would have ventur'd upon her, thereupon ſhe Whiſſel'd three times, and all Vaniſh'd: The next Morning, the two Souldiers, that had gone with Lieutenant *Jaquette* were found Dead under the City Wall, amongſt the Ordure and Excrements, and *Jaquette* himſelf a little way off half Dead, who was taken up, and coming to himſelf again, confeſs'd all this, but Died preſently after.

The next Week I am to go down the *Loire* towards *Paris*, and thence as ſoon as I can for *England*, where amongſt the reſt of my Friends, whom I ſo much long to ſee after this Triennial Separation, you are like to be one of my firſt Objects; in the mean time, I wiſh the ſame Happineſs may attend you at *Home*, as I deſire to attend me *Homeward*; for I am

Lions, Dec. 5. 1621. *Truly yours*, J. H.

Familiar

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION II.

I.

To my Father.

Sir,

IT hath pleaſed God after almoſt Three Years Peregrination by Land and Sea, to bring me back ſafely to *London*; but although I am come ſafely, I am come ſickly; for when I Landed in *Venice*, after ſo long a Sea Voyage from *Spain*, I was afraid the ſame Defluxion of Salt Rheum which fell from my Temples into my Throat in *Oxford*, and Diſtilling upon the *Uvula*, impeached my Utterance a little to this Day, had found the ſame Channel again, which cauſed me to have an Iſſue made in my left Arm for the diverſion of the Humour: I was well ever after till I came to *Rouen*, and there I fell Sick of a Pain in the Head, which, with the Iſſue, I have carried with me to *England:* Doctor *Harvy*, who is my Phyſician, tells me, that it may turn to a Conſumption, therefore he hath ſtopped the Iſſue, telling me there is no danger at all in it, in regard I have not worn it a full Twelvemonth: My Brother, I thank him, hath been very careful of me in this my Sickneſs, and hath come often to Viſit me: I thank God I have paſs'd the brunt of it, and am recovering, and picking up my Crums apace. There is a flaunting *French* Ambaſſadour come over lately, and I believe his Errand is nought elſe but Complement, for the King of *France* being lately at *Calais*, and ſo in ſight of *England*, he ſent his Ambaſſadour, Monſieur *Cad Net*, expreſly to Viſit our King; he had Audience two Days ſince, where he with his Train of ruffling long-Haird Monſieurs, carried himſelf in ſuch a light Garb, that after the Audience, the King ask'd my Lord Keeper *Bacon*, What he thought of the *French* Ambaſſadour; He anſwer'd, That he was a *tall* proper Man. *Aye*, his Majeſty replied, *But what think you of his Head-Piece? Is he a proper Man for the Office of an Ambaſſadour? Sir*, ſaid *Bacon*, *Tall Men are like high Houſes of Four or Five Stories, wherein commonly the Uppermoſt Room is worſt Furniſhed.*

So deſiring my Brothers and Siſters, with the reſt of my Couſins and Friends in the Country, may be acquainted with my ſafe

Return to *England*, and that you would pleaſe to let me hear from you by the next conveniency; I reſt

Lond. Feb. 2d, 1621. *Your Dutiful Son*, J. H.

II.

To Richard Altham *Eſq*; *at* Norberry.

Salve pars animæ dimidiata meæ: Hail half my Soul, my Deaf Dick, *&c.* I was no ſooner returned to the ſweet Boſom of *England*, and had breath'd the Smoak of this Town, but my Memory ran ſuddenly on you, the *Idea* of you hath almoſt ever ſince ſo fill'd up and ingroſs'd my Imagination, that I can think on nothing elſe, the Love of you ſwells both in my Breaſt and Brain with ſuch a pregnancy, that nothing can deliver me of this violent high Paſſion but the ſight of you: Let me deſpair if I lye, there was never Female long'd more after any thing by reaſon of her growing Embryon, than I do for your Preſence; therefore I pray you make haſte to ſave my Longing, and *Tantalize* me no longer, ('tis but Three Hours Riding) for the ſight of you will be more precious to me than any one Object I have ſeen, (and I have ſeen many rare ones) in all my Three Years Travel; and if you take this for a Complement (becauſe I am newly come from *France*) you are much miſtaken in

Lond. Feb. 1ſt, 1621. *Your* J. H.

III.

To D. Caldwall *Eſq*; *at* Batterſay.

MY Dear *Dan.* I am come at laſt to *London*, but not without ſome Danger, and through divers Difficulties, for I fell Sick in *France*, and came ſo over to *Kent*; and my Journey from the Sea-ſide hither, was more tedious to me than from *Rome* to *Rouen*, where I grew firſt Indiſpoſed; and, in Good Faith, I cannot remember any thing to this Hour how I came from *Graveſend* hither, I was ſo ſtupified, and had loſt the knowledge of all things: But I am come to my ſelf indifferently well ſince, I thank God for it, and you cannot imagine how much the ſight of you, much more your Society, would revive me; your Preſence would be a Cordial unto me more Reſtorative than Exalted Gold, more Precious than the Powder of Pearl, whereas your Abſence, if it continue long, will prove unto me like the Duſt of *Diamonds*, which is incurable Poiſon; I pray be not Acceſſary to my Death, but haſten to comfort your ſo long Weather-Beaten Friend.

Lond. Feb. 1621. *Yours* J. H.

IV. *To*

IV.

To Sir James Crofts, *Kt. at the L.* Darcy's, *in St.* Oſith.

SIr, I am got again ſafely this ſide of the Sea, and though I was in a very ſickly caſe when I firſt arriv'd, yet, thanks be to God, I am upon point of perfect Recovery, whereunto the ſucking in of *Engliſh* Air, and the ſight of ſome Friends conduc'd not a little.

There is fearful News come from *Germany*; you know how the *Bohemians* ſhook off the Emperour's Yoak, and how the Great Councel of *Prague* fell to ſuch a Hurly-burly, that ſome of the Imperial Counſellors were hurl'd out at the Windows; you heard alſo, I doubt not, how they offer'd the Crown to the Duke of *Saxony*, and he waving it, they ſent Ambaſſadours to the *Palſegrave*, whom they thought might prove *Par negotio*, and to be able to go through-ſtich with the Work, in regard of his powerful Alliance, the King of *Great Brittany*, being his Father-in-Law, the King of *Denmark*, the Prince of *Orange*, the Marqueſs of *Brandenburg*, the Duke of *Bovillion*, his Uncles, the *States* of *Holland* his Confederates, the *French* King his Friend, and the Duke of *Bavaria* his near Allie: The Prince of *Palſegrave* made ſome Difficulty at firſt, and moſt of his Counſellors oppoſed it, others incited him to it, and amongſt other Hortatives, they told him, *That if he had the Courage to venture upon a King of* England's *ſole Daughter, he might very well venture upon a Soveraign Crown when it was tendred him.* Adde hereunto that the *States* of *Holland* did mainly advance the Work, and there was good reaſon in Policy for it; for their Twelve Years Truce, being then upon point of Expiring with *Spain*, and finding our King ſo wedded to Peace, that nothing could Divorce him from it, they lighted upon this Deſign to make him Draw his Sword, and Engage him againſt the Houſe of *Auſtria*, for the Defence of his ſole Daughter, and his Grand Children. What his Majeſty will do hereafter, I will not preſume to Foretel, but hitherto he hath given little Countenance to the Buſineſs; nay, he utterly miſliked it firſt; for whereas Doctor *Hall* gave the Prince *Palſegrave* the Title of King of *Bohemia* in his Pulpit-Prayer, he had a Check for his pains; for I heard his Majeſty ſhould ſay, *That there is an implicit Tie amongſt Kings, which obligeth them, though there be no other Intereſt or particular Engagement to ſtick unto, and right one another upon Inſurrection of Subjects; therefore he had more reaſon to be againſt the* Bohemians, *than to adhere to them in the Depoſition of their Soveraign Prince.* The King of *Denmark* ſings the ſame Note, nor will he alſo allow him the Appellation of King. But the fearful News I told you of at

the beginning of this *Letter* is, That there are freſh Tidings brought how the Prince *Palſegrave* had a well appointed Army of about 25000 Horſe and Foot near *Prague*, but the Duke of *Bavaria* came with ſcarce half the Number, and notwithſtanding his long March, gave him a ſudden Battel, and utterly routed them; inſomuch, that the new King of *Bohemia*, having not worn the Crown a whole Twelvemonth, was forc'd to flie with his Queen and Children; and after many Difficulties, they Write, that they are come to the Caſtle of *Caſtrein*, the Duke of *Brandenburg*'s Country, his Uncle: This News affects both Court and City here with much Heavineſs.

I ſend you my humble Thanks for the noble Correſpondence you pleaſed to hold with me abroad, and I deſire to know by the next, when you come to *London*, that I may have the comfort of the ſight of you, after ſo long an Abſence.

March 1ſt, 1619. *Your True Servitor*, J. H.

V.

To Dr. Fr. Manſell, *at* All-Souls *in* Oxford.

I Am returned ſafe from my forren Employment, from my three Years Travel; I did my beſt to make what advantage I could of the time, though not ſo much as I ſhould; for I find that Peregrination (well us'd) is a very profitable School, it is a running Accademy, and nothing conduceth more to the building up and perfecting of a Man. Your Honourable Uncle Sir *Robert Manſell*, who is now in the *Mediterranean*, hath been very notable to me, and I ſhall ever acknowledge a good part of my Education from him. He hath melted vaſt Sums of Money in the Glaſs Buſineſs, a Buſineſs indeed more proper for a Merchant than a Courtier: I heard the King ſhould ſay, *That he wondered* Robin Manſell, *being a Sea-man, whereby he hath got ſo much Honour, ſhould fall from* Water *to tamper with* Fire, *which are two contrary Elements*. My Father fears that this Glaſs Employment will be too brittle a Foundation for me to build a Fortune upon, and Sir *Robert* being now at my coming back ſo far at Sea, and his Return uncertain; my Father hath adviſed me to hearken after ſome other Condition: I attempted to go Secretary to Sir *John Ayres* to *Conſtantino le*, but I came too late. You have got your ſelf a great deal of good Repute by the voluntary Reſignation you made of the Principallity of *Jeſus-Colledge*, to Sir *Eubule Theloall*, in hope that he will be a conſiderable Benefactor to it: I pray God he perform what he promiſeth, and that he be not over-partial to *North Wales* men. Now that I give you the firſt Summons, I pray you

you make me Happy with your Correſpondence by *Letters*; there is no excuſe or impediment at all left now, for you are ſure where to find me, whereas I was a *Landloper*, as the *Dutch* man ſaith, a Wanderer, and ſubject to incertain Removes, and ſhort Journeys, in divers places before. So with apprecation of all Happineſs to you here and hereafter, I reſt,

Lond. March. 5. 1618. *At your Friendly Diſpoſe*, J. H.

VI.

To Sir E. Theloall, *Principal of* Jeſus-Colledge *in* Ox.

Sir, I ſend you moſt due and humble Thanks, that notwithſtanding I have play'd the Truant, and been abſent ſo long from *Oxford*, you have been pleas'd lately to make choice of me to be Fellow of your new Foundation in *Jeſus-colledge*, whereof I was once a Member; as the quality of my Fortunes, and courſe of Life run now, I cannot make preſent uſe of this your great Favour, or Promotion; yet I do highly value it, and humbly accept of it, and intend, by your Permiſſion, to reſerve and lay it by as a good warm Garment againſt rough Weather, if any fall on me; with this my expreſſion of Thankfulneſs, I do Congratulate the great Honour you have purchas'd both by your own Beneficence, and by your painful Endeavour beſides, to perfect that National Colledge, which hereafter is like to be a Monument of your Fame as well as a Semmanary of Learning, and will Perpetuate your Memory to all Poſterity.

God Almighty Proſper and Perfect your Undertakings, and provide for you in Heaven thoſe Rewards which ſuch Public Works of Piety uſe to be crown'd withal; it is the Apprecation of

Lond. idibus Mar. 1621. *Your truly devoted Servitor*, J. H.

VII.

To my Father.

Sir, According to the Advice you ſent me in your laſt, while I ſought after a new courſe of Employment, a new Employment hath lately ſought after me; my Lord *Savage* hath two young Gentlemen to his Sons, and I am to go Travel with them: Sir *James Crofts* (who ſo much reſpects you) was the main Agent in this Buſineſs, and I am to go ſhortly to *Long-Melford* in *Suffolk*, and thence to St. *Oſith* in *Eſſex*, to the Lord *Darcy*'s. Queen *Ann* is lately Dead of a Dropſie in *Denmark* Houſe, which is held to be one of the fatal Events that followed the laſt fearful Comet that roſe in the Tail of the Conſtellation of *Virgo*, which ſome ignorant

Aſtronomers that write of it, would fix in the Heavens, and that as far above the Orb of the *Moon*, as the *Moon* is from the Earth: But this is nothing in compariſon of thoſe hideous Fires that are kindled in *Germany*, blown firſt by the *Bohemians*, which is like to be a War without end; for the whole Houſe of *Auſtria* is intereſt'd in the Quarrel, and it is not the Cuſtom of that Houſe to ſit by any Affront, or forget it quickly. Queen *Ann* left a world of brave Jewels behind, but one *Piero*, an Outlandiſh man, who had the keeping of them, embeazled many, and is run away; ſhe left all ſhe had to Prince *Charles*, whom ſhe ever loved beſt of all her Children, nor do I hear of any Legacy ſhe left at all to her Daughter in *Germany*; for that Match, ſome ſay, leſſened ſomething of her Affection towards her ever ſince; ſo that ſhe would often call her *Goodly Palſegrave*; nor could ſhe abide Secretary *Winwood* ever after, who was one of the chiefeſt Inſtruments to bring that Match about, as alſo for the Rendition of the Cautionary Towns in the *Low-Countries*, *Eluſhing* and *Brill*, with the *Rammakins*. I was lately with Sir *John Walter*, and others of your Councel, about Law-Buſineſs, and ſome of them told me that Mr. *J. Lloyd*, your Adverſary, is one of the ſhrewdeſt Sollicitors in all the Thirteen Shires of *Wales*, being ſo habituated to Law-Suits and Wrangling, that he knows any the leaſt ſtarting Hole in every Court: I could wiſh you had made a fair end with him, for beſides the cumber and trouble, 'ſpecially to thoſe that dwell at ſuch a huge diſtance from *Weſtminſter-Hall* as you do, Law is a ſhrewd Pick-Purſe; and the Lawyer, as I heard one ſay wittily not long ſince, *Is like a* Chriſtmas *Box*, *which is ſure to get whoſoever loſeth.*

So with the continuance of my due and daily Prayers for your Health, with my Love to my Brothers and Siſters, I reſt,

March, 20th, 1621. *Your Dutiful Son*, J. H.

VIII.

To Dan. Caldwal *Eſquire. From the Lord* Savage's *Houſe in* Long-Melford.

My Dear D.

THough conſidering my former Condition of Life, I may now be called a Country-man, yet you cannot call me Ruſtic, (as you would imply in your *Letter*) as long as I live in ſo Civil and Noble a Family, as long as I Lodge in ſo Vertuous and Regular a Houſe as any I believe in the Land, both for *Oeconomical* Government, and the choice Company, for I never ſaw yet ſuch a dainty Race of Children in all my life together, I never ſaw yet ſuch an orderly and punctual Attendance of Servants, nor a great Houſe

ſo

ſo neatly kept; here one ſhall ſee no Dog, nor a Cat, nor Cage to cauſe any Naſtineſs within the Body of the Houſe; the Kitchin and Gutters and other Offices of Noiſe and Drudgery are at the fag-end; there's a Back-Gate for Beggars and the meaner ſort of Swains to come in at; the Stables butt upon the Park, which for a cheerful riſing ground, for Groves and Drowſings for the Deer, for Rivulets of Water, may compare with any of its bigneſs in the whole Land; it is oppoſite to the Front of the great Houſe, whence from the Gallery one may ſee much of the Game when they are Hunting: Now for the Gardning and coſtly choice Flowers, for Ponds, for ſtately large Walks, green and gravelly, for Orchards and choice Fruits of all ſorts, there are few the like in *England*; here you have your *Bon Chriſtien-Pear* and *Bergamot* in Perfection, your *Muſcadel-Grapes* in ſuch Plenty, that there are ſome Bottles of Wine ſent every Year to the King: And one Mr. *Daniel* a worthy Gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good ſtore in his Vintage. Truly this Houſe of *Long-Melford* though it be not ſo Great, yet it is ſo well compacted and contrived with ſuch dainty Conveniencies every way, that if you ſaw the Landskip of it, you would be mightily taken with it, and it would ſerve for a choice Pattern to Build and Contrive a Houſe by: If you come this Summer to your Mannor of *Sheriff* in *Eſſex*, you will not be far off hence; if your occaſions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, though it be onely to ſee him, who would think it a ſhort Journy to go from St. *David*'s Head to *Dover* Cliffs to ſee and ſerve you, were there occaſion: if you would know who the ſame is; 'tis

Mar. 20th, 1621. *Your* J. H.

IX.

To Robert Brown *Eſquire.*

Sir,

THanks for one Curteſie, is a good Uſher to bring on another: Therefore it is my Policy at this time to thank you moſt heartily for your late copious *Letter*, to draw on a ſecond: I ſay, I thank you a thouſand times over for yours of the Third of this Preſent, which abounded with ſuch variety of News, and ample well-couch'd Relations, that I made many Friends by it; yet I am ſorry for the quality of ſome of your News, that Sir *Robert Manſell* being now in the *Mediterranean* with a conſiderable Naval ſtrength of ours againſt the *Moors*, to do the *Spaniard* a Pleaſure, Marqueſs *Spinola* ſhould in a bogling way, change his Maſter for the time, and taking Commiſſion from the Emperour, become

his Servant for Invading the *Palatinate* with the Forces of the King of *Spain*, in the *Neatherlands:* I am ſorry alſo the Princes of the Union ſhould be ſo ſtupid as to ſuffer him to take *Oppenheim* by a *Parthian* kind of back Stratagem, in appearing before the Town, and making ſemblance afterwards to go for *Worms*, and then perceiving the Forces of the *United Provinces* to go for Succouring of that, to turn back and take the Town he intended firſt, whereby I fear he will be quickly Maſter of the reſt: Surely, I believe, there may be ſome Treachery in it, and that the Marqueſs of *Ansback*, the General, was o'recome by Piſtols made of *Indian* Ingots, rather than of Steel, elſe an Army of 40000, which he had under his Command, might have made its party good againſt *Spinola*'s leſs than 20000, though never ſuch choice *Veterans*; But what will not Gold do? It will make a *Pigmey* too hard for a *Gyant*, there's no Fence or Fortreſs *againſt an Aſs laden with Gold:* It was the Saying you know of *His* Father, whom Partial and Ignorant *Antiquity* cries up to have Conquered the *World*, and that he Sigh'd there were no more Worlds to Conquer, though he had never one of the Three old Parts of the then Known World entirely to himſelf: I deſire to know what is become of that handful of Men his Majeſty ſent to *Germany* under Sir *Horace Vere*, which he was bound to do as he is one of the Proteſtant Princes of the *Union*; and what's become of Sir *Arthur Chicheſter* who is gone Ambaſſadour to thoſe Parts.

Dear Sir, I pray make me Happy ſtill with your *Letters*, it is a mighty pleaſure for us Country Folks to hear how matters paſs in *London* and abroad: you know I have not the opportunity to Correſpond with you in like kind, but may happily hereafter when the Tables are turn'd, when I am in *London* and you in the *Weſt:* Whereas you are deſirous to hear how it fares with me, I pray know that I live in one of the Nobleſt Houſes, and beſt Air of *England*; there is a dainty Park adjoyning where I often wander up and down, and I have my ſeveral Walks; I make one to repreſent the *Royal Exchange*, the other the Middle Iſle of St. *Paul*'s, another *Weſtminſter-Hall*; and when I paſs through the Herd of Deer methinks I am in *Cheapſide*. So with a full return of the ſame meaſure of Love, as you pleas'd to ſend me, I reſt

24 *Martii.* 1621. *Yours*, J. H.

X.

To R. Altham *Eſquire.* *From St.* Oſith.

SIr, Life it ſelf is not ſo dear unto me as your Friendſhip, nor *Virtue* in her beſt Colours as precious as your Love, which was lately

lately ſo lively pourtraied unto me in yours of the Fifth of this Preſent: Methinks your *Letter* was like a piece of Tiſſue richly Embroider'd with rare Flowers up and down, with curious Repreſentations and Landskips: Albeit I have as much Stuff as you of this kind (I mean matters of Love) yet I want ſuch a Loom to work it upon, I cannot draw it to ſuch a curious Web; therefore you muſt be content with homely *Polldavie* Ware from me, for you muſt not expect from us Country Folks ſuch *Urbanities* and quaint Invention, that you, who are daily Converſant with the Wits of the Court, and of the Inns of Court, abound withal.

Touching your intention to Travel beyond the Seas the next Spring, and the intimation you make how happy you would be in my Company; I let you know, that I am glad of the one, and much thank you for the other, and will think upon it, but I cannot reſolve yet upon any thing: I am now here at the Earl of *Rivers*, a Noble and Great Knowing Lord, who hath ſeen much of the World abroad: My Lady *Savage*, his Daughter, is alſo here with divers of her Children. I hope this *Hilary* Term to be merry in *London*, and amongſt others to re-enjoy your Converſation principally, for I eſteem the Society of no Soul upon Earth more than yours: Till then I bid you Farewel, and as the Seaſon invites me, I wiſh you a Merry *Chriſtmas*, reſting

Decem. 20. 1621. *Yours* J. Howel.

XI.

To Capt. Tho. Porter, *upon Return from* Algier *Voyage.*

Noble Captain,

I Congratulate your ſafe Return from the *Streights*, but am ſorry you were ſo *ſtreightned* in your *Commiſſion*, that you could not attempt what ſuch a brave Naval Power of Twenty Men of War, ſuch a Gallant General, and other choice knowing Commanders might have performed, if they had had Line enough; I know the Lightneſs and Nimbleneſs of *Algier* Ships: When I lived lately in *Alicant* and other places upon the *Mediterranean*, we ſhould every Week hear ſome of them Chas'd, but very ſeldom taken; for a great Ship following one of them, may be ſaid to be as a Maſtiff Dog running after a Hare; I wonder the *Spaniard* came ſhort of the promiſed Supply for furtherance of that notable adventurous Deſign you had to Fire the Ships and Gallies in *Algier* Road: And according to the Relation you pleaſed to ſend me, it was one of the braveſt Enterpriſes, and had proved ſuch a glorious Exploit, that no Story could have parallel'd; but it ſeems their *Hoggies*, *Magitians*, and *Maribots*, were tampering with the ill Spirit of the Air all

all the while, which brought down ſuch a ſtill Cataract of Rain-Waters ſuddenly upon you, to hinder the working of your Fire-Works; ſuch a Diſaſter the Story tells us befel *Charles* the Emperour, but far worſe than yours, for he loſt Ships and Multitudes of Men, who were made Slaves, but you came off with loſs of Eight Men onely, and *Algier* is another gets thing now, than ſhe was then, being I believe a hundred degrees Stronger by Land and Sea; and for the latter Strength we may thank our Country man *Ward*, and *Dansker* the Butter-bag *Hollander*, which may be ſaid to have been two of the fataleſt and moſt infamous Men that ever *Chriſtendom* bred; for the one taking all *Engliſh* men, and the other all *Dutch* men, and bringing the Ships and Ordnance to *Algier*, they may be ſaid to have been the chief Raiſers of thoſe Picaroons to be Pirates, which are now come to that height of Strength, that they daily endammage and affront all *Chriſtendom*. When I conſider all the circumſtances and ſucceſs of this your Voyage, when I conſider the Narrowneſs of your Commiſſion, which was as Lame as the *Clerk* that kept it; when I find that you ſecured the Seas and Traffick all the while, for I did not hear of one Ship taken while you were abroad; when I hear how you brought back all the Fleet without the leaſt Diſgrace or Dammage by Foe or foul Weather to any Ship, I conclude, and ſo do far better Judgements than mine, that you did what poſſibly could be done: Let thoſe that repine at the One in the Hundred (which was impos'd upon all the *Levant* Merchants for the ſupport of this Fleet) mutter what they will, *That you went firſt to* Graveſend, *then to the Lands End, and after to no End.*

I have ſent you for your Welcome Home (in part) two Barrels of *Colcheſter* Oyſters, which were provided for my Lord of *Colcheſter* himſelf, therefore I preſume they are good, and all Green Finned; I ſhall ſhortly follow, but not to ſtay long in *England*, for I think I muſt over again ſpeedily to puſh on my Fortunes: So my Dear *Tom*, I am *De todas mis entranas*; From the Center of my Heart I am

S. Oſith, Dec. *Yours* J. H.

XII.

To my Father, upon my ſecond going to Travel.

Sir,

I Am lately returned to *London*, having been all this while in a very Noble Family in the Country, where I found far greater Reſpects than I deſerved; I was to go with two of my Lord *Savage*'s Sons to Travel, but finding my ſelf too young for ſuch a Charge,

Charge, and our Religion differing, I have now made choice to go over Camerade to a very worthy Gentleman, Baron *Altham*'s Son, whom I knew in *Stanes*, when my Brother was there: Truly I hold him to be one of the hopefulleſt young Men of this Kingdom for Parts and Perſon, he is full of excellent ſolid Knowledge, as the Mathematics, the Law, and other material Studies; beſides I ſhould have been tied to have ſtaid three Years abroad in the other Imploiment at leaſt, but I hope to go back from this, by God's Grace, before a Twelvemonth be at an end, at which time a hope the Hand of *Providence* will ſettle me in ſome ſtable Home-Fortune.

The News is that the Prince *Palſegrave* with his Lady and Children are come to the *Hague* in *Holland*, having made a long Progreſs, or rather a Pilgrimage about *Germany* from *Prague*. The old Duke of *Bavaria*, his Uncle, is choſen Elector and Arch-Sewer of the *Roman* Empire in his place (but as they ſay in an imperfect *Diet)* and with this Proviſo, *That the transferring of this Election upon the* Bavarian, *ſhall not prejudice the next Heir.* There is one Count *Mansfelt* that begins to get a great name in *Germany*, and he with the Duke of *Brunſwick*, who is a Temporal Biſhop of *Halverſtadt*, have a conſiderable Army on foot for the Lady *Elizabeth*, which in the *Low-Countries* and ſome parts of *Germany*, is called the *Queen* of *Bohemia*, and for her winning Princely Comportment, *The Queen of* HEARTS: Sir *Arthur Chicheſter* is come back from the *Palatinate*, much Complaining of the ſmall Army that was ſent thither under Sir *Horace Vere*, which ſhould have been greater, or none at all.

My Lord of *Backingham* having been long ſince Maſter of the Horſe at Court, is now made Maſter alſo of all the *Woodden* Horſes in the Kingdom, which indeed are our beſt Horſes, for he is to be High Admiral of *England*, ſo he is become *Dominus Equorum & Aquarum.* The late Lord Treaſurer *Cranfield* grows alſo very powerful, but the City hates him for having Betrayed their greateſt Secrets which he was capable to know more than another, having been formerly a Merchant.

I think I ſhall have no opportunity to Write to you again till I be t'other ſide of the Sea; therefore I humbly take my Leave, and ask your Bleſſing, that I may the better Proſper in my Proceedings: So I am

March the 19th, 1621. *Your Dutiful Son,* J. H.

XIII. *To*

XIII.

To Sir John Smith, *Knight.*

Sir,

THe firſt Ground I ſet Foot upon after this my ſecond Tranſmarine Voyage, was *Trevere* (the *Scots* Staple) in *Zealand*, thence we Sail'd to *Holland*, in which Paſſage we might ſee divers Steeples and Turrets under water, of Towns that as we were told were ſwallowed up by a Deluge within the Memory of Man: We went afterwards to the *Hague*, where there are hard by, though in ſeveral places, two wonderful things to be ſeen, the one of *Art*, the other of *Nature*, that of *Art* is a Waggon or Ship, or a Monſter mixt of both like the *Hippocentaure* who was half Man, and half Horſe; this Engine hath Weels and Sails that will hold above Twenty People, and goes with the Wind, being drawn or mov'd by nothing elſe, and will run, the Wind being good, and the Sails hois'd up, above Fifteen Miles an Hour upon even hard Sands: they ſay this Invention was found out to Entertain *Spinola* when he came hither to Treat the laſt Truce. That Wonder of *Nature* is a Church-Monument, where an Earl and a Lady are Engraven with Three Hundred Sixty Five Children about them, which were all Delivered at one Birth; they were half Male, half Female; the Baſon hangs in the Church which carried them to be Chriſtened, and the Biſhops Name who did it; and the Story of this Miracle, with the Year and the Day of the Month mentioned, which is not yet Two Hundred Years ago; and the Story is this: *That Counteſs Walking about her Door after Dinner, there came a Beggar-Woman with two Children upon her Back to Beg Alms; the Counteſs asking whether thoſe Children were her own, ſhe anſwered*, She had them both at one Birth, and by one Father, who was her Husband. *The Counteſs would not onely give her any Alms, but reviled her bitterly, ſaying*, It was impoſſible for one Man to Get two Children at once. *This Beggar-Woman being thus provok'd with ill Words, and without Alms, fell to Imprecations, That it ſhould pleaſe God to ſhew his Judgement upon her, and that ſhe might Bear at one Birth as many Children as there be Days in the Year; which ſhe did before the ſame Years end, having never Born Child before.* We are now in *North Holland*, where I never ſaw ſo many, among ſo few, Sick of Leproſies; and the reaſon is, becauſe they commonly Eat abundance of freſh Fiſh. A Gentleman told me that the Women of this Country when they are Delivered, there comes out of the Womb a living Creature beſides the Child, call'd *Zucchie*, likeſt a *Batt* of any other Creature; which the Midwifes throw into the Fire,

Fire, holding Sheets before the Chimney, leſt it ſhould fly away. Mr. *Altham* deſires his Service may be preſented to You and your Lady, to Sir *John Franklin*, and all at the *Hill*; the like do I humbly crave at your Hands: The *Italian* and *French* Manuſcripts you pleas'd to favour me withal, I left at Mr. *Seil*'s the Stationer, whence, if you have them not already, you may pleaſe to ſend for them. So in all Affection I Kiſs your Hands, and am

Trevere, *April* 10th, 1622. *Your Humble Servitor*, J. H.

XIV.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord Vicount Colcheſter, *after Earl* Rivers.

Right Honourable,

THe Commands your Lordſhip was pleaſed to impoſe upon me when I left *England*, and thoſe high Favours wherein I ſtand bound to your Lordſhip, call upon me at this time to ſend your Lordſhip ſome ſmall Fruits of my forren Travel: Marqueſs *Spinola* is return'd from the *Palatinate* where he was ſo fortunate that like *Cæſar* he came, ſaw, and overcame, notwithſtanding that huge Army of the Princes of the *Union*, conſiſting of 40000 Men, whereas his was under 20000, but made up of old tough Blades and Veteran Commanders: He hath now chang'd his Coat, and taken up his old Commiſſion again from *Don Philippo*, whereas during that Expedition, he call'd himſelf *Cæſar*'s Servant. I hear the Emperour hath tranſmitted the *Upper Palatinate* to the Duke of *Bavaria*, as Caution for thoſe Moneys he hath Expended in thoſe Wars; and the King of *Spain* is the Emperour's Commiſary for the *Lower Palatinate*: They both pretend that they were bound to Obey the Imperial Summons to Aſſiſt *Cæſar* in theſe Wars; the one as he was Duke of *Burgundy*, the other of *Bavaria*, both which Countrys are Fuderary to the Empire, elſe they had incurr'd the Imperial Ban. It is fear'd this *German* War will be as the *French* man ſaid, *De longue halaine*; *Long Breath'd*: For there are great Powers on both ſides, and they ſay the King of *Denmark* is Arming.

Having made a leaſurely Sojourn in this Town, I had ſpare Hours to couch in Writing a *Survey* of theſe Countrys, which I have now Travers'd the ſecond time; but in regard it would be a great bulk for a *Letter*. I ſend it your Lordſhip apart, and when I return to *England*, I ſhall be bold to attend your Lordſhip for Correction of my Faults; in the interim, I reſt,

Antwerp, *May* 1, 1622. *My* LORD, *Your thrice Humble Servitor*, J. H.

XV. *To*

XV.

A SURVEY of the *Seventeen Provinces.*

My LORD,

TO attempt a Preciſe *Deſcription* of each of the *Seventeen Provinces*, and of its Progreſſion, Priviledges and Primitive Government, were a Task of no leſs Confuſion than Labour: Let it ſuffice to know, *That ſince* Flanders *and* Holland *were Erected to Earldoms, and ſo left to be an Appendix to the Crown of* France, *ſome of them have had Abſolute and Supream Governours, ſome Subaltern and Subject to a Superior Power: Amongſt the reſt the Earls of* Flanders *and* Holland, *were moſt conſiderable; but of them two, he of* Holland, *being Homigable to none, and having* Frieſland *and* Zealand *added, was the more Potent: In proceſs of Time all the Seventeen met in One; ſome by Conqueſt, others by Donation and Legacy, but moſt by Alliance: In the Houſe of* Burgundy *this Union received moſt Growth, but in the Houſe of* Auſtria *it came to its full Perfection; for in* Charles *the Fifth they all met as ſo many Lines drawn from the Circumference to the Center, who Lording as Supreme Head, not onely over the Fifteen Temporal, but the Two Spiritual,* Leige *and* Utrecht, *had a Deſign to reduce them to a Kingdom, which his Son* Phillip *the Second attempted after him, but they could not bring their Intents home to their Aim; the cauſe is imputed to that multiplicity and difference of Priviledges which they are ſo eager to Maintain, and whereof ſome cannot ſtand with a* Monarchy *without Incongruity:* Phillip *the Second at his Inauguration was Sworn to obſerve them, and at his Departure he Oblig'd himſelf by an Oath, to ſend ſtill one of his own Blood to Govern them: Moreover, at the Requeſt of the Knights of the* Golden Fleece, *he Promiſed that all forren Souldiers ſhould retire, and that he himſelf would come to Viſit them once every Seventh Year; but being once gone, and leaving in lieu of a* Sword *a* Diſtaffe, *and unweldy Woman to Govern, he came not onely ſhort of his Promiſe, but procur'd a Diſpenſation from the Pope to be Abſolved of his Oath; and all this by the Counſel of the Cardinal* Granvill, *who, as the* States *Chronicler Writes, was the firſt Fire-Brand that kindled that lamentable and longſome War wherein the* Neatherlands *have Traded above Fifty Years in Bloud; for intending to increaſe the Number of Biſhops, to Eſtabliſh the Decrees of the Counſel of* Trent, *and to Clip the Power of the Counſel of* State, *compos'd of the Natives of the Land, by making it Appealable to the Counſel of* Spain, *and by adding to the former Oath of Allegeance, (all which conduc'd to ſettle the Inquiſition, and to curb the Conſcience) the Broils began; to appeaſe which, Ambaſſadours were diſpatch'd*

ſpatch'd to Spain, *whereof the two firſt came to violent Deaths, the one being Beheaded, the other Poiſon'd; but the two laſt* Egmond *and* Horn *were nouriſh'd ſtill with hopes, until* Phillip *the Second had prepar'd an Army under the Conduct of the Duke of* Alva, *to compoſe the Difference by Arms: For as ſoon as he came to the Government, he Eſtabliſhed the* Bloet-Read, *as the Complainants term'd it,* A Counſel of BLOUD, *made up moſt of* Spaniards: Egmond *and* Horn *were Apprehended, and afterwards Beheaded; Cittadels were Erected, and the Oaths of Allegeance, with the Political Government of the Country in divers things alter'd: This pour'd Oil on the Fire formerly Kindled, and put all in Combuſtion: The Prince of* Orange *Retires, thereupon his Eldeſt Son was Surpriz'd and ſent as a Hoſtage to* Spain, *and above Five Thouſand Families quit the Country, many Towns Revolted, but were afterwards reduc'd to Obedience; which made the Duke of* Alva *ſay,* That the *Neatherlands* appertain'd to the King of *Spain,* not onely by Deſcent but Conqueſt. *And for a Cumble of his Victories when he attempted to impoſe the Tenth Penny for Maintenance of the Garriſons in the Cittadels, he had Erected at* Grave, Utrecht, *and* Antwerp, *(where he caus'd his Statue made of Cannon-Braß to be Erected Trampling the* Belgians *under his Feet) all the Towns withſtood this Impoſition, ſo that at laſt matters ſucceeding ill with him, and having had his Couſin* Pacecio *Hang'd at* Fluſhing *Gates, after he had Trac'd out the Platform of a Cittadel in that Town alſo, he receiv'd* Letters *of Revocation from* Spain; *Him ſucceeded* Don Luys de Requiſeus, *who came ſhort of his Predeceſſor in Exploits, and Dying ſuddenly in the Field, the Government was Inveſted for the time in the Counſel of* State; *the* Spaniſh *Souldiers being without a Head, gather'd together to the Number of One Thouſand Six Hundred, and committed ſuch Outrages up and down, that they were Proclaimed Enemies to the* State: *Hereupon the Pacification of* Gant *was tranſacted, whereof amongſt other Articles one was,* That all forren Souldiers ſhould quit the Country: *This was Ratified by the King, and Obſerv'd by* Don John *of* Auſtria, *who ſucceeded in the Government; yet* Don John *retained the Lands-knights at his Devotion ſtill, for ſome ſecret Deſign, and as ſome conjectured for the Invaſion of* England, *he kept the* Spaniards *alſo ſtill hovering about the Frontiers, ready upon all Occaſions: Certain* Letters *were Intercepted that made a Diſcovery of ſome Projects which made the War to Bleed afreſh;* Don John *was Proclaim'd Enemy to the* State; *ſo the Arch-Duke* Matthias *was ſent for, who being a man of ſmall Performance and improper for the Times, was diſmiſs'd, but upon Honourable Terms.* Don John *a little after Dies, and as ſome gave out, of the Pox; then comes in the Duke of* Parma, *a man as of a different Nation, being an* Italian, *ſo of a different Temper, and more moderate Spirit, and of greater Performances than all*

the

the reſt, for whereas all the Provinces, *except* Luxemburg *and* Hanault, *had Revolted, he reduc'd* Gaunt, Tourney, Burgues, Males, Bruſſels, Antwerp, *(which three laſt he Beleager'd at one time) and divers other great Towns to the* Spaniſh *Obedience again; he had Sixty Thouſand Men in Pay, and the choiceſt which* Spain *and* Italy *could afford. The* French *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſadours Interceeding for a Peace, had a ſhort Anſwer of* Philip *the Second, who ſaid,* That he needed not the help of any to Reconcile himſelf to his own Subjects, and Reduce them to Conformity, but the Difference that was, he would refer to his Couſin the Emperour: *Hereupon the Buſineß was agitated at* Colen, *where the* Spaniard *ſtood as high a Tip-Toe as ever; and notwithſtanding the vaſt Expence of Treaſure and Bloud he had been at for ſo many Years, and that matters began to exaſperate more and more, which were like to prolong the Wars* in infinitum, *he would abate nothing in point of Eccleſiaſtic Government: Hereupon the* States *perceiv'd that King* Philip *could not be wrought either by the Solicitations of other Princes, or their own Supplications ſo often reiterated, that they might enjoy the Freedom of their Religion, with other Infranchiſments, and finding him Inexorable, being incited alſo by that Ban which was Publiſhed againſt the Prince of* Orange, That whoſoever Kill'd him ſhould have Five Thouſand Crowns: *They at laſt abſolutely Renounc'd and Abjur'd the King of* Spain *for their Soveraign; they broke his Seals, chang'd the Oath of Allegeance, and fled to* France *for Shelter; they Inaugurated the Duke of* Anjou *(Recommended unto them by the Queen of* England, *to whom he was a Suitor) for their Prince, who attempted to render himſelf Abſolute, and ſo thought to Surprize* Antwerp, *where he received an ill-favour'd Repulſe; yet nevertheleſs, the* United Provinces, *for ſo they term'd themſelves ever after, fearing to Diſtaſt their next great Neighbour* France, *made a ſecond Proffer of their Protection and Soveraignty to that King, who having too many Irons in the Fire at his own Home, the League growing ſtronger and ſtronger, he anſwer'd them,* That his Shirt was nearer to him than his Dublet. *Then had they Recourſe to Queen* Elizabeth, *who partly for her own Security, partly for Intereſt in Religion, reacht them a Supporting Hand, and ſo ſent them Men, Money and a Governour, the Earl of* Leiceſter, *who not ſymbolizing with their Humor, was quickly Revok'd, yet without any outward Diſlike on the Queen's ſide, for ſhe left her Forces ſtill with them, but upon their Expence: She Lent them afterwards ſome conſiderable Sums of Money, and receiv'd* Fluſhing *and the* Brill *for Caution. Ever ſince the* Engliſh *have been the beſt Sinews of their War, and Atchievers of the greateſt Exploits amongſt them. Having thus made ſure work with the* Engliſh, *they many Years together held Tack with the* Spaniard, *and during thoſe Traverſes of War was very Fortunate: An Overture of Peace was then*

then Propounded, which the States *would not Hearken unto Singly with the King of* Spain, *unleſs the* Provinces *that yet remain'd under him would Engage themſelves for Performance of what was Articled; beſidis, they would not Treat either of Peace or Truce, unleſs they were Declar'd* Free States, *all which was Granted; ſo by the Intervention of the* Engliſh *and* French *Ambaſſadours, a Truce was concluded for Twelve Years.*

Theſe Wars did ſo drain and diſcommodate the King of Spain, *by reaſon of his Diſtance (every Souldier that he ſent either from* Spain *or* Italy, *coſting him neer upon a Hundred Crowns before he could be rendred in* Flanders) *that notwithſtanding his Mines of* Mexico *and* Peru, *it plung'd him ſo deeply in Debt, that having taken up Moneys in all the chief Banks of* Chriſtendom, *he was forc'd to Publiſh a* Diploma, *wherein he Diſpens'd with himſelf (as the* Holland *Story hath it) from Payment, alledging that he had Employed thoſe Moneys for the Public Peace of* Chriſtendom: *This Broak many great Banquers, and they ſay his Credit was not current in* Sevil *or* Lisbon, *his own Towns; and which was worſe, while he ſtood Wraſtling thus with his own Subjects, the* Turk *took his Opportunity to get from him* Tunis *and the* Goletta, *the Trophys of* Charles *the Fifth his Father: So eager he was in this Quarrel, that he employed the utmoſt of his Strength and Induſtry to Reduce this People to his Will, in regard he had an Intent to make theſe* Provinces *his main Randezvous and Magazin of Men of War, which his Neighbours perceiving, and that he had a kind of Aim to be* Weſtern Monarch, *being led not ſo much for Love as reaſons of State, they ſtuck cloſe to the* Revolted Provinces: *And this was the Bone that Secretary* Walſingham *told Queen* Elizabeth, *he would caſt the King of* Spain *that ſhould laſt him Twenty Years, and perhaps make his Teeth ſhake in his Head.*

But to return to my firſt Diſcourſe, whence this Digreſſion hath ſnatcht me: *The* Neatherlands *who had been formerly knit and concentred under one Soveraign Prince, were thus Diſmembred: And as they ſubſiſt now, They are a* State *and a* Province: *The* Provinces *having Ten of the Seventeen at leaſt, is far Greater, more Populous, better Soild, and more ſtor'd with Gentry. The* State *is the Richer and Stronger, the one proceeding from their vaſt Navigation and Commerce, the other from the quality of their Country, being defenſible by Rivers and Sluces, by means whereof they can ſuddenly overwhelm all the whole Country; witneſs that ſtupendious Siege of* Leyden *and* Haerlem; *for moſt of their Towns (the Marks being taken away) are Inacceſſible by reaſon of Shelfs of Sands. Touching the Tranſaction of theſe* Provinces *which the King of* Spain *made as a Dowry to the Arch-Duke* Albertus, *upon Marriage with the* Infanta, *who thereupon left his Red-Hat and* Toledo *Miter (the chiefeſt Spiritual Dignity in* Chriſtendom *for Revenue, after the* Papacy) *it was*

fring'd with such cautelous Restraints, that he was sure to keep the better end of the Staff still to himself, for he was to have the Tutele and Ward of his Children, that they were to Marry one of the Austrian *Family, recommended by* Spain, *and in default of Issue, and in case* Albertus *should survive the* Infanta, *he should be but Governour onely: Adde hereunto, that King* Philip *reserv'd still to himself all the Cittadels and Castles, with the Order of the* Golden Fleece, *whereof he is Master, as he is Duke of* Burgundy.

The Arch-Duke for the time hath a very Princely Command, all Coins bear his Stamp, all Placarts or Edicts are Published in his Name; he hath the Election of all Civil Officers and Magistrates; he Nominates also Bishops and Abbots; for the Pope hath onely the Confirmation of them bear, nor can he Adjourn any out of the Country to Answer any thing, neither are his Bulls of any strength without the Prince's Placet, *which makes him have always some Commissioners to Execute his Authority. The People bear grow hotter and hotter in the* Roman *Cause, by reason of the mixture with* Spaniards *and* Italians; *as also by the Example of the Arch-Duke and the* Infanta, *who are Devout in an intense Degree. There are two Supreme Counsels, the Privy-Council, and that of the* State; *this Treats of Confederations and Intelligence with forren Princes, of Peace and War, of Entertaining or of Dismissing Colonels and Captains of Fortifications, and they have the Surintendency of the highest Affairs that concern the Prince and the Polity of the* Provinces, *the Private hath the Granting of all Patents and Requests, the Publishing of all Edicts and Proclamations, the Prizing of Coin, the Looking to the Confines and Extent of the* Provinces, *and the Enacting of all new Ordinances: Of these two Counsels there is never a* Spaniard, *but in the Actual Counsel of War, their Voices are Predominant: There is also a Court of Finances or Exchequor, whence all they that have the Fingring of the Kings Money, must draw a Discharge. Touching matters of Justice, their Law is mixt between Civil and Common, with some Clauses of Canonical: The High Court of Parliament is at* Maline, *whither all Civil Causes may be brought by Appeal from other Towns, except some that have Municipal Priviledges, and are Soveraign in their own Jurisdictions, as* Mons *in* Henalt, *and a few more.*

The prime Province *for Dignity is* Brabant, *which amongst many other Priviledges it enjoyeth, hath this for one,* Not to appear upon any Summons out of its own Precinct: *Which is one of the reasons why the Prince makes his Residence there: but the prime for Extent and Fame is* Flanders, *the chiefest Earldom in* Christendom, *which is three Days Journey in Length;* Ghent, *its Metropolis, is reputed the greatest Town of* Europe; *whence arose the Proverb,* Les Flamen tient un Gan, qui tiendra Paris dedans. *But the Beautifullest, Richest,*

Richeſt, Strongeſt, and moſt Priviledg'd City is Antwerp *in* Brabant, *being the Marquiſate of the whole Empire, and drawing near to the Nature of a* Hans *Town, for ſhe Pays the Prince no other Tax but the Impoſt: Before the Diſſociation of the* Seventeen Provinces, *this Town was one of the greateſt Marts of* Europe, *and greateſt Bank on this ſide the* Alps, *moſt Princes having their Factors here, to take up, or let out Moneys; and here our* Greſham *got all his Wealth, and Built our* Royal Exchange *by Model of that here. The Merchandize which was brought hither from* Germany, France, *and* Italy, *by Land, and from* England, Spain, *and the* Hans *Towns, by Sea, was eſtimated at above Twenty Millions of Crowns every Year; but as no violent thing is long laſting, and as 'tis Fatal to all Kingdoms, States, Towns, and Languages to have their Period, ſo this Renowned Mart hath ſuffer'd a ſhrewd Eclipſe, yet no utter Downfal, the Exchange of the King of* Spain's *Money, and ſome ſmall Land Traffic keeping ſtill Life in her, though nothing ſo full of Vigor as it was. Therefore there is no Town under the Arch-Duke where the* States *have more conceal'd Friends than in* Antwerp, *who wou'd willingly make them her Maſters in hope to recover her former Commerce, which after the laſt Twelve Years Truce began to revive a little, the* States *permitting to paſs by* Lillo's Sconce *(which Commands the River of* Skeld, *and lieth in the Teeth of the Town) ſome ſmall Croſs-Sail'd Ships to paſs thither: There is no place hath been more Paſſive than this, and more often Pillag'd; amongſt other times ſhe was once Plundr'd moſt miſerably by the* Spaniards *under the Conduct of a Prieſt, immediately upon* Don John *of* Auſtria's *Death, ſhe had then her* Stat-Houſe *Burn'd; which had coſt a few Years before above Twenty Thouſand Crowns the Building, and the Spoils that were carried away thence amounted to Forty Tuns of Gold: Thus ſhe was reduc'd not onely to Poverty, but a kind of Captivity, being Commanded by a Cittadel, which ſhe preferr'd before a Garriſon; this made the Merchants retire, and ſeek a more Free Randezvous, ſome in* Zealand, *ſome in* Holland, *ſpecially in* Amſterdam, *which roſe upon the Fall of this Town, as* Lisbon *did from* Venice *upon the Diſcovery of the* Cape of Good Hope, *though* Venice *be not near ſo much Creſtfall'n.*

I will now ſteer my Diſcourſe to the *United Provinces*, as they term themſelves, which are Six in number, viz. *Holland, Zealand, Frieſland, Overyſſell, Gronningben* and *Utrecht*, three parts of *Gilderland*, and ſome Frontier Towns and Places of Contribution in *Brabant* and *Flanders: In all theſe there is no Innovation at all introduc'd, notwithſtanding this great Change in point of Government, except that the Colledge of* States *repreſents the Duke or Earl in times paſs'd, which Colledge conſiſts of the chiefeſt Gentry of the Country, Surintendents of Towns, and the Principal Magiſtrates: Every*

Province *and great Town chooſe Yearly certain Deputies, to whom they give Plenary Power to Deliberate with the other* States *of all Affairs touching the Public Welfare of the whole* Province, *and what they Vote ſtands for Law. Theſe being Aſſembled, Conſult of all matters of State, Juſtice, and War; the Advocate who is Prime in the Aſſembly, Propounds the Buſineß, and after Collects the Suffrages, firſt of the Provinces, then of the Towns, which being put in Form, he delivers in pregnant and moving Speeches, in caſe there be a diſſonance and reluctancy of Opinions, he labours to accord and reconcile them; concluding always with the major Voyces.*

Touching the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, the Preſident who is Monthly chang'd, with the Great Counſel, have the Supreme Judicature, from whoſe Decrees there's no Appeal, but a Reviſion, and then ſome of the choiceſt Lawyers amongſt them are appointed.

For their Oppidan *Government they have variety of Officers, a Scout, Burgmaſters, a Balue, and* Vroetſchappens: *The Scout is choſen by the* States, *who with the Balues have the Judging of all Criminal Matters in laſt reſort without Appeal; they have alſo the Determining of Civil Cauſes, but thoſe are Appealable to the* Hague. *Touching their chiefeſt Governour (or General rather now) having made proof of the* Spaniard, German, French, *and* Engliſh, *and agreeting with none of them, they lighted at laſt upon a man of their own Mould Prince* Maurice, *now their General, in whom concurred divers parts ſuitable to ſuch a Charge, having been train'd up in the Wars by his Father, who with three of his Uncles, and divers of his Kindred Sacrific'd their Lives in the* States *Quarrel; he hath thriven well ſince he came to the Government; he clear'd* Frieſland, Overyſſell, *and* Gronninghen, *in leß than Eighteen Months: He hath now continued their Governour and General by Sea and Land above Three and Thirty Years; he hath the Election of Magiſtrates, the Pardoning of Maleſactors, and divers other Prerogatives, yet they are ſhort of the reach of Soverainty, and of the Authority of the Ancient Counts of* Holland: *though I cannot ſay 'tis a Mercinary Employment, yet he hath a limited Allowance; nor hath he any implicit Command when he goes to the Field; for either the Council of War Marcheth with him, or elſe he receives daily Directions from them: Moreover, the* States *themſelves reſerve the Power of Nominating all Commanders in the Army, which being of ſundry Nations, deprive him of thoſe advantages he might have to make himſelf Abſolute. Martial Diſcipline is no where ſo Regular as amongſt the* States; *no where are there leſſer Inſolencies committed upon the Burger, nor Robberies upon the Country Boors; nor are the Officers permitted to Inſult over the common Souldier. When the Army Marcheth, not one dares take ſo much as an Apple off a Tree, or a Root out of the Earth in their Paſſage; and the reaſon is, they are punctually paid their*

Pay,

Pay, elſe I believe they would be Inſolent enough, and were not the Pay ſo certain, I think few or none would Serve them. They ſpeak of Sixty Thouſand they have in perpetual Pay by Land and Sea, at Home and in the Indies: *The King of* France *was uſed to maintain a Regiment, but ſince* Henry *the Great's Death, the Payment hath been neglected. The means they have to Maintain theſe Forces, to Pay their Governour, to Diſcharge all other Expence, as the Preſervation of their Dikes, which comes to a vaſt Expence Yearly, is the Ancient Revenue of the Counts of* Holland, *the impropriate Church-Livings, Impoſts upon all Merchandize, which is greater upon Exported than Imported Goods; Exciſe upon all Commodities, as well for Neceſſity as Pleaſure, Taxes upon every Acre of Ground, which is ſuch, that the whole Country returns into her Hands every three Year: Adde hereunto, the Art they uſe in their Bank by the riſe and fall of Money, the Fiſhing upon our Coaſts, whither they ſend every* Autumn *above Seven Hundred Holks or Buſſes, which in the Voyages they make, return above a Million in Herrings: moreover, their Fiſhing for Green-Fiſh and Salmon, amounts to ſo much more; and for their Cheeſe and Butter, 'tis thought they vent as much every Year, as* Lisbon *doth Spices. This keeps the common Treaſury always full, that upon any extraordinary Service or Deſign, there is ſeldom any new Tax upon the People. Traffic is their general Profeſſion, being all either Merchants or Marriners, and having no Land to Manure, they Furrow the Sea for their Living; and this Univerſality of Trade, and their Banks of Adventures diſtributes the Wealth ſo equally, that few amongſt them are exceeding Rich or exceeding Poor: Gentry amongſt them is very thin, and, as in all* Democraſies, *little Reſpected; and coming to dwell in Towns, they ſoon mingle with the Merchant, and ſo Degenerate: Their Soil being all 'twixt Marſh and Medow, is ſo fat in Paſturage, that one Cow will give Eight Quarts of Milk a Day; ſo that as a Boor told me, in Four little Dorps near* Haerlem, *'tis thought there is as much Milk milk'd in the Year, as there is Rheniſh Wine brought to* Dort, *which is the ſole Staple of it. Their Towns are beautiful and neatly Built, and with Uniformity, that who ſees one ſees all: In ſome places, as in* Amſterdam, *the Foundation coſts more than the Superſtructure, for the Ground being ſoft, they are conſtrain'd to ram in huge Stakes of Timber (with Wool about it to preſerve it from Putrifaction) till they come to a firm Baſis; ſo that as one ſaid,* Whoſoever could ſee *Amſterdam* under Ground, ſhould ſee a huge Winter-Forreſt.

Amongſt all the Confederate Provinces, Holland *is moſt Predominant, which being but Six Hours Journey in Breadth, contains Nine and Forty Wall'd Towns, and all theſe within a Days Journey one of another.* Amſterdam *for the preſent is one of the greateſt Mercantil Towns in* Europe: *To her is appropriated the* Eaſt *and*

Weſt Indie *Trade, whither ſhe ſends Yearly Forty great Ships, with another Fleet to the* Baltic *Sea, but they ſend not near ſo many to the* Mediterrancan *as* England: *Other Towns are paſſably Rich, and ſtor'd with Shipping, but not one very Poor, which proceeds from the wholſome Policy they uſe, to Aſſign every Town ſome firm Staple Commodity, as to (their* Maiden Town) Dort *the* German *Wines and Corn; to* Middlebourgh *the* French *and* Spaniſh *Wines; to* Trevere *(the Prince of* Orange *his Town) the* Scots *Trade;* Leyden *in Recompence of her long Siege was Erected to an Univerſity, which with* Franiker *in* Frieſland *is all they have;* Harelem *for Knitting and Weaving hath ſome Priviledge;* Rotterdam *hath the* Engliſh *Cloth; and this renders their Towns ſo equally Rich and Populous. They allow Free Harbour to all Nations, with Liberty of Religion, (the* Roman *only excepted) as far as the* Jews *who hath two Synagogues allow'd him, but only in* Amſterdam, *which piece of Policy they borrow of the* Venetian, *with whom they have very intimate Intelligence; only the* Jew *in* Venice, *in* Rome, *and other places go with ſome outward Mark of Diſtinction, but here they wear none: And theſe two* Republics, *that in the* Eaſt, *and this in the* Weſt, *are the two* Remora's *that ſtick to the great Veſſel of* Spain *that it cannot Sail to the* Weſtern Monarchy.

I have been long in the *Survey* of theſe Provinces, yet not long enough, for much more might be ſaid which is fitter for a Story than a *Survey:* I will conclude with a Mot or two of the People, whereof ſome have been Renown'd in times paſt for Feats of War: *Amongſt the* States, *the* Hollander *or* Batavian *hath been moſt known, for ſome of the* Roman *Emperours have had a Selected Guard of them about their Perſons for their Fidelity and Valour, as now the King of* France *hath of the* Swiſſe: *The* Friſons *alſo have been famous for thoſe large Priviledges wherewith* Charlemain *endow'd them; the* Flemins *alſo have been Illuſtrious for the Martial Exploits they Atchiv'd in the* Eaſt, *where two of the Earls of* Flanders *were Crown'd Emperours: They have all a Genius inclin'd to Commerce, very inventive and witty in Manufactures; witneſs the Art of Printing, Painting, and Colouring in Glaſs: thoſe curious Quadrants, Chimes, and Dials; thoſe kind of Waggons which are us'd up and down* Chriſtendom *were firſt us'd by them; and for the Mariners Compaſs, though the matter be Diſputable, 'twixt the* Neapolitan, *the* Portugal, *and them, yet there is a ſtrong Argument on their ſide, in regard they were the firſt that ſubdivided the Four Cardinal Winds to Two and Thirty, others naming them in their Language.*

There is no part of Europe *ſo hanted with all ſorts of Forreners as the* Neatherlands, *which makes the Inhabitants (as well Women as Men) ſo well vers'd in all ſorts of Languages, ſo that in* Exchange

change *Time one may hear Seven or Eight ſorts of Tongues ſpoken upon their Bourſes: nor are the Men onely expert herein, but the Women and Maids alſo in their common Hoſtries, and in* Holland *the Wives are ſo well vers'd in Bargining, Ciffring, and Writing, that in the abſence of their Husbands in long Sea-Voyages, they beat the Trade at home, and their Words will paſs in equal Credit: Theſe Women are wonderfully ſober, though their Husbands make commonly their Bargains in Drink, and then they are moſt Cautelous. This confluence of Strangers makes them very Populous, which was the cauſe that* Charles *the Emperour ſaid*, That all the *Neatherlands* ſeem'd to him but as one continued Town. *He and his Grandfather* Maximilian, *notwithſtanding the choice of Kingdoms they had, kept their Courts moſt frequently in them, which ſhew'd how highly they eſteem'd them; and I believe if* Philip *the Second had Viſited them ſometimes, matters had not gone ſo ill.*

There is no part of the Earth, conſidering the ſmall Circuit of the Country, which is eſtimated to be but as big as the fifth Part of Italy, *where one may find more differing Cuſtoms, Tempers, and Humors of People, than in the* Neatherlands: *The* Walloon *is Quick and Sprightful, Accoſtable and full of Complement, and Gawdy in Apparel, like his next Neighbour the* French: *The* Flemin *and* Brabanter, *ſomewhat more Slow and ſparing of Speech: The* Hollander *Slower than he, more Surly and Reſpectleſs of Gentry and Strangers, Homely in his Cloathing, of very few Words, and Heavy in Action; which may be well imputed to the quality of the Soil, which works ſo ſtrongly upon the Humors, that when a People of a more Vivacious and Nimble Temper come to mingle with them, their Children are obſerved to partake rather of the Soil than the Syre; and ſo it is in all Animals beſides.*

Thus have I hudled up ſome Obſervations of the *Low-Countries*, beſeeching your Lordſhip would be pleas'd to Pardon the Imperfections, and Correct the Errours of them; for I know none ſo Capable to do it as your Lordſhip, to whom I am

Antwerp, 1 *Maii*, 1622. *A moſt humble and ready Servitor*, J. H.

XVI.

To my Brother, Mr. Hugh Penry, *upon his Marriage.*

Sir,

YOu have had a good while the Intereſt of a Friend in me, but you have me now in a ſtreighter Tie, for I am your Brother, by your late Marriage, which hath turn'd Friendſhip into an Alliance; you have in your Arms one of my deareſt Siſters, who, I hope, nay I know, will make a good Wife: I heartily Congratulate this Marriage, and Pray that a Bleſſing may deſcend upon it from that Place where all Marriages are made, which is from Heaven, the Fountain of all Felicity: To this Prayer I think it no Prophaneneſs to adde the Saying of the *Lyric* Poet *Horace*, in whom I know you delight much; and I ſend it you as a kind of *Epithalamium*, and wiſh it may be verified in you both:

Fælices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulſus querimoniis
Suprema citius ſolvet amor die.

Thus Engliſhed:

That Couple's more than trebly Bleſt
Which Nuptial Bonds do ſo Combine,
That no Diſtaſt can them Untwine
Till the laſt Day ſend both to Reſt.

So, Dear Brother, I much rejoyce for this Alliance, and wiſh you may encreaſe and multiply to your Hearts Content.

May 20th, 1622. *Your Affectionate Brother,* J. H.

XVII.

To my Brother Dr. Howell. *From* Bruſſels.

Sir,

I Had yours in *Latine* at *Rotterdam*, whence I Correſpond with you in the ſame Language: I heard, though not from you, ſince I came from *Bruſſels*, that our Siſter *Ann* is lately Married to Mr. *Hugh Penry*, I am heartily glad of it, and wiſh the reſt of our Siſters were ſo well beſtow'd; for I know Mr. *Hugh Penry* to be a Gentleman of a great deal of ſolid Worth and Integrity, and one that will prove a great Husband, and a good *Oeconomiſt*.

Here

Here is News that *Mansfelt* hath receiv'd a Foil lately in *Germany*, and that the Duke of *Brunſwick*, *alias* Biſhop of *Halverſtadt*, hath loſt one of his Arms: This makes them Vapour here extreamly, and the laſt Week I heard of a Play the Jeſuits of *Antwerp* made, in Derogation, or rather Deriſion of the Proceedings of the Prince *Palſegrave*, where amongſt divers other Paſſages, they feign'd a Poaſt to come puffing upon the Stage, and being ask'd what News, he anſwer'd, How the *Palſegrave* was like to have ſhortly a huge formidable Army; for the King of *Denmark* was to ſend him a 100000; the *Hollanders* a 100000; and the King of *Great Britain* a 100000; but being asked Thouſands of what? he replied, The firſt would ſend 100000 *Red-Herrings*; the ſecond 100000 *Cheeſes*; and the laſt 100000 *Ambaſſadours*; alluding to Sir *Richard Weſton*, and Sir *Edward Conway*, my Lord *Carlile*, Sir *Arthur Chicheſter*, and laſtly, the Lord *Digby*, who have been all employ'd in quality of Ambaſſadours in leſs than two Years, ſince the beginning of theſe *German* Broils: Touching the *laſt*, having been with the Emperour and the Duke of *Bavaria*, and carried himſelf with ſuch high Wiſdom in his Negotiations with the one, and Stoutneſs with the other; and having preſerved Count *Mansfield*'s Troops from Disbanding, by Pawning of his own Argentry and Jewels; he paſs'd this way, where they ſay the Arch-Duke did eſteem him more than any Ambaſſadour that ever was in this Court; and the Report is yet very freſh of his high Abilities.

We are to Remove hence in Coach towards *Paris* the next Week, where we intend to Winter, or hard by; when you have opportunity to Write to *Wales*, I pray Preſent my Duty to my Father, and my Love to the reſt; I pray remember me alſo to all at the *Hill* and the *Dale*, eſpecially to that moſt Vertuous Gentleman, Sir *John Frankling*: So, my Dear Brother, I pray God continue and improve his Bleſſings to us both, and bring us together again with Comfort.

June 10, 1622. *Your Brother*,

J. Howell.

XVIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard *at* Worceſter *Houſe*.

Sir,

FRiendſhip *is that great Chain of Humane Society*; *and Intercourſe of* Letters *is one of the chiefeſt Links of that Chain*: You know this as well as I, therefore I pray let our Friendſhip, let our Love, that Nationality of *Britiſh* Love, that Vertuous Tie of *Academic*

Love

Love be ſtill ſtrengthened (as heretofore) and receive daily more and more Vigor. I am now in *Paris*, and there is Weekly opportunity to receive and ſend; and if you pleaſe to ſend, you ſhall be ſure to receive; for I make it a kind of Religion to be punctual in this kind of Payment. I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a *Domeſtic* Member to that moſt Noble Family of the *Worceſters*, and I hold it to be a very good Foundation for future Preferment; I wiſh you may be as Happy in them, as I know they will be Happy in you. *France* is now Barren of News, onely there was a ſhrewd Bruſh lately 'twixt the Young King and his Mother, who having the Duke of *Eſpernon* and others for her Champions, met him in open Field about *Pont de Ce*, but ſhe went away with the Worſt; ſuch was the rare Dutifulneſs of the King, that he Forgave her upon his Knees, and Pardon'd all her Complices: And now there is an Univerſal Peace in this Country, which 'tis thought will not laſt long, for there is a War intended againſt them of the *Reformed RELIGION*; for this King, though he be Slow in Speech, yet he is Active in Spirit, and loves Motion. I am here Camrade to a Gallant young Gentleman, my old Acquaintance, who is full of excellent Parts, which he hath acquir'd by a choice Breeding, the Barron, his Father gave him both in the Univerſity and in the Inns of Court, ſo that for the time, I Envy no Man's Happineſs. So with my hearty Commends, and much endeered Love to you, I reſt

Paris, Aug. 3, 1622. *Yours whiles* J. Howell.

XIX.

To the Honourable Sir Thomas Savage, *(after Lord* Savage*) at his Houſe upon* Tower-Hill.

Honourable Sir,

THoſe many undeſerved Favours for which I ſtand Oblig'd to your Self and my Noble Lady, ſince the time I had the Happineſs to come firſt under your Roof, and the Command you pleas'd to lay upon me at my Departure thence, call upon me at this time to give you Account how matters paſs in *France*.

That which at preſent affords moſt plenty of News, is *Rochel*, which the King threatneth to Block up this Spring with an Army by Sea, under the Command of the Duke of *Nevers*, and by a Land Army under his own Conduct: Both ſides prepare, he to Aſſault, the *Rochellers* to Defend: The King Declares, *That he Proceeds not againſt them for their RELIGION,*

ON, which he is ſtill contented to Tolerate, but for Holding an ASSEMBLY againſt his DECLARATIONS. They Anſwer, *That their Aſſembly is grounded upon his Majeſties Royal Warrant, given at the Diſſolution of the laſt Aſſembly at* Lodun, *where He ſolemnly gave his Word, to permit them to Re-aſſemble when they would Six Months after, if the Breaches of their Liberty and Grievances, which they then propounded, were not Redreſſed; and they ſay this being unperform'd, it ſtands not with the Sacred Perſon of a King to Violate his Promiſe, being the firſt that ever he made them.* The King is ſo incens'd againſt them, that their Deputies can have neither Acceſs to his Perſon, nor Audience of his Councel, as they ſtile themſelves *The Deputies of the Aſſembly at ROCHEL*; but if they ſay they come from *The Whole Body of Them of the Pretended Reform'd RELIGION*, he will hear them. The Breach between them is grown ſo Wide, that the King reſolves upon a Siege. This Reſolution of the King's is much fomented by the *Roman* Clergy, 'ſpecially by the *Celeſtines*, who have Twenty Thouſand Crowns of Gold in the *Arſenal* of *Paris*, which they would Sacrifice all to this Service; beſides, the Pope ſent him a Bull to Levy what Sums he would of the *Gallican* Church, for the advancement of this Deſign: This Reſolution alſo is much puſh'd on by the Gentry, who beſides the particular Employments and Pay they ſhall receive hereby, are glad to have their young King Train'd up in Arms, to make him a Martial Man: But for the Merchant and poor Peaſant, they tremble at the name of this War, fearing their Teeth ſhould be ſet on Edge with thoſe four Grapes their Fathers Taſted in the time of the League; for if the King begin with *Rochel*, 'tis fear'd all the four Corners of the Kingdom will be ſet on Fire.

Of all the Towns of Surety, which they of the *RELIGION* hold, *Rochel* is the Chiefeſt, a place ſtrong by Nature, but ſtronger by Art: It is a Maritim Town, and Landward they can by Sluces Drown a Leagues diſtance; 'tis Fortifi'd with mighty thick Walls, Baſtions, and Counterſcarps, and thoſe according to the Modern Rules of Enginry: This amongſt other Cautionary Towns, was Granted by *Henry* the Fourth, to them of the *RELIGION*, for a certain Term of Years, which being Expir'd, the King ſaith, *They are Devolv'd again to the Crown*; and ſo Demands them. They of the *RELIGION* pretend to have divers Grievances; firſt, They have not been Paid theſe two Years the Sixteen Thouſand Crowns which the laſt King gave them Annually to Maintain their Miniſters and Garriſons: They complain of the King's Carriage lately at *Pearn* (*Henry* the Great's Country) which was meerly Proteſtant, where he hath intro-

introduc'd (two Years ſince) the Public Exerciſe of the Maſs, which had not been Sung there Fifty Years before; he alter'd alſo there the Government of the Country, and in lieu of a *Vice-Roy*, left a Governour onely; and whereas *Navarrin* was formerly a Court of Parliament for the whole Kingdom of *Navar*, (that is under *France*) he hath put it Down, and publiſh'd an Edict, *That the* Navarrois *ſhould come to* Tolouſe, *the chief Town of* Languedoc: And laſtly, He left behind him a Garriſon in the ſaid Town of *Navarrin*. Theſe and other Grievances they of the *RELIGION* propos'd to the King lately, Deſiring his Majeſty would let them enjoy ſtill thoſe Priviledges his Predeceſſor, *Henry* the Third, and his Father *Henry* the Fourth, afforded them by Act of Pacification. But he made them a ſhort Anſwer, *That what the one did in this Point, he did it out of Fear; what the other did, he did it out of Love; but he would have them know, that he neither Lov'd them nor Fear'd them.* So the Buſineſs is like to Bleed ſore on both ſides; nor is there yet any appearance of Prevention.

There was a Scuffle lately here 'twixt the Duke of *Navers*, and the Cardinal of *Guiſe*, who have had a long Sute in Law about an Abby, and meeting the laſt Week about the Palace, from Words they fell to Blows, the Cardinal Struck the Duke firſt, and ſo were parted; but in the Afternoon there appear'd on both ſides no leſs than Three Thouſand Horſe in a Field hard by, which ſhews the Populouſneſs and ſudden Strength of this huge City; but the matter was taken up by the King himſelf, and the Cardinal clapt up in the *Baſtile*, where the King ſaith he ſhall abide to Ripen; for he is but young: And they ſpeak of a Bull that is to come from *Rome* to Decardinalize him. I fear to have treſpas'd too much upon your Patience, therefore I will conclude for the Preſent, but will never ceaſe to profeſs my ſelf

Paris. Aug. 18. 1622. *Your thrice Humble and Ready Servitor,* J. H.

XX.

To D. Caldwall *Eſquire.* *From* Poyſſy.

My Dear D

TO be free from *Engliſh*, and to have the more conveniency to fall cloſe to our Buſineſs, Mr. *Altham* and I are lately retir'd from *Paris* to this Town of *Poyſſy*, a pretty gentle place at the foot of the great Forreſt of St. *German*, upon the River *Sequana*, and within a Mile of one of the King's chiefeſt Standing-Houſes, and about Fifteen Miles from *Paris:* Here is one of the prime Nunneries of all *France*. *Lewis* the Ninth, who in the Catalogue of the *French*

French Kings, is called St. *Lewis*, which Title was confirm'd by the Pope, was Baptiz'd in this little Town, and after his return from *Ægypt*, and other places againſt the *Saracens*, being ask'd by what Title he would be diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of his Predeceſſors after his Death, he anſwer'd, *That he deſir'd to be call'd* Lewis *of* Poyſſy. Reply being made that there were divers other Places and Cities of Renown, where he had perform'd brave Exploits, and obtain'd famous Victories; therefore it was more fitting that ſome of thoſe Places ſhould Denominate him. *No*, ſaid he, *I deſire to be call'd* Lewis *of* Poyſſy, *becauſe there I got the moſt glorious Victory that ever I had, for there I Overcame the Devil*: Meaning that he was Chriſtned there.

I ſent you from *Antwerp* a Silver *Dutch* Table-Book, I deſire to hear of the Receit of it in your next: I muſt deſire you (as I did once at *Rouen*) to ſend me a Dozen Pair of the whiteſt Kid-Skin Gloves for Women, and half a Dozen Pair of Knives, by the Merchants Poaſt; and if you want any thing that *France* can afford, I hope you know what power you have to Diſpoſe of

Poyſſy, Sept. 7. *Yours*, J. H.
1622.

XXI.

To my Father. From Paris.

Sir,

I Was afraid I ſhould never have had Ability to Write to you again, I had lately ſuch a dangerous Fit of Sickneſs, but I have now paſs'd the brunt of it; God hath been pleas'd to Reprieve me, and Reſerve me for more Days, which I hope to have Grace to number better: Mr. *Altham* and I having retired to a ſmall Town from *Paris* for more Privacy, and ſole Converſation with the Nation; I tied my ſelf to a Task for the Reading of ſo many Books in ſuch a compaſs of Time; and thereupon to make good my Word to my ſelf, I us'd to watch many Nights together, though it was in the depth of Winter, but returning to this Town, I took cold in the Head, and ſo that Maſs of Rheum which had gather'd by my former Watching, turn'd to an Impoſtume in my Head, whereof I was Sick above Forty Days, at the end they Cauteriz'd and made an Iſſue in my Cheek, to make vent for the Impoſtume, and that ſav'd my life. At firſt they let me Blood, and I parted with above Fifty Ounces in leſs than a Fortnight; for *Phlebotomy* is ſo much practis'd here, that if ones little Finger ake, they preſently open a Vein, and to ballance the Bloud on both ſides, they uſually let Bloud in both Arms: And the commonneſs of the thing

ſeems

ſeems to take away all fear, inſomuch, that the very Women when they find themſelves Indiſpos'd, will open a Vein themſelves; for they hold that the Bloud which hath a Circulation, and fetcheth a Round every Four and Twenty Hours about the Body, is quickly repair'd again. I was Eighteen Days and Nights that I had no Sleep, but ſhort imperfect Slumbers, and thoſe two procur'd by Portions: the Rhumes at laſt came ſo about my Throat, that I had ſcarce vent left for Reſpiration, and my Body was brought ſo low with all ſorts of Phyſic, that I appear'd like a meer *Skeleton:* When I was indifferently well Recover'd, ſome of the Doctors and Chyrurgions that tended me, gave me a Viſit, and amongſt other things they fell in Diſcourſe of Wines, which was beſt, and ſo by degrees they fell upon other Beverages, and one Doctor in the Company, who had been in *England*, told me that we have a Drink in *England*, call'd Ale, which he thought was the wholſomeſt Liquor that could go into ones Guts; for whereas the Body of Man is ſupported by two Columns, *viz.* The Natural Heat and Radical Moyſture, he ſaid, there is no Drink conduceth more to the Preſervation of the one, and the Encreaſe of the other, than Ale; for while the *Engliſh* men drank onely Ale, they were ſtrong brawny able men, and could draw an Arrow an Ell long; but when they fell to Wine and Beer, they are found to be much impair'd in their Strength and Age; ſo the Ale bore away the Bell among the Doctors.

The next Week we advance our courſe further into *France*, towards the River of *Loire* to *Orleans*, whence I ſhall continue to convey my Duty to you: In the mean time I humbly crave your Bleſſing, and your Acknowledgement to God Almighty for my Recovery: Be pleas'd further to impart my Love amongſt my Brothers and Siſters, with all my Kinſmen and Friends in the Country, ſo I reſt,

Paris, Dec. 10, 1622. *Your Dutiful Son,* J. H.

XXII.

To Sir Tho. Savage, *Knight and Baronet.*

Honourable Sir,

THat of the Fifth of this Preſent which you pleas'd to ſend me was Receiv'd, and I begin to think my ſelf ſomething more than I was, that you value ſo much the ſlender Endeavours of my Pen to do you Service, I ſhall continue to improve your good Opinion of me as opportunity ſhall ſerve.

Touching the great Threats againſt *Rochel*, whereof I gave you an

an ample Relation in my laſt, matters are become now more Calm, and rather inclining to an Accommodation; for 'tis thought a Sum of Money will make up the Breach; and to this end ſome think all theſe Bravado's were made. The Duke of *Luyens* is at laſt made Lord High Conſtable of *France*, the prime Officer of the Crown; he hath a peculiar Court to himſelf, a Guard of a Hundred Men in rich Liveries, and a Hundred Thouſand Livers every Year Penſion: The old Duke of *Leſdiguieres*, one of the Ancienteſt Souldiers of *France*, and a Proteſtant, is made made his Lieutenant.

But in regard all *Chriſtendom* rings of this Favourite being the Greateſt that ever was in *France*, ſince the *Maires of the Palace*, who came to be Kings afterwards; I will ſend you herein his Legend: He was Born in *Province*, and is a Gentleman by Deſcent, though of petty Extraction; in the laſt King's time he was preferr'd to be one of his Pages, who finding him Induſtrious, and a good Waiter, allow'd him 3000 Crowns Penſion *per annum*, which he Husbanded ſo well, that he maintain'd himſelf and his two Brothers in paſſable good Faſhion therewith. The King obſerving that, doubled his Penſion, and taking notice that he was a ſerviceable Inſtrument, and apt to pleaſe, he thought him fit to be about his Son, in whoſe Service he hath continued above Fifteen Years, and he hath flown ſo high into his Favour by a ſingular Dexterity and Art he hath in Faulconry, and by Shooting at Birds Flying, wherein the King took great Pleaſure, that he hath ſoar'd to this pitch of Honour. He is a Man of a paſſable good Underſtanding and Forecaſt, of a mild Comportment, Humble and Debonair to all, and of a winning Converſation; he hath about him choice and ſolid Heads, who preſcribe unto him Rules of Policy, by whoſe Compaſs he Steers his Courſe, which is likely will make him ſubſiſt long. He is now come to that tranſcendent Altitude, that he ſeems to have mounted above the Reach of Envy, and made all hopes of Supplanting him Fruſtrate, both by the Politic Guidance of his own Actions, and the powerful Alliances he hath got for himſelf and his two Brothers: He is Married to the Duke of *Monthazon*'s Daughter, one of the prime Peers of *France*: His ſecond Brother *Cadanet* (who is reputed the Wiſeſt of the Three) Married the Heireſs of *Picardy*, with whom he had 9000 *l.* Lands a Year: His third Brother *Brand*, to the great Heireſs of *Luxemburg*, of which Houſe there have been Five Emperours: So that theſe three Brothers, and their Allies, would be able to Counterballance any one Faction in *France*, the eldeſt and youngeſt being made Dukes and Peers of *France*, the other Marſhal. There are lately two Ambaſſadours Extraordinary come hither from *Venice* about the *Valtolin*, but their Negotiation is

at

at a ſtand, until the Return of an Ambaſſadour Extraordinary, which is gone to *Spain.* Ambaſſadours alſo are come from the *Hague* for Payment of the *French* Regiment there, which hath been neglected theſe Ten Years, and to know whether his Majeſty will be pleaſed to continue their Pay any longer; but their Anſwer is yet Suſpended. They have brought News that the Seven Ships which were Built for his Majeſty in the *Teſſel* are ready; to this he anſwer'd, *That he deſires to have Ten more Built; for he intends to finiſh that Deſign which his Father had a foot a little before his Death, to Eſtabliſh a Royal Company of MERCHANTS.*

This is all the News that *France* affords for the preſent, the Relation whereof, if it prove as acceptable as my Endeavours to ſerve you herein are pleaſing unto me, I ſhall eſteem my ſelf Happy: So wiſhing you and my Noble Lady continuance of Health, and encreaſe of Honour, I reſt

Paris, 15 *Decembris*, 1622. *Your moſt Humble Servitor*, J. H.

XXIII.

To Sir John North, *Knight.*

Sir,

I Confeſs you have made a perfect Conqueſt of me by your late Favours, and I yeild my ſelf your Captive; a Day may come that will enable me to Pay my Ranſom, in the interim let a moſt thankful Acknowledgement be my Bail and Mainprize.

I am now remov'd from off the *Sein* to the *Loire*, to the fair Town of *Orleans:* There was here lately a mixt Proceſſion 'twixt Military and Eccleſiaſtic for the *Maid* of *Orleans*, which is perform'd every Year very Solemnly; her Statue ſtands upon the Bridge, and her Clothes are preſerv'd to this Day, which a young Man wore in the Proceſſion; which makes me think that her Story (though it ſound like a Romance) is very true: And I Read it thus in two or three Chronicles: *When the* Engliſh *had made ſuch firm Invaſions in* France, *that their Armies had March'd into the Heart of the Country, Beſieg'd* Orleans, *and driven* Charles *the Seventh to* Bourges *in* Berry, *which made him to be call'd (for the time) King of* Berry; *there came to his Army a Shepheardeſs, one* Ann de Arque, *who with a confident Look and Language told the King that ſhe was deſign'd by Heaven to Beat the* Engliſh, *and Drive them out of* France. *Therefore ſhe deſir'd a Command in the Army, which by her extraordinary Confidence and Importunity ſhe obtain'd; and putting on Man's Apparel, ſhe prov'd ſo proſperous, that*

that the Siege was rais'd from before Orleans, *and the* Engliſh *were purſued to* Paris, *and forc'd to quit that, and driven to* Normandy: *She us'd to go on with marvelous Courage and Reſolution, and her Word was*, Har a ha: *But in* Normandy *ſhe was taken Priſoner, and the* Engliſh *had a fair Revenge upon her; for by an Arreſt of the Parliament of* Rouen *ſhe was Burnt for a Witch.* There is a great buſineſs now a foot in *Paris*, call'd the *Polette*, which if it take effect will tend to Correct, at leaſt wiſe to cover a great Error in the *French* Government: The cuſtom is, that all the chief Places of Juſtice throughout all the eight Courts of Parliament in *France*, beſides a great number of other Offices, are ſet to Sale by the King, and they return to him unleſs the Buyer liveth *Fourty* Days after, his Reſignation to another: It is now propounded that theſe Caſual Offices ſhall be abſolutely Hereditary, provided that every Officer pay a yearly Revenue unto the King, according to the Valuation of and Perquiſits of the Office: This buſineſs is now in hot agitation but the Iſſue is yet doubtful.

The laſt you ſent I receiv'd by *Vacandary* in *Paris*: So highly honouring your excellent Parts and Merit; I reſt now that I underſtand *French* indifferent well, no more your *(She) Servant*, but

Orleans, 3. Martii. *Your moſt Faithful Servitor.*
1622. J. H.

XXIV.

To Sir James Crofts, *Knight.*

Sir,

WEre I to fraight a *Letter* with Complements, this Countrey would furniſh me with Variety; but of News a ſmall ſtore at this preſent; and for Complement it is dangerous to uſe any to you, who have ſuch a piercing Judgment to diſcern Semblances from Realities.

The Queen Mother is come at laſt to *Paris*, where ſhe hath not been ſince *Ancre*'s Death: The King is alſo return'd Poſt from *Bourdeaux*, having travers'd moſt part of his Kingdom, he ſetled Peace every-where he paſs'd, and quaſh'd divers Inſurrections, and by his Obedience to his Mother, and his Lenity towards all his Partiſans at *Pont de Ce*, where above 400 were ſlain; and notwithſtanding that he was Victorious, yet he gave a general Pardon, he hath gain'd much upon the Affections of his People: His Counſel of State went Ambulatory always with him, and as they ſay here, never did Men manage things with more Wiſdom. There is a War queſtionleſs a fermenting againſt the Proteſtants: The Duke of *Elpernon* in a kind of *Rhodomontado* way, deſired leave

of the King to block up *Rochel*, and in ſix Weeks he would undertake to deliver her to his Hands; but I believe he reckons without his Hoſt. I was told a merry paſſage of this little *Gaſcon* Duke, who is now the oldeſt Souldier of *France*; Having come lately to *Paris*, he treated with a Pander to procure him a Courteſan, and if ſhe was a *Damoiſel* (a Gentlewoman) he would give ſo much, and if a *Citizen* he would give ſo much: The Pander did his Office, but brought him a *Citizen* clad in *Damoiſels* Apparel, ſo ſhe and her Marquerel were paid accordingly; the next day after, ſome of his Familiars having underſtood hereof, began to be pleaſant with the Duke, and to jeer him, that he being a *vitil Routier*, an old tryed Soldier, ſhould ſuffer himſelf to be ſo cozen'd, as to pay for a *Citizen* after the rate of a Gentlewoman; the little Duke grew half wild hereupon, and commenc'd an Action of Fraud againſt the Pander, but what became of it I cannot tell you, but all *Paris* rung of it. I hope to return now very ſhortly to *England*, where amongſt the reſt of my Noble Friends, I ſhall much rejoyce to ſee and ſerve you whom I honour with no vulgar Affection, ſo I am

Orleans, 5. *Martii.* 1622. *Your trus Servitor,* J. H.

XXV.

To my Coſin Mr. Will. Martin *at* Bruſſels. *From* Paris.

Dear Couſin,

I Find you are very punctual in your Performances, and a preciſe Obſerver of the Promiſe you made here to correſpond with Mr. *Altham* and me by *Letters*. I thank you for the variety of *German* News you imparted unto me, which was ſo neatly couch'd and curiouſly knit together, that your *Letter* might ſerve for a Pattern to the beſt Intelligencer. I am ſorry the Affairs of the Prince *Palſgrave* go ſo untowardly, the Wheel of War may turn, and that Spoke which is now up may down again. For *French* Occurrences, there is a War certainly intended againſt them of the *Religion* here; and there are viſible Preparations afoot already: Amongſt others that ſhrink in the Shoulders at it, the King's Servants are not very well pleas'd with it, in regard, beſides *Scots* and *Swiſſers*, there are divers of the King's Servants that are Proteſtants. If a man go to *Ragion' di Stato*, to reaſon of State, the *French* King hath ſomthing to juſtifie this deſign; for the Proteſtants being ſo numerous, and having near upon fifty Prefidiary Wall'd Towns in their hands for Caution, they have power to diſturb *France* when they pleaſe, and being abetted by a Forren Prince

Prince to give the King Law; and you know as well as I how they have been made uſe of to kindle a Fire in *France:* Therefore rather than they ſhould be utterly ſuppreſt, I believe the *Spaniard* himſelf would reach them his *Ragged-Staff* to defend them.

I ſend you here inclos'd another from Maſter *Altham* who reſpects you dearly, and we remembred you lately at *La pomme du pin*, in the beſt Liquor of the *French* Grape. I ſhall be ſhortly for *London*, where I ſhall not rejoyce a little to meet you; the *Engliſh* may confirm what Forren begun, I mean our Friendſhip and Affections, and in *Me* (that I may return you in *Engliſh* the *Latin* Verſes you ſent me)

As ſoon a little Ant
Shall bib the Ocean Dry,
A Snail ſhall creep about the World,
E're theſe Affections Dye.

So, my dear Couſin, may *Vertue* be your Guide, and *Fortune* your Companion.

Paris, 18. *Martii.* 1622.

Yours while

James Howel.

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION III.

I.

To my Father.

Sir,

I Am ſafely return'd now the ſecond time from beyond the Seas, but I have yet no Employment: God and good Friends I hope will ſhortly provide one for me.

The *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador Count *Gondamar* doth ſtrongly Negotiate a Match 'twixt our Prince, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*, but at his firſt Audience there happen'd an ill-favor'd accident (I pray God it prove no ill Augury) for my Lord of *Arundel* being ſent to Accompany him to *White-Hall*, upon a *Sunday* in the Afternoon, as they were going over the Tarraſs, it broke under them, but onely one was hurt in the Arm; *Gondamar* ſaid, *That he had not car'd to have Dy'd in ſo good Company:* He ſaith *There is no other way to regain the* Palatinate, *but by this Match; and to ſettle an Eternal Peace in* Chriſtendom.

The Marqueſs of *Buckingham* continueth ſtill in fulneſs of Grace and Favor; the Counteſs his Mother ſways alſo much at Court, ſhe brought Sir *Henry Montague* from delivering Law on the *K. Bench* to look to his Bags in the *Exchequer*, for ſhe made him Lord high Treaſurer of *England*, but he parted with his White *Staff* before the Years end, though his Purſe had bled deeply for it (above 20000 l.) which made a Lord of this Land to ask him at his return from Court, *Whether he did not find that Wood was extream dear at* New-market, for there he receiv'd the white *Staff*. There is now a notable ſtirring Man in the Place, my Lord *Cranfield*, who from walking about the Exchange, is come to ſit chief Judge in the Chequer Chamber, and to have one of the higheſt Places at the Council Table: he is married to one of the Tribe of Fortune, a Kinſwoman of the Marqueſs of *Buckingham*. Thus there is Riſing and Falling at Court, and as in our Natural Pace one Foot cannot be up, till the other be down, ſo it is in the Affairs of the World commonly, one Man Riſeth at the Fall of the other.

I have

I have no more to Write at this time, but that with tender of my duty to you, I desire a continuance of your Blessing and Prayers.

London, March 22. 1622. *Your Dutiful Son,* J. H.

II.

To the Honourable Mr. John Savage *(now Earl* Rivers*) at* Florence.

Sir,

MY Love is not so short but it can reach as far as *Florence* to find you out, and further too if occasion requir'd, nor are these Affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can Clammer ore the *Alps* and *Apennine* to wait upon you, as they have Adventur'd to do now in this Paper, I am sorry I was not in *London* to kiss your Hands before you set to Sea, and much more sorry that I had not the Happiness to meet you in *Holland* or *Brabant*, for we went the very same Road, and lay in *Dort* and *Antwerp* in the same Lodgings you had lain in a Fortnight before. I presume you have by this time tasted of the sweetness of Travel, and that you have wean'd your Affections from *England* for a good while, you must now think upon home (as one said) good men think upon Heaven, aiming still to go thither, but not till they finish their Course; and yours I understand will be three years, in the mean time you must not suffer any melting tenderness of Thoughts, or longing desires, to distract or interrupt you in that fair Road you are in to Vertue, and to Beautifie within that comely Edifice, which Nature hath Built without you. I know your Reputation is precious to you, as it should be to every Noble Mind, you have expos'd it now to the Hazard, therefore you must be careful it receive no Taint at your Return, by not answering that expectation which your Prince and Noble Parents have of you: You are now under the chiefest Clime of Wisdom, Fair *Italy*, the Darling of Nature, the Nurse of Policy, the Theater of Vertue; But though *Italy* give Milk to *Virtue* with one Dug, she often suffers *Vice* to suck at the other, therefore you must take heed you mistake not the Dug; for there is an ill-favored saying, that *Inglese Italionato e Diavolo Incarnato*, An *Englishman Italianat*, is a Devil Incarnat. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant Proofs of your Ingenuity, and Noble Inclinations to Vertue and Honour: I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hardly get the good Will of the *latter*, unless the *first* speak a good Word for you: When you go to *Rome*, you may haply see the Ruines of two

Temples, one Dedicated to *Vertue*, the other to *Honour*, and their was no way to enter into the laſt, but through the firſt. Noble Sir, I wiſh your good very ſeriouſly, and if you pleaſe to call to Memory and examine the circumſtance of things, and my Carriage towards you ſince I had the Happineſs to be known firſt to your Honourable Family, I know you will conclude that I Love and Honour you in no vulgar way.

My Lord, your Grandfather was complaining lately, that he had not heard from you a good while: By the next Shipping to *Ligorn*, amongſt other things he intends to ſend you a whole Brawn in Collers. I pray be pleas'd to remember my Affectionate Service to Mr. *Thomas Savage*, and my kind reſpects to Mr. *Bold*, for *Engliſh* News I know this Packet comes Fraighted to you, therefore I forbear at this time to ſend any. Farewel Noble Heir of Honour, and command always

Lond. March, 24. 1622. *Your true Servitor,* J. H.

III.

To Sir James Crofts, *Knight, at Saint* Oſith *in* Eſſex.

Sir,

I Had yours upon *Teuſday* laſt, and whereas you are deſirous to know the proceedings of the Parliament, I am ſorry I muſt write to you that matters begin to grow boyſterous, the King retir'd not long ſince to *Newmarket* not very well pleas'd, and this week their went thither twelve from the Houſe of Commons to whom Sir *Richard Weſton* was the mouth: The King not liking the Meſſage they brought, call'd them his Ambaſſadors, and in the large Anſwer which he hath ſent to the Speaker, he ſaith that he muſt apply unto them a Speech of Queen *Elizabeth*, to an Ambaſſador of *Poland*, *Legatum expectavimus, Heraldum accepimus*: We expected an Ambaſſador, we have received a Herald; he takes it not well that they ſhould meddle with the Match 'twixt his Son and the *Infanta*, alledging an Example of one of the Kings of *France*, which would not marry his Son without the advice of his Parliament; but afterwards that King grew ſo deſpicable abroad, that no Forren State would Treat with him about any thing without his Parliament. Sundry other high paſſages there were, as a Caveat he gave them not to touch the Honour of the King of *Spain*, with whom he was ſo far ingag'd in a Matrimonial Treaty that he could not go back; he gave them alſo a check for taking Cognizance of thoſe things which had their motion in the ordinary Courts of Juſtice, and that Sir *Edward Coke* (though theſe

theſe Words were were not inſerted in the Anſwer) *whom he thought to be the fitteſt Inſtrument for a Tyrant, that ever was in* England, ſhould be ſo bold as to call the *Prerogative* of the Crown *a great Monſter.* The Parliament after this was not long-liv'd, but broak up in diſcontent, and upon the point of Diſſolution, they made a Proteſt againſt divers particulars in the aforeſaid Anſwer of his Majeſties. My Lord *Digby* is preparing for *Spain* in Quality of Ambaſſador Extraordinary, to perfect the Match 'twixt our Prince and the Lady *Infanta*, in which buſineſs *Gondamar* hath waded already very deep, and been very active, and ingratiated himſelf with divers Perſons of Quality, Ladies eſpecially, yet he could do no good upon the Lady *Hatton* whom he deſir'd lately, that in regard he was her next Neighbour, (at *Ely*-Houſe) he might have the benefit of her Back-Gate to go abroad into the Fields, but ſhe put him off with a Complement, whereupon in a private Audience lately with the King, amongſt other paſſages of Merriment, he told him that my Lady *Hatton* was *a ſtrange Lady, for ſhe would not ſuffer her Husband, Sir* Edward Coke, *to come in at her Fore-Dore, nor him to go out at her Back-Dore*; and ſo related the whole buſineſs, He was alſo diſpatching a Poſt lately for *Spain*, and the Poſt having receiv'd his Packet, and kiſs'd his Hands, he call'd him back and told him he had forgot one thing, which was, *That when he came to* Spain *he ſhould Commend him to the Sun, for he had not ſeen him a great while, and in* Spain *he ſhould be ſure to find him.* So with my moſt humble Service to my Lord of *Colcheſter*, I reſt,

London, Mar. 24. 1622. *Your moſt humble Servitor,* J. H.

IV.

To my Brother Mr. Hugh Penry.

Sir,

THE *Welſh*-Nag you ſent me, was deliver'd me in a very good plight, and I give you a thouſand Thanks for him; I had occaſion lately to try his Mettle and his Lungs, and every one tell's me he is right, and of no mongrel Race, but a true Mountaneer, for beſides his toughneſs, and ſtrength of Lungs up a Hill, he is quickly curried, and content with ſhort Commons: I believe he hath not been long a Highway-Traveller, for whereas other Horſes, when they paſs by an Inn or Alehouſe, uſe to make towards them to give them a friendly Viſit, this Nag roundly goes on, and ſcorns to caſt ſo much as a Glance upon any of them, which I know not whether I ſhall impute it to his Ignorance, or height of Spirit, but converſing with the ſoft Horſes of *England*, I believe he will quickly be brought to be more Courteous.

The greateſt News we have now is the return of the Lord Biſhop of *Landaff*, *Davenant*, *Ward*, and *Belcanquell*, from the Synod of *Dort*, where the Biſhop had Precedence given him according to his Epiſcopal Dignity; *Arminius* and *Vorſtius* were ſore baited there concerning Predeſtination, Election, and Reprobation; as alſo touching Chriſt's Death, and Man's Redemption by it; then concerning Corruption, and Converſion; laſtly, concerning the perſeverance of the Saints? I ſhall have ſhortly the Tranſactions of the Synod. The Jeſuits have put out a jeering Libel againſt it, and theſe two Verſes I remember in't.

Dordrecti Synodus? nodus; chorus integer? ægri;
Conventus? ventus; Seſſio ſtramen; Amen.

But I will confront this Diſtich with another I read in *France*, of the Jeſuits in the Town of *Dole*, towards *Lorrain*; they had a great Houſe given them call'd L'*arc (arcum)* and upon the River of *Loir*, *Henry* the Fourth gave them *la fleche ſagittum* in *Latin*, where they have two ſtately Convents; that is, Bow and Arrow; whereupon one made theſe Verſes:

Arcum Dola dedit, dedit illis alma ſagittam
Francia; quis chordam, quam meruere, dabit?

Fair France *the* Arrow, Dole *gave them the* Bow,
Who ſhall the String *which they deſerve beſtow;*

No more now, but that with my dear Love to my Siſter, I reſt,
London, April. 16. 1622. *Your moſt affectionate Brother,* J. H

V.

To the Lord Vicount Colcheſter.

My Good Lord,

I Receiv'd your Lordſhips of the laſt Week, and according to your Command, I ſend here incloſ'd the *Venetian* Gazet: Of Forren *aviſo's*, they write that *Mansfelt* hath been beaten out of *Germany*, and is come to *Sedan*, and 'tis thought the Duke of *Bovillon* will ſet him up again with a new Army: Marqueſs *Spinola* hath newly ſet down before *Bergben op Zoom*; your Lordſhip knows well what conſequence that Town is of, therefore it is likely this will be a hot Summer in the *Netherlands*. The *French* King is in open War againſt them of the Religion, he hath already clear'd the *Loir*, by taking *Jerſeau* and *Saumur*, where Monſieur *du Pleſſis* ſent him the Keys, which are promis'd to be deliver'd him again, but I think

think *ad Græcas Calendas*. He hath been alſo before Saint *John d'angeli*, where the young Cardinal of *Guiſe* dyed, being ſtruck down by the puff of a Canon-Bullet, which put him in a burning Feavour, and made an end of him, the laſt Town that's taken was *Clerac*, which was put to 50000 Crowns ranſome; many were put to the Sword, and divers Gentlemen drown'd as they thought to eſcape, this is the Fifteenth Cautionary-Town the King hath taken, and now they ſay he marcheth towards *Montauban*, and ſo to *Montpellier* and *Niſmes*, and then have at *Rochel*. My Lord *Hays* is by this time 'tis thought, with the Army, for Sir *Edward Harbert* is return'd, having had ſome Claſhings and Counterbuffs with the Favourite *Luynes*, wherein he comported himſelf gallantly: There is a freſh Report blown over, that *Luynes* is lately dead in the Army of the Plague, ſome ſay of the Purples the next Coſen German to it; which the Proteſtants give out to be the juſt Judgment of Heaven faln upon him, becauſe he incited his Maſter to theſe Wars againſt them. If he be not dead, let him dye when he will, he will leave a Fame behind him, to have been the greateſt Favorite for the time that ever was in *France*, having from a ſimple Faulconer come to be high Conſtable, and made himſelf and his younger Brother *Grand* Dukes and Peers; and his ſecond Brother *Cadenet Marſhal* and all three married to Princely Families.

No more now, but that I moſt humbly kiſs your Lordſhips hands, and ſhall be always moſt ready and chearful to receive your Commandments, becauſe I am

London, 12. Aug. 1622. *Your Lordſhips obliged Servitor*, J. H.

VI.

To my Father. From London.

Sir,

I Was at a dead ſtand in the courſe of my Fortunes, when it pleaſed God to provide me lately an Employment to *Spain*, whence I hope there may ariſe both Repute and Profit. Some of the Cape Merchants of the *Turkey* Company, amongſt whom the chiefeſt were Sir *Robert Napper*, and Captain *Leat*. propos'd unto me, that they had a great buſineſs in the Court of *Spain* in agitation many years, nor was it now their buſineſs but the Kings in whoſe Name it is followed: They could have Gentlemen of good Quality that would undertake it; yet if I would take it upon me, they would employ no other, and aſſur'd me, that the employment ſhould tend both to my benefit and credit. Now the buſineſs is this: There was a great *Turkey* Ship cal.'d the *Vineyard*, Sailing through the Streights

Streights towards *Conſtantinople*, but by diſtreſs of Weather ſhe was forc'd to put into a little Port, call'd *Milo* in *Sardinia*: The Searchers came aboard of her, and finding her richly laden, for her Cargazon of Broad-Cloth, was worth the firſt Penny near upon 30000l. they Cavil'd at ſome ſmall proportion of Lead and Tin, which they had only for the uſe of the Ship, which the Searchers alledged to be *Ropa de Contrabando*, Prohibited Goods, for by Article of Peace, nothing is to be carried to *Turkey*, that may Arm or Victle. The *Vice-Roy* of *Sardinia* hereupon ſeiz'd upon the whole Ship, and all her Goods, landed the Maſter and Men in *Spain*, who coming to Sir *Charles Cornwallis* then Ambaſſadour at the Court; Sir *Charles* could do them little good at preſent, therefore they came to *England*, and complain'd to the King and Council; his Majeſty was ſo ſenſible hereof, that he ſent a particular Commiſſion in his Own Royal Name, to demand reſtitution of the Ship and Goods, and Juſtice upon the *Vice-Roy* of *Sardinia*, who had ſo apparently broke the Peace, and wrong'd his Subjects: Sir *Charles* (with Sir *Paul Pindar* a while) labour'd in the buſineſs, and commenc'd a Suit in Law, but he was call'd home before he could do any thing to purpoſe. After him Sir *John Digby*, (now Lord *Digby*) went Ambaſſador to *Spain*, and amongſt other things, he had that particular Commiſſion from his Majeſty inveſted in him, to proſecute the Suit in his own Royal Name: Thereupon he ſent a well qualified Gentleman, Mr. *Walſingham Greſly* to *Sardinia*, who unfortunately meeting with ſome Men of War in the paſſage, was carried Priſoner to *Algier*: My Lord *Digby* being remanded home, left the buſineſs in Mr. *Cottington*'s Hands, then Agent; but reſum'd it at his return; yet it prov'd ſuch a tedious intricate Suit, that he return'd again without finiſhing the Work, in regard of the remoteneſs of the Iſland of *Sardinia*, whence the Witneſſes and other diſpatches were to be fetcht. The Lord *Digby* is going now Ambaſſador Extraordinary to the Court of *Spain* upon the buſineſs of the Match, the reſtitution of the *Palatinate*, and other high Affairs of State; therefore he is deſirous to tranſmit the King's Commiſſion touching this particular buſineſs to any Gentleman that is capable to follow it, and promiſeth to aſſiſt him with the utmoſt of his Power, and he ſaith he hath good reaſon to do ſo, in regard he hath now a good round ſhare himſelf in it. About this buſineſs I am now preparing to go to *Spain*, in Company of the Ambaſſador, and I ſhall kiſs the King's Hands as his Agent touching this particular Commiſſion. I humbly intreat that your Bleſſing and Prayers, may accompany me in this my new Employment, which I have undertaken upon very good Terms,

touching

touching Expences and Reward: So with my dear Love to my Brothers and Sisters, with other Kinred and Friends in the Country. I rest,

London, 8. *Sept.* 1622. *Your Dutiful Son,* J. H.

VII.

To Sir Thomas Savage, *Knight and Baronet, at his Houſe in* Long-Melford.

Honourable Sir,

I Receiv'd your Commands in a Letter which you ſent me by Sir *John North*, and I ſhall not fail to ſerve you in thoſe particulars. It hath pleaſed God to diſpoſe of me once more for *Spain*, upon a buſineſs which I hope will make me good Returns: there have two Ambaſſadors and a Royal Agent follow'd it hitherto, and I am the Fourth that is employed in it: I defer to trouble you with the particulars of it, in regard I hope to have the happineſs to kiſs your Hand at *Tower-Hill* before my departure, which will not be, till my Lord *Digby* ſets forward. He goes in a gallant ſplendid Equipage, and one of the Kings Ships is to take him in at *Plymouth*, and tranſport him to the *Corunnia*, or Saint *Anderas*.

Since that ſad diſaſter which befel Archbiſhop *Abbot*, to kill the Man by the glancing of an Arrow, as he was ſhooting at a Deer, (which kind of Death befel one of our Kings once in New-Forreſt) there hath been a Commiſſion awarded to debate whether upon this Fact, whereby he hath ſhed Humane Blood, he be not to be depriv'd of his Archbiſhoprick, and pronounc'd Irregular; ſome were againſt him, but Biſhop *Andrews*, and Sir *Henry Martin* ſtood ſtifly for him, that in regard it was no ſpontaneous Act, but a meer Contingency, and that there is no Degree of Men but is ſubject to Misfortunes and Caſualties, they declar'd poſitively that he was not to fall from his Dignity or Function, but ſhould ſtill remain Regular; and in *ſtatu quo prius*; during this debate, he petitioned the King that he might be permitted to retire to his Alms-Houſe at *Guildford* where he was born, to paſs the remainder of his Life; but he is now come to be again *rectus in curia*, abſolutely quitted and reſtor'd to all things: But for the Wife of him which was kill'd, it was no Misfortune to her, for he hath Endowed herſelf, and her Children with ſuch an Eſtate, that they ſay her Husband could never have got: So I humbly kiſs your hands, and reſt,

London, 9. *Nov.* 1622. *Your moſt Obliged Servitor,* J. H.

VIII. *To*

VIII.

To Captain Nich. Leat, *(From* Madrid) *at his Houſe, in* London.

Sir,

I Am ſafely come to the Court of *Spain*, and although by reaſon of that Misfortune which befell Mr. *Altham* and me, of wounding the Sergeants in *Lumbard-ſtreet*, we ſtayed three Weeks behind my Lord Ambaſſador, yet we came hither time enough to attend him to Court at his firſt Audience.

The *Engliſh* Nation is better look'd on now in *Spain*, than ordinary, becauſe of the hopes there are of a Match, which the Merchant and Commonalty much deſire, though the Nobility and Gentry be not ſo forward for it; ſo that in this point the Pulſe of *Spain* beats quite contrary to that of *England*, where the People are averſe to this Match, and the Nobility with moſt part of the Gentry inclinable.

I have perus'd all the Papers I could get into my hands, touching the buſineſs of the Ship-*Vineyard*, and I find that they are higher than I in Bulk, though cloſely preſt together; I have caſt up what is awarded by all the Sentences of View, and Review, by the Council of State and War, and I find the whole Sum as well Principal, as Intereſt upon Intereſt, all ſorts of Damages, and proceſſal Charges, come to above Two Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Crowns. The *Conde del Real*, *quondom Vice-Roy* of *Sardinia*, who is adjudged to pay moſt part of this Money, is here, and he is *Major domo*, Lord Steward to the *Infanta* Cardinal; if he hath wherewith, I doubt not but to recover the Money, for I hope to have come in a favourable Conjuncture of Time, and my Lord Ambaſſador who is ſo highly eſteem'd here, doth aſſure me of his beſt furtherance. So praying I may prove as ſucceſsful, as I ſhall be faithful in this great buſineſs, I reſt,

Madrid, 28. *Decemb.* *Yours to Diſpoſe of,*
1622. J. H.

IX.

To Mr. Arthur Hopton. *From* Madrid.

Sir,

Since I was made happy with your Acquaintance, I have receiv'd ſundry ſtrong Evidences of your Love and good Wiſhes unto me, which have tyed me unto you in no common Obligation of Thanks: I am in deſpair ever to cancel this Bond, nor would I do it, but rather endear the Engagement more and more.

The

The Treaty of the Match 'twixt our Prince and the Lady *Infanta*, is now ſtrongly a-foot, ſhe is a very Comely Lady, rather of a *Flemiſh* Complexion than *Spaniſh*; fair hair'd, and carrieth a moſt pure mixture of Red and White in her Face; ſhe is full and big Lip'd, which is held a Beauty rather then a Blemiſh or any exceſs in the *Auſtrian* Family, it being a thing incident to moſt of that Race; ſhe goes now upon Sixteen, and is of a Talneſs agreeable to thoſe Years. The King is alſo of ſuch a Complexion, and is under Twenty; he hath two Brothers, *Don Charlos*, and *Don Hernando*, who though a Youth of Twelve, yet he is Cardinal and Archbiſhop of *Toledo*, which in regard it hath the Chancellorſhip of *Caſtile* annexed to it, is the greateſt Spiritual Dignity in Chriſtendom, after the Papacy, for it is valued at 300000 Crowns *per annum*. *Don Carlos* is of a differing Complexion from all the reſt, for he is black haird, and of a *Spaniſh* hue, he hath neither Office, Command, Dignity, or Title, but is an individual Companion to the King, and what Cloaths ſoever are provided for the King, he hath the very ſame, and as often, from top to toe; he is the better belov'd of the People for his Complexion; for one ſhall hear the *Spaniard* Sigh and Lament, ſaying, O when ſhall we have a King again of our own Colour!

I pray commend me kindly to all at your Houſe, and ſend me word when the young Gentlemen return from *Italy*: So with my moſt affectionate reſpects to your ſelf, I reſt,

Madrid, 5. *Jan.* 1622. *Your true Friend to ſerve You*, J. H.

X.

To Captain Nic. Leat. *From* Madrid.

Sir,

YOurs of the tenth of this preſent I receiv'd by Mr. *Simon Digby*, with the incloſed to your Son in *Alicant*, which is ſafely ſent. Since my laſt unto you I had acceſs to *Olivares* the Favorite that rules all; I had alſo Audience of the King, to whom I deliver'd two Memorials ſince, in his Majeſties Name of Great *Britain*, that a particular *Junta* of ſome of the Councel of State and War, might be appointed to determine the buſineſs: The laſt Memorial had ſo good ſucceſs, that the Referrees are nominated, wherof the chiefeſt is the Duke of *Infantado*. Here it is not the Stile to Claw and Complement with the King, or Idolize him by Sacred Soveraign, and moſt Excellent Majeſty, but the *Spaniard* when he Petitions to his King, gives him no other Character but Sir, and ſo relating his buſineſs, at the end he doth ask and demand Juſtice of him. When I have done with the Vice-roy here,

I ſhall

I ſhall haſten my diſpatches for *Sardinia*: ſince my laſt I went to liquidate the account more particularly, and I find that of the 250000 Crowns, there are above 40000 due unto you; which might ſerve for a good Alderman's Eſtate.

Your Son in *Alicant*, writes to me of another miſchance that is befaln the Ship *Amitie* about *Mallacro*, whereof you were one of the Proprietaries; I am very ſorry to hear of it, and touching any diſpatches that are to be had hence, I ſhall endeavour to procure you them according to inſtructions.

Your Coſin *Richard Altham* remembers his kind reſpects unto you, and ſends you many thanks for the pains you took in freeing us from that trouble, which the ſcuffle with the Sergeants brought upon us, So I reſt

Madrid, 5. Jan. 1622. *Yours ready to ſerve you*, J. H.

XI.

To the Lord Vicount Colcheſter. *From* Madrid.

Right Honourable,

THE grand buſineſs of the Match goes ſo fairly on, that a ſpecial *Junta* is appointed to treat of it, the names whereof I ſend you here incloſ'd: They have proceeded ſo far that moſt of the Articles are agreed upon. Mr. *George Gage* is lately come hither from *Rome*, a Polite and Prudent Gentleman, who hath Negotiated ſome-things in that Court for the advance of the buſineſs with the Cardinals *Bandino*, *Lodoviſio*, & *la Suſanna*, who are the main Men there to whom the drawing of the Diſpenſation is referr'd.

The late taking of *Ormus* by the *Perſian*, from the Crown of *Portugal* keeps a great noiſe here, and the rather becauſe the Exploit was done by the aſſiſtance of the *Engliſh* Ships that were then thereabouts; my Lord *Digby* went to Court and gave a round ſatisfaction in this point; for it was no voluntary, but a conſtrain'd Act in the *Engliſh*, who being in the *Perſian* Port wer ſuddenly embarqu'd for the Service: And the *Perſians*, herein did no more than what is uſual amongſt Chriſtian Princes themſelves, and which is oftner put in practice by the King of *Spain*, and his *Vice-roys*, than by any other, *viz.* to make an Embargue of any Stranger's Ship, that rides within his Forts upon all occaſions. It was fear'd this Surprizal of *Ormus*, which was the greateſt Mart in all the Orient for all ſorts of Jewels, would have bred ill Blood, and prejudic'd the proceedings of the Match, but the *Spaniard* is a rational man, and will be ſatisfied with reaſon: Count *Olivares* is the main Man who ſways all, and 'tis thought he is not ſo much affected

affected to an Alliance with *England*, as his Predeceſſor the Duke of *Lerma* was, who ſet it firſt afoot 'twixt Prince *Henry*, and this Queen of *France*. The Duke of *Lerma* was the greateſt *Privado*, the greateſt Favorite, that ever was in *Spain*, ſince *Don Alvaro de Luna*, he brought himſelf, the Duke of *Uzeda* his Son, and the Duke of *Cea* his Grandchild to be all Grandees of *Spain*, which is the greateſt Title that a *Spaniſh* Subject is capable of, they have a Priviledge to ſtand cover'd before the King, and at their Election there's no other Ceremony, but only theſe three words by the King, *Cobbreſce por Grande*, cover your ſelf for a Grandee, and that's all: The Cardinal Duke of *Lerma* lives at *Vallidolid*, he Officiates and ſings Maſs, and paſſeth his old Age in Devotion and exerciſes of Piety: It is a Common, and indeed a commendable Cuſtom amongſt the *Spaniards*, when he hath paſt his *gran Climacteric*, and is grown decrepit, to make a voluntary reſignation of Offices, be they never ſo great and profitable (though I cannot ſay *Lerma* did ſo) and ſequeſtring and weaning themſelves as it were from all mundane Negotiations and Incumbrances, to retire to ſome place of Devotion, and ſpend the reſidue of their days in Meditation, and in preparing themſelves for another World: *Charles* the Emperor ſhew'd them the way, who left the Empire to his Brother, and all the reſt of his Dominions to his Son *Philip* the Second, and ſo taking with him his two Siſters, he retir'd into a Monaſtery, they into a Nunnery: This doth not ſute well with the *genius* of an *Engliſhman*, who loves not to pull off his Cloaths till he goes to Bed. I will conclude with ſome Verſes I ſaw under a huge *Rodomontado* Picture of the Duke of *Lerma*, wherein he is painted like a Giant, bearing up the Monarchy of *Spain*, that of *France*, and the *Popedom* upon his Shoulders, with this *Stanza*,

Sobre les ombres d'eſte Atlante
Tazen en aqueſtos dias
Eſtas tres Monarquias.

Upon the Shoulders of this Atlas *lies,*
The Popedom, *and two mighty* Monarchies.

So I moſt humbly kiſs your Lordſhip's Hands, and reſt ever moſt ready,

At your Lordſhips Command

Madrid, 3. *Febr.* 1622.

J. H.

XII. *To*

XII.

To my Father.

Sir,

ALL Affairs went on fairly here, ſpecially that of the Match when Maſter *Endymion Porter*, brought lately my Lord of *Briſtol* a Diſpatch from *England* of a high nature, wherein the Earl is commanded to repreſent unto this King, how much his Majeſty of Great *Britain*, ſince the beginning of theſe *German* Wars, hath labour'd to merit well of this Crown, and of the whole Houſe of *Auſtria*, by a long, and lingring Patience, grounded ſtill upon aſſurances hence, that care ſhould be had of his Honour, his Daughter's Joynture, and Grand-childrens Patrimony; yet how croſſy all things had proceeded in the Treaty at *Bruxels*, manag'd by Sir *Richard Weſton*, as alſo that in the *Palatinate*, by the Lord *Chicheſter*, how in Treating-time, the Town and the Caſtle of *Heidelberg* were taken, *Manheim* Beſieg'd, and all Acts of Hoſtility us'd, notwithſtanding the fair profeſſions made by this King, the *Infanta* at *Bruxels*, and other his Miniſters: How meerly out of reſpect to this King he had neglected all Martial means, which probably might have preſerv'd the *Palatinate*; thoſe thin Garriſons which he had ſent thither, being rather for Honours ſake to keep a footing until a general Accommodation, then that he relyed any way upon their ſtrength: And ſince that there are no other fruits of all this but reproach and ſcorn, and that thoſe good Offices which he u'ſd towards the Emperor on the behalf of his Son-in-Law, which he was ſo much incouraged by Letters from hence ſhould take effect, have not ſorted to any other iſſue, than to a plain affront and a high injuring of both their Majeſties, though in a differing degree: The Earl is to tell him that his Majeſty of Great *Britain* hopes, and deſires that out of a true apprehenſion of thoſe wrongs offer'd unto them both, he will as his dear and loving Brother, faithfully promiſe and undertake upon his Honour, confirming the ſame under his Hand and Seal, either that *Heidelburg* ſhall be within ſeventy days rendred into his Hands; as alſo that there ſhall be within the ſaid term of ſeventy days a ſuſpenſion of Arms in the *Palatinate*, and that a Treaty ſhall recompence upon ſuch terms as he propounded in *November* laſt, which this King held then to be reaſonable; And in caſe that this be not yielded unto by the Emperour, that then this King joyns Forces with his Majeſty of *England*, for the recovery of the *Palatinate*, which upon this truſt hath been loſt; or in caſe his Forces at this time be otherwiſe imploy'd, that they cannot give his Majeſty that aſſiſtance

he

he desires and deserves, that at least he will permit a free and friendly passage through his Territories, such Forces as his Majesty of Great *Brittain* shall employ into *Germany*: Of all which, if the Earl of *Bristol* hath not from the King of *Spain* a direct assurance under his Hand and Seal, ten days after his Audience, that then he take his leave and return to *England*, to his Majesties presence; also to proceed in the Negotiation of the Match, according to former Instructions.

This was the main substance of his Majesties late *Letter*, yet there was a Postil added, that in case a rupture happen 'twixt the two Crowns, the Earl should not come instantly, and abruptly away, but that he should send Advice first to *England*, and carry the business so, that the World should not presently know of it.

Notwithstanding all these traverses, we are confident here, that the Match will take, otherwise my Cake is Dow. There was a great difference in one of the Capitulations 'twixt the two Kings, how long the Children that should issue of this Marriage were to continue *sub regimine Matris, under the Tutele of the Mother.* This King demanded Fourteen Years at first, then Twelve, but now he is come to Nine, which is newly condescended unto. I receiv'd yours of the first of *September*, in another from Sir *James Crofts*, wherein it was no small comfort to me to hear of your Health. I am to go hence shortly for *Sardinia*, a dangerous Voyage, by reason of *Algier* Pirats: I humbly desire your Prayers may accompany,

Madrid, 23 *Febr.* 1622. *Your dutiful Son,* J. H.

XIII.

To Sir James Crofts, *Knight.*

Sir,

YOurs of the Second of *October* came to safe hands with the inclos'd; you write that there came dispatches lately from *Rome*, wherein the Pope seems to endeavour to insinuate himself, into a direct Treaty with *England*, and to Negotiate immediately with our King, touching the Dispensation, which he not only labours to evade, but utterly disclaims, it being by Article the task of this King to procure all dispatches thence: I thank you for sending me this news. You shall understand there came lately an Express from *Rome* also to this Court, touching the business of the Match, which gave very good content, but the Dispatch and new Instructions, which Mr. *En. Porter* brought my Lord of *Bristol* lately from *England*, touching the Prince *Palatinate*, fills us with

apprehenſion of fear: Our Ambaſſadors here have had Audience of this King already about thoſe Propoſitions, and we hope that Mr. *Porter* will carry back ſuch things as will ſatisfie, touching the two points in the Treaty wherein the two Kings differ'd moſt, *viz.* about the Education of the Children, and the exemption of the *Infanta*'s Eccleſiaſtick Servants, from ſecular Juriſdiction: Both theſe points are clear'd, for the *Spaniard* is come from Fourteen Years to Ten, and for ſo long time the *Infant* Princes ſhall remain under the Mother's Government. And for the other point, the Eccleſiaſtical Superiour, ſhall firſt take notice of the offence that ſhall be committed by any ſpiritual perſon belonging to the *Infanta*'s Family, and according to the merit thereof, either deliver him by Degradation to the Secular Juſtice, or baniſh him the Kingdom according to the quality of the delict, and it is the ſame that is practis'd in this Kingdom, and other parts that adhere to *Rome*.

The *Conde de Monterry* goes *Viceroy* to *Naples*, the Marqueſs *de Monteſclaros* being put by, the gallanter Man of the two: I was told of a witty ſaying of his, when the Duke of *Lerma* had the vogue in this Court; for going one Morning to ſpeak with the Duke, and having danc'd attendance a long time, he peep'd through a ſlit in the Hanging, and ſpied *Don Rodrigo Calderon*, a great Man, (who was lately beheaded here for Poyſoning the late Queen Dowager) delivering the Duke a Paper upon his knees, whereat the Marqueſs ſmil'd, and ſaid, *Voto tal, aquel hombre ſube mas a las rodillas, que yono hago a los pies, I ſwear that Man climbs higher upon his Knees, than I can upon my Feet:* Indeed I have read it to be a true Court-rule, that *deſcendendo aſcendendum eſt in Aula, deſcending is the way to aſcend at Court.* There is a kind of Humility and Compliance, that is far from any Servile Baſeneſs, or ſordid Flattery, and may be term'd diſcretion rather than adulation. I intend, God willing, to go for *Sardinia* this Spring; I hope to have better luck than Maſter *Walſingham Greſly* had, who ſome few years ſince, in his paſſage thither upon the ſame buſineſs that I have in agitation, met with ſome *Turks* Men of War, and ſo was carried Slave to *Algier*. So with my true reſpects to you, I reſt,

Your Faithful Servant,

Madrid, 12. *Mar.* 1622.

J. H.

XIV. *To*

XIV.

To Sir Francis Cottington, *Secretary to his Highneſs the Prince of* Wales, *at Saint* James's.

Sir,

I Believe it will not be unpleaſing unto you, to hear of the Procedure and Succeſs of that buſineſs wherein your ſelf hath been ſo long vers'd in; I mean the great Sute againſt the *quondam Vice-roy* of *Sardinia*, the *Conde del Real:* Count *Gondamar*'s coming was a great advantage unto me, who hath done me many Favours; beſides a confirmation of the two Sentences of view and review, and of the Execution againſt the *Vice-roy*. I have procur'd a Royal *Cedule*, which I caus'd to be Printed, and whereof I ſend you here inclos'd a Copy, by which *Cedule*, I have power to arreſt his very Perſon, and my Lawyers tell me, there was never ſuch a *Cedule* granted before: I have alſo by Vertue of it, Priority of all other his Creditors: He hath made an imperfect overture of a Compoſition, and ſhew'd me ſome trivial old faſhion'd Jewels, but nothing equavalent to the Debt. And now that I ſpeak of Jewels, the late ſurprizal of *Ormus* by the aſſiſtance of our Ships, ſinks deep in their ſtomachs here, and we were afraid, it would have ſpoil'd all proceedings: But my Lord *Digby*, now Earl of *Briſtol*, (for Count *Gondamar* brought him o're his Patent) hath calm'd all things at his laſt Audience.

There were luminaries of Joy lately here for the Victory that *Don Gonzalez de Cordova* got over Count *Mansfelt* in the *Netherlands*, with that Army which the Duke of *Bovillon* had levied for him; but ſome ſay they have not much reaſon to rejoyce; for though the *Infantry* ſuffer'd, yet *Mansfelt* got clear with all his Horſe by a notable retreat; and they ſay here it was the greateſt piece of Service and Art he ever did; it being a Maxim, that there is nothing ſo difficult in the Art of War as an honourable retreat. Beſides, the report of his coming to *Breda*, caus'd Marqueſs *Spinola* to raiſe the Siege before *Bergben*, to burn his Tents, and to pack away ſuddenly, for which he is much cenſu'd here.

Captain *Leat* and others have written to me, of the favourable report you pleas'd to make of my endeavours here, for which I return you humble thanks: And though you have left behind you multitude of Servants in this Court, yet if occaſion were offer'd, none ſhould be more forward to go on your Errand, then

Your humble and faithful Servitor,

Madrid, 15. *Mar.* 1622. J. H.

XV.

To the Honourable Sir Thomas Savage, *Knight and Baronet.*

Honourable Sir,

THE great buſineſs of the Match was tending to a Period, the Articles reflecting both upon Church and State, being capitulated, and interchangeably accorded on both ſides, and there wanted nothing to conſummate all things, when to the wonderment of the World, the Prince and the Marqueſs of *Buckingham*, arriv'd at this Court a Friday laſt, upon the cloſe of the Evening: they lighted at my Lord of *Briſtol*'s Houſe, and the Marqueſs (Mr. *Thomas Smith*) came in firſt with a Portmantle under his Arm, then (Mr. *John Smith*) the Prince was ſent for, who ſtaid a while the to'ther ſide of the Street in the dark, my Lord of *Briſtol* in a kind of aſtoniſhment brought him up to his Bed-Chamber, where he preſently call'd for Pen and Ink, and diſpatch'd a Poſt that Night to *England*, to acquaint his Majeſty how in leſs than ſixteen days he was ſafely come to the Court of *Spain*; that Poſt went lightly laden, for he carried but three Letters: The next day came Sir *Francis Cottington*, and Mr. *Porter*, and dark rumors ran in every corner, how ſome great Man was come from *England*, and ſome would not ſtick to ſay amongſt the Vulgar, it was the King, but towards the Evening on Saturday, the Marqueſs went in a cloſe Coach to Court, where he had private Audience of this King, who ſent *Olivares* to accompany him back to the Prince, where he kneel'd and kis'd his Hands, and hug'd his Thighs, and deliver'd how unmeaſurably glad his Catholick Majeſty was of his coming, with other high Complements, which Mr. *Porter* did interpret. About ten a Clock that Night, the King himſelf came in a cloſe Coach with intent to viſit the Prince, who hearing of it, met him half way, and after Salutations and divers Embraces which paſs'd in the firſt interview, they parted late: I forgot to tell you, that Count *Gondamar* being ſworn Counceller of State that Morning, having been before but one of the Councel of War, he came in great haſt to viſit the Prince, ſaying, he had ſtrange news to tell him, which, was *that an* Engliſhman *was ſworn Privy Counſellor of* Spain, meaning himſelf, who he ſaid *was an* Engliſhman *in his Heart.* On Sunday following, the King in the Afternoon came abroad to take the Air with the Queen, his two Brothers, and the *Infanta*, who were all in one Coach, but the *Infanta* ſat in the Boot with a blew Riband about her Arm, of purpoſe that the Prince might diſtinguiſh her: There were above twenty Coaches beſides of Grandees, Noblemen and Ladies that attended them.

them. And now it was publickly known amongſt the vulgar, that it was the Prince of *Wales* who was come, and the confluence of People before my Lord of *Briſtol*'s Houſe, was ſo great and greedy to ſee the Prince, that to clear the way, Sir *Lewis Dives* went out and took Coach, and all the croud of People went after him, ſo the Prince himſelf a little after took Coach; wherein there were the Earl of *Briſtol*, Sir *Walter Aſhton*, and Count *Gondamar*, and ſo went to the *Prado*, a place hard by, of purpoſe to take the Air, where they ſtay'd till the King paſs'd by: As ſoon as the *Infanta* ſaw the Prince, her colour roſe very high, which we hold to be an impreſſion of Love and Affection, for the Face is oftentimes the true Index of the Heart: Upon Monday morning after the King ſent ſome of his prime Nobles, and other Gentlemen, to attend the Prince in quality of Officers, as one to be his Mayordom (his Steward) another to be Maſter of the Horſe, and ſo to inferiour Officers, ſo that there is a compleat Court now at my Lord of *Briſtol*'s Houſe: But upon Sunday next the Prince is to remove to the King's Palace, where there is one of the chief Quarters of the Houſe providing for him. By the next opportunity you ſhall hear more: In the Interim I take my leave and reſt,

March, 27. 1622. *Your moſt humble and ready Servitor,* J. H.

XVI.

To Sir Eubule Theolall, *Knight, at* Grays-Inne.

Sir,

I Know the Eyes of all *England* are earneſtly fix'd now upon *Spain*, her beſt Jewel being here; but his Journey was like to be ſpoyled in *France*, for if he had ſtaid but a little longer, or at *Bayon* the laſt Town of that Kingdom hitherwards, he had been diſcover'd; for Monſieur *Gramond* the Governour had notice of him not long after he had taken Poſt. The People here do mightily magnifie the Gallantry of the Journey, and cry out that he deſerv'd to have the *Infanta* thrown into his Arms the firſt Night he came: He hath been entertain'd with all the Magnificence that poſſibly could be deviſ'd. On Sunday laſt in the Morning betimes he went to Saint *Hierom*'s Monaſtery, whence the Kings of *Spain* uſe to be fetch'd the day they are Crown'd; and thither the King came in Perſon with his two Brothers, his eight Councels, and the Flower of the Nobility: He rid upon the King's right Hand thorough the Heart of the Town under a great Canopy, and was brought ſo into his Lodgings to the King's Palace, and the King himſelf accompanyed him to his very Bed-Chamber. It was a very

glorious ſight to behold, for the Cuſtom of the *Spaniard* is, though he go plain in his ordinary Habit, yet upon ſome Feſtival or cauſe of Triumph, there's none goes beyond him in gaudineſs.

We daily hope for the Pope's Breve or Diſpenſation to perfect the buſineſs, though there be dark whiſpers abroad that it is come already, but that upon this unexpected coming of the Prince, it was ſent back to *Rome*, and ſome new clauſes thruſt in for their further advantage. Till this diſpatch comes, matters are at a kind of ſtand; yet his Highneſs makes account to be back in *England* about the latter end of *May*. God Almighty turn all to the beſt, and to what ſhall be moſt conducible to his Glory. So with my due reſpects unto you, I reſt,

April, 1. 1623. *Your much obliged Servitor*, J. H.

XVII.

To Captain Leat.

Sir,

HAving brought up the Law to the higheſt point againſt the Vice-roy of *Sardinia*, and that in an extraordinary manner, as may appear unto you by that Printed *Cedule* I ſent you in my laſt, and finding an apparent diſability in him to ſatisfie the Debt, I thought upon a new deſign, and fram'd a Memorial to the King, and wrought good ſtrong means to have it ſeconded, that in regard that predatory Act of ſeizing upon the Ship *Vineyard*, in *Sardinia* with all her Goods, was done by his Majeſties Vice-roy, his Soveraign Miniſter of State, one that immediately repreſented his own Royal Perſon, and that the ſaid Vice-roy was inſolvent; I deſir'd his Majeſty would be pleas'd to grant a Warrant for the relief of both Parties, to lade ſo many thouſand Sterils or Meaſures of Corn, out of *Sardinia* and *Sicily* Cuſtom-free. I had gone far in the buſineſs, when Sir *Francis Cottington* ſent for me, and requir'd me in the Prince his Name to proceed no further herein, till he was departed: So his Highneſs's preſence here hath turned rather to my diſadvantage, than otherwiſe. Amongſt other Grandezaes which the King of *Spain* confer'd upon our Prince, one was the releaſement of Priſoners, and that all Petitions of Grace ſhould come to him for the firſt Month; but he hath been wonderful ſparing in receiving any, ſpecially from any *Engliſh*, *Iriſh*, or *Scot*. Your Son *Nicholas* is come hither from *Alicant*, about the Ship *Amity*, and I ſhall be ready to ſecond him in getting ſatisfaction: So I reſt,

Madrid, *June* 3. 1623. *Yours ready to ſerve you*, J. H

XVIII. *To*

XVIII.

To Captain Tho. Porter.

Noble Captain,

MY laſt unto you was in *Spaniſh*, in anſwer to one of yours in the ſame Language, and amongſt that confluence of *Engliſh* gallants, which upon the occaſion of his Highneſs's being here, are come to this Court, I fed my ſelf with hopes a long while to have ſeen you, but I find now that thoſe hopes were imp'd with falſe Feathers. I know your heart is here, and your beſt affections, therefore I wonder what keeps back your Perſon: But I conceive the reaſon to be, that you intend to come like your ſelf, to come Commander in chief of one of the Caſtles of the Crown, one of the Ships Royal: If you come ſo to this ſhore ſide, I hope you will have time to come to the Court, I have at any time a good lodging for you, and my Landlady is none of the meaneſt, and her Husband hath many good parts; I heard her ſetting him forth one day, and giving this Character of him, *Mi marido ei buen muſico, buen eſgrimido, buen eſcrivano, excellente Arithmetico, ſalvo que no multiplica:* My Husband is a good Muſician, a good Fencer, a good Horſeman, a good Pen-man, and an excellent *Arithmetician*, onely he cannot *Multiply*. For outward uſage, there is all induſtry us'd to give the Prince and his Servants, all poſſible contentment, and ſome of the King's own Servants wait upon them at Table in the Palace, where I am ſorry to hear ſome of them jear at the *Spaniſh* Fare, and uſe other ſlighting Specches and Demeanour. There are many excellent Poems made here ſince the Princes arrival, which are too long to couch in a Letter, yet I will venture to ſend you this one *Stanza*, of *Lope de Vegas*.

Carlos Eſtuardo Soy
Que ſiendo Amor *mi guia*
Al cielo d'Eſpana voy
Par ver mi Eſtrella Maria.

There are Comedians once a week come to the Palace, where under a great Canopy, the Queen and the *Infanta* ſit in the middle, our Prince and *Don Carlos* on the Queen's right hand, the King and the little Cardinal on the *Infanta*'s left hand. I have ſeen the Prince have his eyes immovably fixed upon the *Infanta*, half an hour together, in a thoughtful ſpeculative poſture, which ſure would needs be tedious, unleſs affection did ſweeten it: it was no handſome compariſon of *Olivares*, that he watcht her as a Cat doth a Mouſe. Not long ſince the Prince underſtanding that the *Infanta* was us'd to go ſome Mornings to the *Caſa de campo*, a Summer-houſe the King hath t'other ſide the River, to gather *May*-dew, he

did riſe betimes and went thither, taking your Brother with him, they were let into the Houſe, and into the Garden, but the *Infanta* was in the Orchard, and there being a high partition-Wall between, and the Door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the top of the Wall, and ſprung down a great height, and ſo made towards her, but ſhe ſpying him firſt of all the reſt, gave a ſhriek and ran back; the old Marqueſs that was then her Guardian, came towards the Prince, and fell on his knees, conjuring his Highneſs to retire, in regard he hazarded his Head, if he admitted any to her Company; ſo the door was open'd, and he came out under that Wall over which he had got in: I have ſeen him watch a long hour together in a cloſe Coach in the open Street to ſee her as ſhe went abroad: I cannot ſay that the Prince did ever talk with her privately, yet publickly often, my Lord of *Briſtol* being Interpreter, but the King always ſat hard by to over-hear all. Our Couſin *Archy* hath more Priviledge than any, for he often goes with his Fools Coat where the *Infanta* is with her *Meninas* and Ladies of Honour, and keeps a blowing and bluſtering amongſt them, and flurts out what he liſts.

One day they were diſcourſing *what a marvellous thing it was, that the Duke of* Bavaria *with leſs than* 15000 *men, after a long toyſome March, ſhould dare to encounter the* Palſgrave's *Army, conſiſting of above* 25000, *and to give them an utter diſcomfiture, and take* Prague *preſently after.* Whereunto *Archy* anſwered, *That he would tell them a ſtranger thing than that: Was it not a ſtrange thing,* quoth he, *that in the Year* 88, *there ſhould come a Fleet of one hundred and forty Sails from* Spain, *to invade* England, *and that ten of theſe could not go back to tell what became of the reſt?* By the next opportunity I will ſend you the Cordovan Pockets and Gloves you writ for, of *Franciſco Mareno's* perfuming. So my dear Captain live long and love his

Madrid, July 10. J. H.
1623.

XIX.

To my Couſin Tho. Guin *Eſq; at his Houſe,* Trecaſtle.

Couſin,

I Received lately one of yours, which I canot compare more properly than to a Poſie of curious Flowers, there was therein ſuch variety of ſweet ſtrains and dainty expreſſions of Love: And though it bore an old date, for it was forty days before it came to ſafe hand yet the Flowers were ſtill freſh, and not a whit faded, but did caſt as ſtrong and as fragrant a ſcent, as when your hands bound

bound them up firſt together, only there was one flower that did not favor ſo well, which was the undeſerved Character you pleaſe to give of my ſmall abilities, which in regard you look upon me, through the proſpective of Affection, appear greater unto you then they are of themſelves; yet as ſmall as they are, I would be glad to employ them all to ſerve you upon any occaſion.

Whereas you deſire to know how matters paſs here, you ſhall underſtand that we are rather in aſſurance, than hopes that the Match will take effect, when one diſpatch more is brought from *Rome*, which we greedily expect. The *Spaniards* generally deſire it, they are much taken with with our Prince, with the bravery of his Journey, and his diſcreet Comportment ſince, and they confeſs there was never Princeſs courted with more Gallantry. The Wits of the Court here have made divers Encomiums of him, and of his Affection to the L. *Infanta*. Amongſt others, I ſend you a *Latin* Poem, of one *Marniorius* a *Valenciazo*, to which I add this enſuing *Hexaſtic*, which in regard of the difficulty of the Verſe, conſiſting of all *Ternaries*, (which is the hardeſt way of verſifying) and of the exactneſs of the Tranſlation, I believe will give you content:

Fax grata eſt, gratum eſt vulnus, mihi grata catena eſt,
Me quibus aſtringit, lædit & urit Amor;
Sed flammam extingui, ſanavi vulnera, ſolvi
Vincla, etiam ut poſſem non ego poſſe velim:
Mirum equidem genus hoc morbi eſt, incendia & ictus
Vinctaque, vinctus adhuc, læſus & uſtus, amo.

Grateful's to me the fire, the wound, the chain,
By which love *burns*, love *binds, and giveth pain;*
But for to quench this fire, theſe bonds to looſe,
Theſe wounds to heal, I would not could I chooſe:
Strange ſickneſs, where the wounds, the bonds, the fire,
That burns, that bind, that hurt, I muſt deſire.

In your next, I pray ſend me your opinion of theſe Verſes, for I know you are a *Critic* in Poetry. Mr. *Vaughan* of the *Golden-Grove* and I were Camerades and Bedfellows here many Months together, his Father Sir *John Vaughan* the Prince's Controuler, is lately come to attend his Maſter. My Lord of *Carlile*, my Lord of *Holland*, my Lord of *Rochfort*, my Lord of *Denbigh*, and divers others are here, ſo that we have a very flouriſhing Court, and I could wiſh you were here to make one of the number. So my dear Coſen, I wiſh you all happineſs, and our Noble Prince a ſafe and ſucceſsful return to *England*.

Madrid, 13 *Aug.* 1623. *Your moſt affectionate Couſin,*
J. H.

XX.

To my Noble Friend, Sir John North.

Sir,

THE long-look'd-for Diſpenſation is come from *Rome*, but I hear it is clogg'd with new Clauſes; and one is, that the Pope, who alledgeth that the only aim of the Apoſtolical See, in granting this Diſpenſation, was the advantage and eaſe of the Catholicks in the King of Great *Britains* Dominions, therefore he deſir'd a valuable Caution, for the performance of thoſe Articles which were ſtipulated in their favour, this hath much puzled the buſineſs, and Sir *Francis Cottington* comes now over about it: Beſides there is ſome diſtaſte taken at the Duke of *Buckingham* here, and I heard this King ſhould ſay, *He will Treat no more with him, but with the Ambaſſadors, who*, he ſaith, *have a more plenary Commiſſion, and underſtand the buſineſs better.* As there is ſome darkneſs hapned 'twixt the two Favourites; ſo matters ſtand not right 'twixt the Duke and the Earl of *Briſtol*; but God forbid that a buſineſs of ſo high a conſequence as this, which is likely to tend ſo much to the Univerſal good of *Chriſtendom*, to the reſtitution of the *Palatinate*, and the compoſing thoſe Broils in *Germany*, ſhould be ranvers'd by differences 'twixt a few private Subjects, though now publick Miniſters.

Mr. *Waſhington*, the Prince's Page is lately dead of a Calenture, and I was at his Burial under a Fig-tree behind my Lord of *Briſtol*'s Houſe. A little before his death one *Ballard* an *Engliſh* Prieſt went to tamper with him, and Sir *Edmund Varney* meeting him coming down the Stairs, out of *Waſhington*'s Chamber, they fell from Words to Blows, but they were parted. The buſineſs was like to gather very ill Blood, and come to a great height, had not Count *Gondamar* quaſht it, which I believe he could not have done, unleſs the time had been favourable; for ſuch is the reverence they bear to the Church here, and ſo Holy a conceit they have of all Eccleſiaſticks, that the greateſt *Don* in *Spain* will tremble to offer the meaneſt of them any outrage or affront: Count *Gondamar* hath alſo help't to free ſome *Engliſh* in the Inquiſition in *Toledo* and *Sevil*, and I could alledge many inſtances how ready and chearful he is to aſſiſt any *Engliſhman* whatſoever; notwithſtanding the baſe affronts he hath often receiv'd of the *London-Boys*, as he calls them. At his laſt return hither, I heard of a merry ſaying of his, to the Queen, who diſcourſing with him about the Populouſneſs of *London*, and whether it was as populous as *Madrid*; *Yes* Madam, *and more Populous when I came away, though I believe that there's ſcarce a Man left there now, but all Women and Children; for all the Men both in Court and City were*

ready

ready Booted and Spur'd to go away. And I am ſorry to hear how other Nations do much tax the *Engliſh* of their Incivility to publick Miniſters of State; and what Ballads and Paſquils, and Fopperies and Plays were made againſt *Gondamar* for doing his Maſter's buſineſs. My Lord of *Briſtol* coming from *Germany* to *Bruſſels*, notwithſtanding that at his arrival thither, the news was freſh that he had reliev'd *Frankindale* as he paſs'd, yet was he not a whit the leſs welcome, but valued the more both by the Archdutcheſs her ſelf and *Spinola* with all the reſt; as alſo that they knew well that the ſaid Earl had been the ſole adviſer of keeping Sir *Robett Manſel* abroad with that Fleet upon the Coaſt of *Spain*, till the *Palſgrave* ſhould be reſtor'd. I pray Sir when you go to *London-wall*, and *Tower-hill*, be pleas'd to remember my humble Service, where you know it is due. So I am,

Madrid, *Aug.* 15. *Your moſt faithful Servitor.*

1623. J. H.

XXI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Vicount Colcheſter.

My very good Lord,

I Receiv'd the Letter and Commands your Lordſhip pleas'd to ſend me by Mr. *Walſingham Greſley*, and touching the Conſtitutions and Orders of the contratation-houſe of the *Weſt-Indies* in *Sevil*, I cannot procure it for Love or Money, upon any terms; though I have done all poſſible diligence therein: And ſome tell me it is dangerous, and no leſs than Treaſon in him that gives the Copy of them to any, in regard 'tis counted the greateſt Myſtery of all the *Spaniſh* Government.

That difficulty which hapned in the buſineſs of the Match of giving caution to the *Pope*, is now overcome, for whereas our King anſwer'd that he could give no other caution than his Royal Word, and his Sons exemplified under the Great Seal of *England*, and confirm'd by his Council of State, it being impoſſible to have it done by *Parliament*, in regard of the averſneſs the Common People have to the Alliance; And whereas this gave no ſatisfaction to *Rome*, the King of *Spain* now offers himſelf for caution, for putting in execution what is ſtipulated in behalf of the *Roman Catholicks* throughout his Majeſty of *Great Britain*'s Dominions; but he deſires to conſult his ghoſtly Father to know whether he may do it without wronging his Conſcience; hereupon there hath been a *Junta* form'd of Biſhops and Jeſuits, who have been already a good while about it, and the Biſhop of *Legovia*, who is as it were Lord-Treaſurer, having written a Treatiſe lately againſt the Match,

was

was outed of his Office, baniſh't the Court, and confin'd to his Dioceſs. The Duke of *Buckingham* hath been ill diſpos'd a good while, and lies ſick at Court, where the Prince hath no publick Exerciſe of Devotion, but only Bedchamber-Prayers, and ſome think that his Lodging in the King's Houſe is like to prove a diſadvantage to the main buſineſs, for whereas moſt ſorts of People here hardly hold us to be Chriſtians, if the Prince had had a Palace of his own, and been permitted to have us'd a Room for an open Chappel to exerciſe the Liturgy of the Church of *England*, it would have brought them to have had a better opinion of us; and to this end there were ſome of our beſt Church-plate and Veſtments brought hither but never us'd. The ſlow pace of this *Junta* troubles us a little, and to the Divines there are ſome Civilians admitted lately, and the *quære* is this, whether the King of *Spain* may bind himſelf by Oath, in behalf of the King of *England*, to perform ſuch and ſuch Articles, that are agreed on in favour of the *Roman* Catholikes by vertue of this Match, whether the King may do this *ſalva conſcientia?*

There was a great ſhow lately here of baiting of Bulls with men for the entertainment of the Prince; it is the chiefeſt of all *Spaniſh* ſports, commonly there are men kill'd at it, therefore there are Prieſts appointed to be there ready to confeſs them: It hath happned oftentimes that a Bull hath taken up two men upon his Horns with their Guts dangling about them; the Horſemen run with Lances or Swords, the Foot with Goads. As I am told the Pope hath ſent divers Bulls againſt this ſport of Bulling, yet it will not be left, the Nation hath taken ſuch a habitual delight in it. There was an ill-favour'd Accident like to have hapned lately at the King's Houſe, in that part where my Lord of *Carlile*, and my Lord *Denbigh* were lodg'd; for my Lord *Denbigh* late at Night taking a Pipe of Tobacco, in a *Balcone* which hung over the King's Garden, he blew down the aſhes, which falling upon ſome patch'd combuſtible matter, began to flame and ſpread, but Maſter *Davis* my Lord of *Carlile*'s Barber lept down a great height, and quencht it. So with continuance of my moſt humble Service, I reſt ever ready

Madrid, *Aug.* 16. 1623 *At your Lordſhip's Commands,* J. H.

XXII.

To Sir James Crofts. *From* Madrid.

Sir,

THE Court of *Spain* affords now little news; for there is a Remora ſticks to the buſineſs of the Match, till the *Junta* of Divines

vines give up their opinion: But from *Turkey* there came a Letter this Week, wherein there is the ſtrangeſt and moſt Tragical News, that in my ſmall Reading no Story can parallel, or ſhew with more pregnancy the inſtability and tottering eſtate of human greatneſs, and the ſandy Foundation whereon the vaſt *Ottoman* Empire is rear'd upon: For *Sultan Oſman* the grand *Turk*, a man according to the humour of that Nation, warlike and fleſh'd in Blood, and a violent hater of Chriſtians, was in the flower of his Years, in the heat and height of his Courage, knock'd in the Head by one of his own Slaves, and one of the meaneſt of them, with a Battle-axe, and the Murtherer never after proceeded againſt or queſtioned.

The ground of this Tragedy, was the late ill ſucceſs he had againſt the *Pole*, wherein he loſt about 100000 Horſe for want of Forrage, and 80000 men for want of Fighting, which he imputed to the Cowardize of his *Janizaries*, who rather than bear the brunt of the Battel, were more willing to return home to their Wives and Merchandizing, which they are now permitted to do contrary to their firſt Inſtitution, which makes them more worldly, and leſs venturous. This diſgraceful return from *Poland* ſtuck in *Oſman*'s ſtomach, and ſo ſtudied a way how to be reveng'd of the *Janizaries*; therefore by the advice of his grand *Viſier*, (a ſtout gallant man, who had been one of the chief *Beglerbegs* in the Eaſt) he intended to erect a new Soldiery in *Aſia* about *Damaſco*, of the *Coords*, a frontier People, and conſequently hardy and inur'd to Arms. Of theſe he purpos'd to entertain 40000 as a Life-guard for his Perſon, though the main deſign was to ſuppreſs his lazy and luſtful *Janizaries*, with men of freſh new Spirits.

To diſguize this Plot, he pretended a Pilgrimage to *Mecha*, to viſit *Mahomet*'s Tomb, and reconcile himſelf to the Prophet, who he thought was angry with him, becauſe of his late ill ſucceſs in *Poland*: But this colour was not ſpecious enough, in regard he might have perform'd this Pilgrimage with a ſmaller Train and Charge; therefore it was propounded that the *Emar* of *Sidon* ſhould be made to riſe up in Arms, that ſo he might go with a greater Power and Treaſure, but this Plot was held diſadvantageous to him, in regard his *Janizaries* muſt then have attended him: So he pretends and prepares only for the Pilgrimage, yet he makes ready as much Treaſure as he could make, and to that end he melts his Plate and Furniture of Horſes, with divers Church-Lamps; this fomented ſome jealouſie in the *Janizaries*, with certain words which ſhould drop from him, *that he ſhould find Souldiers ſhortly, that would whip them.* Hereupon he hath ſent over to *Aſia*'s ſide his Pavilions, many of his Servants, with his Jewels and Treaſure, reſolving upon the Voyage, notwithſtanding that

divers

divers Petitions were delivered him from the Clergy, the civil Magiſtrate and Souldiery, that he ſhould deſiſt from the Voyage, but all would not do: Thereupon, upon the point of his departure, the *Janizaries* and *Saphies* came in a tumultary manner to the *Seraglio*, and in high inſolent language diſſwaded him from the Pilgrimage, and demanded of him his ill Counſellors. The firſt he granted, but for the ſecond, he ſaid that it ſtood not with his honour, to have his neareſt Servants torn from him ſo, without any legal proceeding; but he aſſur'd them, that they ſhould appear in the Divan the next day, to anſwer for themſelves: but this not ſatisfying, they went away in a Fury, and plunder'd the Grand *Viſiers* Palace, with divers others; *Oſman* hereupon was adviſ'd to go from his private Gardens that Night to the *Aſian* ſhore, but his deſtiny kept him from it: So the next Morning they came arm'd to the Court (but having made a Covenant not to violate the Imperial Throne) and cut in pieces the Grand *Viſier*, with divers other great Officers, and not finding *Oſman*, who had hid himſelf in a ſmall Lodge in one of his Gardens, they cried out they muſt have a *Muſſulman* Emperor; therefore they broke into a Dungeon, and brought out *Muſtapha*, *Oſman*'s Uncle, whom he had clapt there at the beginning of the Tumult, and who had been King before, but was depos'd for his ſimplicity, being a kind of *Santon*, or Holy Man, that is, 'twixt an Innocent and an Idiot: This *Muſtapha* they did reinthronize and place in the *Ottoman* Empire.

The next day they found out *Oſman*, and brought him before *Muſtapha*, who excus'd himſelf with Tears in his Eyes, for his raſh attempts; which wrought tenderneſs in ſome, but more ſcorn and fury in others; who fell upon the *Capi Aga*, with other Officers, and cut them in pieces before his Eyes. *Oſman* thence was carried to Priſon, and as he was getting on Horſeback, a common Souldier took off his Turban, and clapt his upon *Oſman*'s Head, who in his paſſage begg'd a draught of Water at a Fountain: The next day the new *Viſier* went with an Executioner to ſtrangle him, in regard there were two younger Brothers more of his to preſerve the *Ottomons* race; where after they had ruſh'd in, he being newly awak'd and ſtaring upon them, and thinking to defend himſelf, a robuſt boyſterous Rogue knockt him down, and ſo the reſt fell upon him and ſtrangled him with much adoe.

Thus fell one of the greateſt Potentates upon Earth by the hands of a contemptible Slave, for there is not a free born Subject in all that vaſt Empire: Thus fell he that entitles himſelf, *Moſt puiſſant and higheſt Monarch of the* Turks, *King above all Kings, a King that dwelleth upon the Earthly Paradiſe, Son of* Mahomet, *keeper of the Grave of the Chriſtian God, Lord of the Tree of Life, and of the River*

River Flisky, *Prior of the Earthly Paradiſe, Conqueror of the* Macedonians, *the Seed of Great* Alexander, *Prince of the Kingdoms of* Tartary, Meſopotamia, Media, *and of the Martial* Mammalucks, Anatolia, Bythinia, Aſia, Armenia, Servia, Thracia, Morea, Valachia, Moldavia, *and of all Warlike* Hungary, *Soveraign Lord and Commander of all* Greece, Perſia, *both the* Arabia's, *the moſt Noble Kingdom of* Egypt, Tremiſon, *and* African *Empire, of* Trabeſond *and the moſt glorious* Conſtantinople, *Lord of all the White and Black Seas, of the Holy City* Mecha, *and* Medina, *ſhining with Divine Glory, Commander of all things that are to be Commanded, and the ſtrongeſt and mightieſt Champion of the wide World, a Warriour appointed by Heaven in the edge of the Sword, a Perſecutor of his Enemies, a moſt perfect Jewel of the bleſſed Tree, the chiefeſt keeper of the Crucified God,* &c. With other ſuch bombardical Titles.

This *Oſman* was a man of goodly Conſtitution, an amiable aſpect, and of exceſs of Courage, but ſordidly Covetous, which drove him to violate the Church, and to melt the Lamp thereof, which made the *Muſti* ſay, that this was a due Judgement ſaln upon him from Heaven for his Sacriledge. He us'd alſo to make his Perſon too cheap, for he would go ordinarily in the night time with two men after him like a petty Conſtable, and peep into the Cauph-houſes and Carabets, and apprehend Soldiers there: And theſe two things it ſeems was the cauſe, that when he was ſo aſſaulted in the *Seraglio*, not one of his Domeſtick Servants, whereof he had 3000, would lift an Arm to help him.

Some few days before his Death, he had a ſtrange Dream, for he dreamt, *That he was mounted upon a great* Camel, *who would not go neither by fair nor foul means, and lighting off him, and thinking to ſtrike him with his* Cimiter, *the body of the Beaſt vaniſht, leaving the Head and the Bridle only in his Hands*, when the *Muſti* and the *Hoggies* could not interpret this Dream, *Muſtapha* his Uncle did it, for he ſaid, *The* Camel *ſignified his Empire, his mounting of him, his exceſs in Government, his lighting down, his depoſing.* Another kind of Prophetick Speech dropt from the Grand *Viſier*, to Sir *Thomas Roe*, our Ambaſſador there, who having gone a little before this Tragedy to viſit the ſaid *Viſier*, told him, *What whiſperings and mutterings, there were in every Corner for this* Aſiatick *Voyage, and what ill conſequences might enſue from it: therefore it might well ſtand with his great Wiſdom to ſtay it; but if it held, he deſired him to leave a charge with the* Chimachim *his Deputy, that the* Engliſh *Nation in the Port ſhould be free from outrages:* whereunto the grand *Viſier* anſwer'd, *Trouble not your ſelf about that, for I will not remove ſo far from* Conſtantinople, *but I will leave one of my Legs behind to ſerve you*; which prov'd but too true, for he was Murther'd afterwards, and one of his Legs was hung up in the *Hippodrome.*

This

This freſh Tragedy makes me to give over wondring at any thing that I ever heard or read; to ſhew the lubricity of *mundant* Greatneſs, as alſo the fury of the Vulgar, which like an impetuous Torrent gathereth ſtrength by degrees as it meets with divers Dams, and being come to the height, cannot ſtop it ſelf; for when this rage of the Souldiers began firſt, there was no deſign at all to violate or hurt the Emperour, but to take from him his ill Counſellors; but being once a foot, it grew by inſenſible degrees to the utmoſt of outrages.

The bringing out of *Muſtapha* from the Dungeon, where he was Priſoner, to be Emperour of the *Muſſulmans*, puts me in mind of what I read in Mr. *Camden* of our late Queen *Elizabeth*, how ſhe was brought from the Scaffold to the *Engliſh* Throne.

They who profeſs to be *Criticks* in Policy here, hope that this Murthering of *Oſman* may in time breed good Blood, and prove advantageous to *Chriſtendom*: For though this be the firſt Emperour of the *Turks* that was diſpatch'd ſo, he is not like to be the laſt, now that the Souldiers hath this precedent: Others think that if that deſign had taken, it had been very probable the *Conſtantinopolitans* had hois'd up another King, and ſo the Empire had been diſmembred, and by this diviſion had loſt ſtrength, as the *Roman* Empire did, when it was broken into *Eaſt* and *Weſt*.

Excuſe me that this my *Letter* is become ſuch a Monſter, I mean that it hath paſt the ſize and ordinary proportion of a *Letter*, for the matter it treats of is monſtrous; beſides, it is a rule, that Hiſtorical *Letters* have more liberty to be long than others: In my next, you ſhall hear how matters paſs here; in the mean time, and always I reſt,

Madrid, *Aug.* 17. 1623. *Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted Servitor,* J. H.

XXIII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Tho. Savage, *Knight and Baronet.*

Honourable Sir,

THE proceedure of things in relation to the *grand* buſineſs the Match, was at a kind of ſtand, when the long-winded *Junta* deliver'd there opinions, and fell at laſt upon this reſult, that his Catholick Majeſty for the ſatisfaction of St. *Peter*, might oblige himſelf in the behalf of *England*, for the performance of thoſe Capitulations which reflected upon the *Roman* Catholicks in that Kingdom; and in caſe of non-performance, then to right himſelf by War; ſince that the Matrimonial Articles were ſolemnly ſworn

ſworn unto by the King of *Spain* and his Highneſs, the two Favourites, our two Ambaſſadors, the Duke of *Infantado* and other Counſellors of State being preſent; hereupon the eighth of the next *September*, is appointed to be the day of deſpoſorios, the day of affiance, or the betrothing day; there was much gladneſs expreſt here, and Luminaries of Joy were in every great Street throughout the City: but there is an unlucky accident hath interven'd, for the King gave the Prince a ſolemn viſit ſince, and told him, *Pope* Gregory *was dead, who was ſo great a Friend to the Match, but in regard the buſineſs was not yet come to perfection, he could not proceed further in it till the former Diſpenſation were ratified by the new Pope* Urban, *which to procure he would make it his own Task, and that all poſſible expedition ſhould be us'd in't, and therefore deſired his Patience in the interim.* The Prince anſwer'd, and preſt the neceſſity of his ſpeedy return with divers reaſons, he ſaid, *There was a general kind of murmuring in* England, *for his ſo long abſence, that the King his Father was old and ſickly, that the Fleet of Ships were already, he thought, at Sea to fetch him, the Winter drew on, and withal that the Articles of the Match were ſign'd in* England, *with this* proviſo, *that if he be not come back by ſuch a Month, they ſhould become of no validity.* The King replyed, *That ſince his Highneſs was reſolv'd upon ſo ſudden a departure, he would pleaſe to leave a* Proxy *behind to finiſh the Marriage, and he would take it for a favour if he would depute* Him *to perſonate him, and ten days after the ratification ſhould come from* Rome, *the buſineſs ſhall be done, and afterwards he might ſend for his* Wife *when he pleas'd.* The Prince rejoyn'd, *that amongſt thoſe multitude of Royal Favours which he had receiv'd from his Majeſty, this tranſcended all the reſt, therefore he would moſt willingly leave a* Proxy *for his Majeſty, and another for* Don Carlos *to this effect*; ſo they parted at that time without the leaſt ombrage of diſcontent, nor do I hear of any engendred ſince. The laſt Month 'tis true the *Junta* of Divines dwelt ſo long upon the buſineſs, that there were whiſperings that the Prince intented to go away diſguis'd as he came, and the Queſtion being ask'd by a Perſon of Quality, there was a brave anſwer made, *That if* Love *brought him thither, it is not* Fear *ſhould drive him away.*

There are preparations already a foot for his return, and the two *Proxies* are drawn and left in my Lord of *Briſtol*'s Hands Notwithſtanding this ill-favor'd ſtop, yet we are here all confident the buſineſs will take effect: In which hopes I reſt,

Madrid, 18 Aug. 1623. *Your moſt humble and ready Servitor,*

J. H.

XXIV.

To Captain Nich. Leat, *at his Houſe, in* London.

Sir,

THis *Letter* comes to you by Mr. *Richard Altham*; of whoſe ſudden departure hence I am very ſorry, it being the late death of his Brother, Sir *James Altham*. I have been at a ſtand in the buſineſs a good while, for his Highneſs coming hither was no advantage to me in the Earth. He hath done the *Spaniards* divers Courteſies, but he hath been very ſparing in doing the *Engliſh* any. It may be perhaps, becauſe it is a diminution of Honour, to be beholding to any Forren Prince to do his own Subjects Favours, but my buſineſs requires no Favour, all I deſire is Juſtice, which I have not obtain'd yet in reality.

The Prince is preparing for his Journey, I ſhall at it again cloſely when he is gone, and make a Shaft or a Bolt of it. The Popes Death hath retarded the proceedings of the Match, but we are ſo far from deſpairing of it, that one may have Wagers thirty to one it will take effect ſtill. He that deals with this Nation muſt have a great deal of Phlegm, and if this grand buſineſs of State, the Match ſuffer ſuch protractions and puttings off, you need not wonder that private Negotiations, as mine is, ſhould be ſubject to the ſame inconveniencies. There ſhall be no means left unattempted, that my beſt induſtry can find out to put a Period to it, and when his Highneſs is gone, I hope to find my Lord of *Briſtol* more at leaſure to continue his favour and furtherance, which hath been very much already: So I reſt,

Madrid, Aug. 19. 1623. *Yours ready to ſerve you,* J. H.

XXV.

To Sir James Crofts.

Sir,

THE Prince is now upon his Journey to the Sea-ſide, where my Lord of *Rutland* attends for him with a Royal Fleet: There are many here ſhrink in their ſhoulders, and are very ſenſible of his departure, and the Lady *Infanta* reſents it more then any: She hath caus'd a Maſs to be ſung every day ever ſince, for his good Voyage: The *Spaniards* themſelves confeſs, there was never Princeſs ſo bravely Wooed. The King and his two Brothers accompanyed his Highneſs to the *Eſcurial*, ſome twenty Miles

Miles off, and would have brought him to the Sea-ſide, but that the Queen is big and hath not many days to go; when the King and he parted, there paſſed wonderful great endearments and embraces in divers poſtures between them a long time; and in that place there is a Pillar to be erected as a Monument to Poſterity. There are ſome Grandees and Count *Gondamar* with a great Train beſides, gone with him to the *Marine*, to the Sea-ſide, which will be many days Journey, and muſt needs put the King of *Spain* to a mighty Expence, beſides his ſeven Months entertainment here: We hear that when he paſs'd through *Valladolid*, the Duke of *Lerma* was retired thence for the time, by the ſpecial Command from the King, leſt he might have diſcourſe with the Prince, whom he extreamly deſir'd to ſee; this ſunk deep into the old Duke, inſomuch that he ſaid, that of all the Acts of Malice which *Olivares* had ever done him, he reſented this more then any: He bears up well yet under his Cardinals habit, which hath kept him from many a foul ſtorm that might have fallen upon him from the Temporal Power. The Duke of *Uzeda* his Son finding himſelf decline in favour at Court, had retir'd to the Country, and dyed ſoon after of diſcontentment: During his ſickneſs, the Cardinal writ this ſhort weighty *Letter* unto him: *Dizen me, que Mareys de necio, por mi, mas temo mis a nos que mis Enmigos. Lerma.* I ſhall not need to *Engliſh* it to you, who are ſo great a Maſter of the Language. Since I begin this Letter, we underſtand the Prince is ſafely embarq'd, but not without ſome danger of being caſt away; had not Sir *Sackvil Trevèr* taken him up; I pray God ſend him a good Voyage, and us no ill news from *England*. My moſt humble Service at *Tower-hill*, So I am,

Madrid, Aug. 21. 1623. *Your humble Servitor*, J. H.

XXVI.

To my Brother Dr. Howel.

My Brother,

SInce our Prince's departure hence, the Lady *Infanta* ſtudieth *Engliſh* apace, and one Mr. *Wadſworth*, and Father *Boniface*, two *Engliſhmen*, are appointed her Teachers, and have acceſs to her every day; We account her as it were our Princeſs now, and as we give, ſo ſhe takes that Title: Our Ambaſſadors my Lord of *Briſtol*, and Sir *Walter Aſton*, will not ſtand now cover'd before her when they have Audience, becauſe they hold her to be their Princeſs; ſhe is preparing divers Suits of rich Cloaths for his Highneſs of perfum'd Amber Leather, ſome embroder'd with

Pearl, ſome with Gold, ſome with Silver: Her Family is a ſetling apace, and moſt of her Ladies and Officers are known already; we want nothing but one diſpatch more from *Rome*, and then the Marriage will be Solemniz'd, and all things Conſummated; yet there is one Mr. *Clerk* (with the lame Arm) that came hither from the Sea-ſide, as ſoon as the Prince was gone, he is one of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Creatures, yet he lies at the Earl of *Briſtol*'s Houſe, which we wonder at, conſidering the darkneſs that hapned 'twixt the Duke and the Earl: We fear that this *Clerk* hath brought ſomething that may puzzle the buſineſs. Beſides having occaſion lately to make my addreſs to the *Venetian* Ambaſſador, who is intereſſed in ſome part of that great buſineſs for which I came here, he told me confidently, *It would be no Match, nor did he think it was ever intended.* But I want faith to believe him yet, for I know St. *Mark* is no Friend to it, nor *France*, or any other Prince or State, beſides the King of *Denmark*, whoſe Grandmother was of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, being Siſter to *Charles* the Emperor. Touching the buſineſs of the *Palatinate*, our Ambaſſadors were lately aſſur'd by *Olivares*, and all the Counſellors here, and that in this King's Name, that he would procure his Majeſty of great *Britain* entire ſatisfaction herein, and *Olivares*, giving them the joy, intreated them to aſſure the King upon their Honour, and upon their Lives of the reality hereof; for the *Infanta* her ſelf (ſaith he) hath ſtirr'd in it, and makes it now her own buſineſs; for it was a firm Peace and Amity (which he confeſt could never be without the accommodations of things in *Germany*) as much as an Alliance, which his Catholick Majeſty aim'd at. But we ſhall know ſhortly what to truſt to, we ſhall walk no more in Miſts, though ſome give out yet that our Prince ſhall embrace a Cloud for *Juno* at laſt.

I pray preſent my Service to Sir *John Franklin*, and Sir *John Smith*, with all at the Hill and Dale, and when you ſend to *Wales*, I pray convey the incloſ'd to my Father. So my dear Brother, I pray God bleſs us both, and bring us again joyfully together.

Your very loving Brother,

Madrid, Aug. 12. 1623. J. H.

XXVII.

To my Noble Friend, Sir John North, *Knight.*

Sir,

I Receiv'd lately one of yours, but it was of a very old Date, we have our Eyes now all fix'd upon *Rome*, greedily expecting the

the Ratification, and lately a ſtrong rumor ran it was come, in ſo much Mr. *Clerk*, who was ſent hither from the Prince, being a ſhipboard, (and now lies ſick at my Lord of *Briſtol*'s Houſe of a Calenture) hearing of it, he deſired to ſpeak with him, for he had ſomething to deliver him from the Prince, my Lord Ambaſſador being comie to him, Mr. *Clerk* delivered a *Letter* from the Prince; the contents whereof were, *That whereas he had left certain* Proxies *in his hand, to be delivered to the King of* Spain *after the Ratification was come, he deſir'd and requir'd him not to do it till he ſhould receive further order from* England; my Lord of *Briſtol* hereupon went to Sir *Walter Aſton*, who was in joint Commiſſion with him for concluding the Match, and ſhewing him the *Letter*, what my Lord *Aſton* ſaid I know not, but my Lord of *Briſtol* told him, *That they had a Commiſſion Royal under the Broad Seal of* England, *to conclude the Match; he knew as well as he how earneſt the King their Maſter had been any time this ten Years to have it done, how that their could not be a better Pawn for the ſurrendry of the* Palatinate, *than the* Infanta *in the Prince's Arms, who could never reſt till ſhe did the work to merit Love of our Nation: He told him alſo how their own particular Fortunes depended upon't; beſides, if he ſhould delay one moment to deliver the* Proxie *after the Ratification was come according to agreement, the* Infanta *would hold her ſelf ſo blemiſh'd in her Honour, that it might overthrow all things.* Laſtly he told him, *That they incurr'd the hazard of their Heads, if they ſhould ſuſpend the executing of his Majeſties Commiſſion upon any Order, but from that which gave it, who was the King himſelf*; hereupon both Ambaſſadors proceeded ſtill in preparing matters for the Solemnizing of the Marriage: The Earl of *Briſtol* had caus'd above 30 rich Liveries to be made of watchet Velvet, with Silver Lace up to the very Capes of the Cloaks, the beſt ſorts whereof were valued at 80 l. a Livery: My Lord *Aſton* had alſo provided new Liveries, and a Fortnight after the ſaid politick report was blown up, the Ratification came indeed compleat and full; ſo the Marriage-day was appointed, a Terraſs cover'd all over with Tapeſtry, was rais'd from the King's Palace to the next Church, which might be about the ſame extent, as from *White-Hall* to *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, and the King intended to make his Siſter a Wife, and his Daughter (whereof the Queen was deliver'd a little before) a *Chriſtian*, upon the ſame day; the Grandees and great Ladies had been invited to the Marriage, and order was ſent to all the Port-Towns to diſcharge their great Ordinance, and ſundry other things were prepar'd to honour the Solemnity: But when we were thus at the height of our hopes; a day or two before, there came Mr. *Killegrew*, *Greſly*, *Wood* and *Davies*, one upon the neck of another, with a new Commiſſion

to my Lord of *Briſtol* immediately from his Majeſty, countermanding him to deliver the *Proxie* aforeſaid, until a full and abſolute ſatisfaction were had for the ſurrendry of the *Palatinate* under this Kings hand and Seal, in regard he deſir'd his Son ſhould be married to *Spain*, and his Son-in-Law re-married to the *Palatinate* at one time; hereupon all was daſht in pieces; and that frame which was rearing ſo many years, was ruin'd in a moment. This news ſtrook a damp in the Hearts of all People here, and they wiſh that the Poſtilions that brought it, had all broke their Necks in the way.

My Lord of *Briſtol* hereupon went to Court to acquaint the King with his new Commiſſion, and ſo propos'd the reſtitution of the *Palatinate*. The King anſwer'd, 'Twas none of his to give, 'tis true he had a few Towns there, but he held them as Commiſſioner only for the Emperour, and he could not Command an Emperour, yet if his Majeſty of Great *Britain* would put a Treaty a foot, he would ſend his own Ambaſſadors to joyn; In the interim, the Earl was commanded not to deliver the aforeſaid *Proxie* of the Prince, for the diſponſories or eſpouſal until *Chriſtmas*: (And herein it ſeems his Majeſty with you was not well inform'd, for thoſe powers of *Proxies* expir'd before) the King here ſaid further. That if his Unkle the Emperour, or the Duke of *Bavaria* would not be conformable to reaſon, he would raiſe as great an Army for the Prince *Palſgrave*, as he did under *Spinola* when he firſt invaded the *Palatinate*; and to ſecure this, he would engage his Contratation Houſe of the *Weſt-Indies*, with his Plate-Fleet, and give the moſt binding Inſtrument that could be under his Hand and Seal. But this gave no ſatisfaction, therefore my Lord of *Briſtol* I believe hath not long to ſtay here, for he is commanded to deliver no more *Letters* to the *Infanta*, nor demand any more Audience, and that ſhe ſhould be no more ſtiled Princeſs of *England*, or *Wales*. The aforeſaid Caution which this King offer'd to my Lord of *Briſtol*, made me think of what I read of his Grandfather *Philip* the Second, who having been married to our Queen *Mary*, and it being thought ſhe was with Child of him, and was accordingly prayed for at St. *Paul's-Croſs*, though it proved afterwards but a Tympany, King *Philip* propos'd to our Parliament, that they would paſs an Act that he might be Regent, during his or her Minority that ſhould be born, and he would give good Caution to ſurrender the Crown, when *He* or *She* ſhould come to Age: The motion was hotly canvaſs'd in the Houſe of Peers, and like to paſs, when the Lord *Paget* roſe up and ſaid, *I, but who ſhall ſue the King's Bond?* So the buſineſs was daſht. I have no more news to ſend you now, and I am ſorry I have ſo much, unleſs it were better; for we that

have

have buſineſs to negotiate here, are like to ſuffer much by this rupture: Welcome be the will of God, to whoſe benediction I commend you, and reſt,

Madrid, Aug. 25. 1623.

Your moſt humble Servitor,

J. H.

XXVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Clifford.

My good Lord,

THough this Court cannot afford now ſuch comfortable News, in relation to *England* as I could wiſh, yet ſuch as it is you ſhall receive. My Lord of *Briſtol* is preparing for *England*, I waited upon him lately when he went to take his leave at Court, the King waſhing his hands, took a Ring from off his own finger, and put it upon his, which was the greateſt Honour that ever he did any Ambaſſador as they ſay here; he gave him alſo a Cupbord of Plate, valued at 20000 Crowns: There was alſo large and high Promiſes made him, that in caſe he fear'd to fall upon any Rock in *England*, by reaſon of the power of thoſe who malign'd him, if he would ſtay in any of his Dominions, he would give him Means and Honour equal to the higheſt of his Enemies. The Earl did not only wave, but diſdain'd theſe Propoſitions made unto him by *Olivares*, and ſaid he was ſo confident of the King his Maſters Juſtice and high Judgment, and of his own Innocency, that he conceiv'd no Power could be able to do him hurt. There hath occurr'd nothing lately in this Court worth Adverriſement: They ſpeak much of the ſtrange carriage of the boyſterous Biſhop of *Halverſtadt*, (for ſo they term him here) that having taken a place, where there were two Monaſteries of Nuns and Fryers, he caus'd divers Feather-beds to be rip'd, and all the Feathers to be thrown in a great Hall, whither all the Nuns and Fryers were thruſt naked, with their Bodies Oyl'd and Pitch, and to tumble amongſt thoſe Feathers, which make them here Preſage him an ill Death. So I moſt affectionately kiſs your Hands, and reſt,

Your very humble Servitor,

Madrid, Aug. 26. 1623.

J. H.

XXIX.

To Sir John North.

Sir,

I Have many thanks to render you, for the favour you lately did to a Kinſman of mine, Mr. *Vaughan*, and for divers other, which I defer till I return to that Court, and that I hope will not be long. Touching the procedure of matters here, you ſhall underſtand, That my Lord *Aſton* had ſpecial Audience lately of the King of *Spain*, and afterwards preſented a Memorial, wherein there was a high complaint againſt the miſcarriage of the two *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadors now in *England*, the Marqueſs of *Inopiſa*, and *Don Carlos Coloma*, the Subſtance of it was, *That the ſaid Ambaſſadors in a private Audience, his Majeſty of Great* Britain *had given them, inform'd him of a pernicious Plot againſt his Perſon and Royal Authority*, which was, *That at the beginning of your now Parliament, the Duke of* Buckingham *with other his Complices often met, and conſulted in a Clandeſtine way, how to break the Treaty both of* Match *and* Palatinate: *And in caſe his Majeſty was unwilling thereunto, he ſhould have a Country-Houſe or two, to retire unto for his recreation and Health, in regard the Prince is now of Years and Judgment fit to Govern.* His Majeſty ſo reſented this, that the next day, *he ſent them many Thanks, for the care they had of him, and deſir'd them to perfect the whole Work, and now that they had detected the Treaſon, to diſcover alſo the Traytors; but they were ſhy in that point:* The King ſent again, *deſiring them to ſend him the Names of the Conſpirators in a Paper, ſeal'd up by one of their own Confidents, which he would receive with his own Hands, and no Soul ſhould ſee it elſe; adviſing them withal, that they ſhould not prefer this Diſcovery before their own Honours, to be accounted falſe Accuſers:* They replyed, *That they had done enough already, by inſtancing the Duke of* Buckingham, *and it might eaſily be gueſt who were his Confidents, and Creatures.* Hereupon his Majeſty put thoſe whom he had any grounds to ſuſpect to their Oaths: And afterward ſent my Lord *Conway*, and Sir *Francis Cottington*, to tell the Ambaſſadors, *That he had left no means unaſſai'd to diſcover the Conſpiration, that he had found upon Oath, ſuch a clearneſs of ingenuity in the Duke of* Buckingham, *that ſatisfied him of his Innocency: Therefore he had juſt cauſe to conceive that this information of theirs, proceeded rather from Malice, or ſome Political ends, then from Truth, and in regard they would not produce the Authours of ſo dangerous Treaſon, they made themſelves to be juſtly thought the Authours of it: And therefore though he might by his own Royal Juſtice,*

Juſtice, and the Law of Nations puniſh this exceſs and inſolence of theirs, and high wrong they had done to his beſt Servants, yea, to the Prince his Son, for through the ſides of the Duke they wounded him, in regard it was impoſſible that ſuch a deſign ſhould be attempted without his privity, yet he would not be his own Judge herein, but would refer them to the King their Maſter, whom he conceiv'd to be ſo juſt, that he doubted not but he would ſee him ſatisfied, and therefore he would ſend an Expreſs unto him hereabouts to demand Juſtice and reparation: This buſineſs is now in agitation, but we know not what will become of it. We are all here in a ſad diſconſolate condition, and the Merchants ſhake their heads up and down, out of an apprehenſion of ſome fearful War to follow: So I moſt affectionately kiſs your Hand and reſt,

Madrid, Aug. 26. 1623. *Your very humble and ready Servitor*, J. H.

XXX.

To Sir Kenelme Digby, *Knight.*

Sir,

YOU have had knowledge (none better) of the progreſſion and growings of the *Spaniſh* Match from time to time; I muſt acquaint you now with the Rupture and utter Diſſolution of it, which was not long a doing; for it was done in one Audience that my Lord of *Briſtol* had lately at Court, whence it may be inferr'd, that 'tis far more eaſie to pull down, than rear up; for that Structure which was ſo many years a rearing, was daſht as it were in a trice: Diſſolution goeth a faſter pace then Compoſition. And it may be ſaid, that the civil Actions of Men, ſpecially great affairs of Monarchs, (as this was) have much Analogie in degrees of Progreſſion, with the natural production of Man. To make Man there are many Acts muſt precced, firſt a Meering and Copulation of the Sexes, then Conception, which requires a well diſpoſed Womb to retain the Prolifical Seed, by the conſtriction and occluſion of the Orfiice of the Matrix, which Seed being firſt, and afterwards Cream, is by a gentle ebullition Coagulated, and turn'd into to a cruded Lump, which the Womb by Vertue of it's Natural Heat prepares to be capable to receive Form, and to be Organiz'd, whereupon Nature falls a Working, to delineate all the Members, beginning with thoſe that are moſt Noble; as the Heart, the Brain, the Liver, whereof *Galen* would have the Liver, which is the Shop and Source of the Blood, and *Ariſtotle* the Heart, to be the firſt fram'd, in regard 'tis *primum vivens, & ultimum moriens:* Nature continues in this Labour until a perfect ſhape

ſhape be introduc'd, and this is call'd Formation which is the third Act, and is a production of an organical Body out of the Spermatick Subſtance, caus'd by the plaſtick Vertue, of the Vital Spirits: And ſometimes this Act is finiſht thirty days after the Conception, ſometimes Fifty, but moſt commonly in Forty two or Forty five, and is ſooner done in the Male; this being done, the *Embryon* is animated with three Souls; the firſt with that of Plants, call'd the Vegetable Soul, then with a ſenſitive, which all bruit Animals have; and laſtly, the Rational Soul is infus'd, and theſe three in Man are like *Trigonus* in *Tetragono*, the two firſt are generated *ex Troduce*, from the Seed of the Parents, but the laſt is by immediate infuſion from God, and 'tis controverted 'twixt Philoſophers and Divines, whence this infuſion is made.

This is the fourth Act that goeth to make a Man, and is call'd *Animation:* And as the Naturaliſts allow *Animation* double the time that *Formation* had from the Conception, ſo they allow to the ripening of the *Embryo* in the Womb, and to the birth thereof treble the time that *Animation* had, which hapneth ſometimes in Nine, ſometimes in Ten Months: This Grand buſineſs of the *Spaniſh* Match, may be ſaid to have had degrees of Progreſſion; firſt there was a Meeting and Coupling on both ſides, for a *Junta* in *Spain*, and ſome ſelect Councellors of State were appointed in *England*; after the Conjunction the buſineſs was Conceiv'd, then it receiv'd Form, then Life, (though the quickning was ſlow) but having had near upon ten Years, in lieu of ten Months to be perfected, it was unfortunately ſtrangled, when it was ripe ready for Birth; and I would they had never been born that did it, for it is like to be out of my Way, 3000 l. And as the *Embryo* in the Womb is wrapt in three Membrances or Tunicles, ſo this great buſineſs, you know better then I, was involv'd in many difficulties, and dyed ſo intangled before it could break through them.

There is a buzz here of a Match 'twixt *England* and *France*; I pray God ſend it a ſpeedier *Formation* and *Animation* than this had, and that it may not prove an Abortive.

I ſend you herewith a *Letter* from the Paragon of the *Spaniſh* Court, *Donna Anna Maria Manrique*, the Duke of *Marquedas*'s Siſter, who reſpects you in a high Degree; ſhe told me this was the firſt *Letter* ſhe ever writ to Man in her Life, except the Duke her Brother, ſhe was much ſollicited to write to Mr. *Thomas Cary*, but ſhe would not. I did alſo your Meſſage to the *Marque ſad' Inojoſa* who put me to ſit a good while with her upon her *Eſtrado*, which was no ſimple Favour: You are much in both theſe Ladies Books, and much ſpoken of by divers others in this Court. I could not recover your Diamond Hatband, which the *Picaroon* ſnatch'd from you in the Coach, though I us'd all means poſſible,

as

as far as Book, Bell and Candle in point of Excommunication againſt the party, in all the Churches of *Madrid*, by which means you know divers things are recover'd. So I moſt affectionately kiſs your Hands, and reſt,

Poſt. *Yours of the* 2. *of* March *came to ſafe Hand.* Madrid.

Your moſt Faithful Servitor, J. H.

XXXI.

To my Couſin, Mr. J. Price, *(now Knight) at the* Middle-Temple. *From* Madrid.

COuſin, ſuffer my *Letter* to ſalute you firſt in this Diſtich,

A Thamiſi Tagus *quot levis flumine diſtat,*
Oſcula tot manibus porto, Pricæe, *tuis.*
As many Miles Thames *lies from* Tagus *Strands,*
I bring ſo many Kiſſes to thy Hands.

My dear Jack,

IN the large Regiſter or *Almanack* of my Friends in *England*, you are one of the chiefeſt *Red Letters*, you are one of my Feſtival Rubriques; for whenſoever you fall upon my Mind, or my Mind falls upon you, I keep Holy-day all the while, and this happens ſo often, that you leave me but few *Working-days* throughout the whole year, fewer than this Country affords, for in their *Calender* above five Months of the twelve are dedicated to ſome Saint or other, and kept Feſtival; a Religion that the *London*-Apprentices would like well.

I thank you for yours of the third Current, and the ample Relations you give me of *London* Occurrences, but principally for the powerful and ſweet aſſurances you give me of your Love, both in Verſe and Proſe. All buſineſs here are off the hinges; for one Audience of my Lord of *Briſtol* pull'd down what was ſo many Years a raiſing. And as *Thomas Aquinas* told an Artiſt of a coſtly curious Statue in *Rome*, that by ſome Accident while he was a trimming it, fell down and ſo broke to pieces, *Opus triginta annorum deſtruxiſti, Thou haſt deſtroy'd the Work of thirty Years*; ſo may be ſaid, that a Work near upon ten years, is now ſuddenly ſhatter'd to pieces. I hope by God's grace to be now ſpeedily in *England*, and to re-enjoy your moſt dear Society: In the mean time may all happineſs attend you.

Ad Literam.

Ocius ut grandire gradus oratio, poſſit
Proſa, tibi binos jungimus ecce pedes.
That in thy Journey thou may'ſt be more Fleet,
To my dull Proſe I add theſe Metric Feet.

Reſp.

Resp.

Ad mare cum venio quid agam? Repl. *tum præpete penna*
Te ferat, est lator nam levis Ignis, Amor.
But when I come to Sea how shall I shift?
Let Love *transport thee then for* Fire *is swift.*

March 30. *Your most Affectionate Cousin,*
1624. J. H.

XXXII.

To the Lord Vicount Colchester. *From* Madrid.

Right Honourable,

YOur Lordship's of the third Current, came to safe-Hand, and being now upon point of parting with this Court, I thought it worth the labour to send your Lordship a short Survey of the Monarchy of *Spain*, a bold Undertaking your Lordship will say, to comprehend within the narrow bounds of a *Letter* such a huge bulk, but as in the bos's of a small Diamond Ring, one may discern the Image of a mighty Mountain, so I will endeavour that your Lordship may behold the Power of this great King in this Paper.

Spain *hath been always esteem'd a Country of ancient Renown, and as it is incident to all other, she hath had her Vicissitudes, and turns of Fortune: She hath been thrice o'recome; by the* Romans, *by the* Goths, *and by the* Moors: *The middle Conquest continueth to this day; for this King and most of the Nobility, profess themselves to have descended of the* Goths; *the* Moors *kept here about seven hundred Years, and it is a remarkable Story how they got in first, which was thus upon good Record: There Reign'd in* Spain, Don Rodrigo, *who kept his Court then at* Malaga; *He employ'd the Conde* Don Julian *Ambassador to* Barbary, *who had a Daughter, (a young Beautiful Lady) that was Maid of Honour to the Queen: The King spying her one day refreshing her self under an Arbor, fell enamour'd with her, and never left till he had deflowered her: She resenting much the dishonour, writ a Letter to her Father in* Barbary *under this Allegory,* That there was a fair green Apple upon the Table, and the King's Poignard fell upon't and cleft it in two. Don Julian *apprehending the meaning, got* Letters *of Revocation, and came back to* Spain, *where he so complied with the King, that he became his Favourite: Amongst other things he advis'd the King, That in regard he was now in Peace with all the World, he would dismiss his Gallies and Garrisons that were up and down the Sea-Coasts, because it was a superfluous Charge. This being done, and the Country left open to any Invader, he prevail'd with the King to have leave to go with his Lady to see their Friends in* Tarragona, *which was* 300 *Miles off:*

Having

Having been there a while, his Lady made ſemblance to be Sick, and ſo ſent to Petition the King, that her Daughter Donna Cava *(whom they had left at Court to ſatiate the King's Luſt) might come to comfort her a while;* Cava *came, and the Gate through which ſhe went forth, is call'd after her Name to this day in* Malaga: Don Julian *having all his chief Kindred there, he ſail'd over to* Barbary, *and afterwards brought over the King of* Morocco, *and others with an Army, who ſuddenly invaded* Spain, *lying Armleſs and Open, and ſo Conquer'd it.* Don Rodrigo *Dyed gallantly in the Field, but what became of* Don Julian, *who for a particular revenge betrayed his own Country, no Story makes mention. A few years before this happen'd,* Rodrigo *came to* Toledo, *where under the great Church there was a Vault with huge Iron Doors, and none of his Predeceſſors durſt open it, becauſe there was an old Propheſie,* That when that Vault was open'd, *Spain* ſhould be Conquer'd: Rodrigo *ſlighting the Propheſie, caus'd the Doors to be broke open, hoping to find there ſome Treaſure; but when he entred, there was nothing found but the Pictures of* Moors, *of ſuch men that a little after fulfilled the Propheſie.*

Yet this laſt Conqueſt of Spain *was not perfect, for divers parts Northweſt kept ſtill under Chriſtian Kings, ſpecially* Biſcay, *which was never Conquer'd, as* Wales *in* Britanny; *and the* Biſcayners *have much Analogy with the* Welſh *in divers things: They retain to this day the Original Language of* Spain, *they are the moſt Mountainous People, and they are reputed the ancienteſt Gentry; ſo that when any is to take the Order of Knighthood, there are no Inquiſitors appointed to find whether he be clear of the Blood of the* Moors *as in other places. The King when he comes upon the Confines, pulls off one Shooe before he can tread upon any* Biſcay *ground: And he hath good reaſon to eſteem that Province, in regard of divers advantages he hath by it; for he hath his beſt Timber to build Ships, his beſt Marines, and all his Iron thence.*

There were divers bloody Battels, 'twixt the Remnant of Chriſtians, and the Moors, *for ſeven hundred years together, and the* Spaniards *getting ground more and more, drive them at laſt to* Granada, *and thence alſo in the time of* Ferdinand *and* Iſabella, *quite over to* Barbary: *Their laſt King was* Chico, *who when he fled from* Granada *Crying and weeping, the People upbraided him,* That he might well weep like a Woman, who could not defend himſelf and them like a Man: *(this was that* Ferdinand *who obtain'd from* Rome, *the Title of* Catholick, *though ſome Stories ſay, that many ages before,* Ricaredus *the firſt Orthodox King of the* Goths, *was ſtil'd* Catholicus *in a Provincial Synod held at* Toledo, *which was continued by* Alphonſus *the Firſt, and then made Hereditary by this* Ferdinand) *The abſolute Conqueſt of the* Moors *hapned about*

bout Henry *the Seventh's time, when the foreſaid* Ferdinand *and* Iſabella *had by Alliance joyn'd* Caſtile *and* Aragon, *which with the Diſcovery of the* Weſt-Indies, *which happen'd a little after, was the firſt Foundation of that Greatneſs, whereunto* Spain *is now Mounted. Afterwards there was an Alliance with* Burgundy *and* Auſtria; *by the Firſt Houſe the Seventeen* Provinces *fell to* Spain, *by the Second* Charles *the Fifth came to be Emperour: And remarkable it is how the Houſe of* Auſtria *came to that height, from a mean Earl; the Earl of* Hasburg *in* Germany, *who having been one day a Hunting, he overtook a Prieſt, who had been with the Sacrament to viſit a poor ſick Body; the Prieſt being tyr'd, the Earl lighted off his Horſe, help't up the Prieſt, and ſo waited upon him a Foot all the while, till he brought him to the Church: The Prieſt giving him his Benediction at his going away, told him,* That for this great Act of Humility and Piety, His Race ſhould be one of the greateſt that ever the World had; *and ever ſince, which is ſome* 240 *Years ago, the Empire hath continued in that Houſe, which afterwards was call'd the Houſe of* Auſtria.

In Philip *the Second's time, the* Spaniſh *Monarchy came to its higheſt Cumble, by the Conqueſt of* Portugal, *whereby the* Eaſt-Indies, *ſundry Iſlands in the* Atlantick *Sea, and divers places in* Barbary *were added to the Crown of* Spain. *By theſe ſteps this Crown came to this Grandeur; and truly give the* Spaniard *his due, he is a mighty Monarch, he hath Dominions in all parts of the World (which none of the four Monarchies had) both in* Europe, Aſia, Africa, *and* America, *(which he hath ſolely to himſelf) though our* Henry *the Seventh had the firſt proffer made him: So the Sun ſhines all the four and twenty hours of the natural day upon ſome part or other of his Countreys, for part of the* Antipodes *are ſubject to him. He hath eight Viceroys in* Europe, *two in the* Eaſt-Indies, *two in the* Weſt, *two in* Africk, *and about Thirty Provincial Soveraign Commanders more; yet as I was told lately, in a diſcourſe 'twixt him and our Prince at his being here, when the Prince fell to magnifie his ſpacious Dominions, the King anſwer'd,* Sir, 'tis true, it hath pleaſed God to truſt me with divers Nations and Countries, but of all theſe there are but two which yield me any clear Revenues, *viz. Spain,* and my *Weſt-Indies,* nor all *Spain* neither, but *Caſtile* only, the reſt do ſcarce quit Coſt, for all is drunk up 'twixt Governours and Garriſons; yet my advantage is to have the opportunity to propagate Chriſtian Religion, and to employ my Subjects. *For the laſt, it muſt be granted that no Prince hath better means to breed brave men, and more variety of Commands to heighten their Spirits with no Petty but Princely Employments.*

This King beſides hath other means to oblige the Gentry unto him, by ſuch a huge number of Commendams, *which he hath in his Gift*

to

to beſtow on whom he pleaſes of any of the three Orders of Knighthood; which England *and* France *want. Some noble men in* Spain *can deſpend* 50000 l. *ſome Forty, ſome Thirty, and divers twenty thouſand Pounds* per annum. *The Church here is exceeding Rich both in Revenues, Plate, and Buildings; one cannot go to the meaneſt Country Chappel, but he will find Chalices, Lamps and Candleſticks of Silver. There are ſome Biſhopricks of* 30000 l. per annum, *and divers of* 10000 l. *and* Toledo *is* 100000 l. *Yearly Revenue. As the Church is rich, ſo it is mightily reverenced here, and very powerful, which made* Philip *the Second rather depend upon the Clergy than the Secular Power. Therefore I do not ſee how* Spain *can be call'd a poor Countrey, conſidering the Revenues aforeſaid of Princes and Prelates; nor is it thin of People as the World makes it, and one reaſon may be that there are ſixteen Univerſities in* Spain, *and in one of theſe, there were fifteen thouſand Students at one time, when I was there, I mean* Salamanca, *and in this Village of* Madrid *(for the King of* Spain *cannot keep his conſtant Court in any City) there are ordinarily* 600000 *Souls. 'Tis true that the Colonizing of the* Indies, *and the Wars of* Flanders *have much drain'd this Country of People: Since the expulſion of the* Moors, *it is alſo grown thinner, and not ſo full of Corn; for thoſe* Moors *would grub up Wheat out of the top of the craggy Hills, yet they us'd another Grain for their Bread, ſo that the Spaniard had nought elſe to do but go with his Aſs to the Market, and buy Corn of the* Moors. *There liv'd here alſo in times paſt a great number of* Jews, *till they were expell'd by* Ferdinand, *and as I have read in an old* Spaniſh *Legend, the cauſe was this; the King had a young Prince to his Son, who was us'd to play with a* Jewiſh *Doctor, that was about the Court, who had a Ball of Gold in a ſtring hanging down his Breaſt, the little Prince one day ſnatch'd away the ſaid Golden Ball, and carried it to the next Room, the Ball being hollow, open'd, and within there was painted our Saviour kiſſing a* Jew's *Tail: Hereupon they were all ſuddenly diſterr'd and exterminated, yet I believe in* Portugal *there lurks yet good ſtore of them.*

For the Soil of Spain, *the fruitfulneſs of their Valleys recompences the ſterility of their Hills, Corn is their greateſt want, and want of Rain is the cauſe of that, which makes them have need of their Neighbours; yet as much as* Spain *bears is paſſing good, and ſo is every thing elſe for the quality, nor hath any one a better Horſe under him, a better Cloak on his Back, a better Sword by his Side, better Shooes on his Feet, than the* Spaniard, *nor doth any drink better Wine, or eat better Fruit than he, nor Fleſh for the quantity.*

Touching the People, the Spaniards *looks as high, though not ſo big as a* German, *his exceſs is in too much Gravity, which ſome who know him not well, hold to be a Pride, he cares not how little he labours,*

for

for poor Gaſcons *and* Moriſco *Slaves do moſt of his Work in field and vineyard, he can endure much in the war, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open day, or upon a ſtage, that all the world might be witneſſes of his valour, ſo that you ſhall ſeldom hear of* Spaniards *employed in night ſervice; nor ſhall one hear of a Duel here in an age; He hath one good quality, That he is wonderfully obedient to Government; for the proudeſt* Don *of* Spain *when he is prancing upon his Ginet in the ſtreet, if an* Alguazil *(a Sergeant) ſhew him his* Vare, *that is a little white Staff he carrieth as a badge of his Office; my* Don *will down preſently off his horſe, and yield himſelf his priſoner. He hath another commendable quality, that when he giveth Alms, he pulls off his Hat, and puts it in the beggars hand with a great deal of humility, his gravity is much leſſened ſince the late Proclamation came out againſt ruffs, and the King himſelf ſhewed the firſt example, they were come to that height of exceſs herein, that twenty ſhillings uſed to be paid for ſtarching a ruff, and ſome, though perhaps he never had a ſhirt to his back, yet would he have a toting huge ſwelling ruff about his neck. He is ſparing in his ordinary diet, but when he makes a feaſt he is free and bountiful. As to Temporal Authority, ſpecially Martial, ſo is he very obedient to the Church, and believes all with an implicit Faith: he is a great ſervant of Ladies, nor can he be blam'd, for as I ſaid before, he comes of a* Gotiſh *race; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad his doings that way, but is exceedingly careful of the repute of any woman, (A civility that we much want in* England.) *He will ſpeak high words of* Don Philippo *his King, but will not endure a ſtranger ſhould do ſo: I have heard a* Biſcayner *make a* Rodomantado, *that he was as good a Gentleman as* Don Philippo *himſelf, for* Don Philippo *was half a* Spaniard, *half a* German, *half an* Italian, *half a* Frenchman, *half I know not what, but he was a pure* Biſcayner, *without mixture. The* Spaniard *is not ſo ſmooth and oyly in his Complement as the* Italian, *and though he will make ſtrong proteſtations, yet he will not ſwear out Complements like the* French *and* Engliſh, *as I heard when my Lord of* Carlile *was Ambaſſador in* France, *there came a great Monſieur to ſee him, and having a long time bandied, and ſworn Complements one to another who ſhould go firſt out at a door, at laſt my Lord of* Carlile *ſaid,* O Monſeigneur aycz pitie de mon ame, *O my Lord have pity upon my Soul.*

The Spaniard *is generally given to Gaming, and that in exceſs; he will ſay his prayers before, and if he win he will thank God for his good fortune after; their common game at Cards (for they very ſeldom play at Dice) is* Primera, *at which the King never ſhews his game but throws his cards with their faces down on the table: he is a Merchant of all the cards and dice through all the Kingdom, he hath them made for a penny a pair, and he retails them for twelve pence;*

ſo

so that 'tis thought he hath 30000 l. *a year by this trick at Cards. The* Spaniard *is very devout in his way, for I have seen him kneel in the very* Dirt, *when the* Ave-Mary *Bell Rings: And some if they spy two straws or sticks lye cross-wise in the Street, they will take them up and kiss them, and lay them down again. He walks as if he marcht, and seldom looks on the ground, as if he contemned it. I was told of a* Spaniard *who having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his Nose, rose up, and in a disdainful manner said,* Voto a tal esto es caminar por la tierra; This it is to walk upon Earth. *The* Labradors *and Country Swains here are sturdy and rational men, nothing so simple or servile as the* French Peasant, *who is born in Chains. 'Tis true, the* Spaniard *is not so conversable as other Nations; (unless he hath Travelled) else he is like* Mars *among the Planets, impatient of* Conjunction: *Nor is he so free in his Gifts and Rewards: As the last Summer it happen'd that Count* Gondamar, *with Sir* Francis Cottington *went to see a curious House of the Constable of* Castiles, *which had been newly built here; the keeper of the House was very officious to shew him every Room, with the Garden, Grotha's, and Aqueducts, and presented him with some Fruit;* Gondamar *having been a long time in the House, coming out, put many Complements of Thanks upon the man, and so was going away; Sir* Francis *whisper'd him in the Ear, and ask'd him whether he would give the man any thing that took such pains?* Oh, *quoth* Gondamar, well remembred, *Don Francisco,* have you ever a double Pistol about you? if you have, you may give it him, and then you pay him after the *English* manner, I have paid him already after the *Spanish. The* Spaniard *is much improv'd in Policy, since he took footing in* Italy, *and there is no Nation agrees with him better. I will conclude this Character with a saying that he hath.*

No ay hombre debaxo d'el sol,
Como el *Italiano* y el *Espanol.*

Whereunto a French-man *answered.*

Dizes la verdad y tienes razon,
El uno es puto, el otro *ladron.*

Englished thus:

Beneath the Sun there's no such Man,
As is the *Spaniard* and *Italian.*
The French-man *Answers.*
Thou tell'st the truth, and reason hast,
The first's a *Thief,* a *Buggerer* the last.

Touching their Women, Nature hath made a more visible distinction 'twixt the two Sexes here, than else-where, for the Men, for the most part, are Swarthy and Rough, but the Women are of a far finer Mould, they are commonly little; and whereas there is a saying that makes a compleat Woman, let her be English *to the Neck,* French *to the Wast, and* Dutch *below; I may add, for Hands and Feet, let her be* Spanish, *for they have the least of any. They have another saying, a* French-Woman *in a Dance, a* Dutch-Woman *in the Kitchin, an* Italian *in a Window, an* English-Woman *at Board, and the* Spanish-Woman *a Bed. When they are married they have a Priviledge to wear high Shooes, and to Paint, which is generally practised here, and the Queen useth it her self. They are Coy enough, but not so froward as our* English, *for if a Lady go along the Street, (and all women going here valed and their Habit so generally alike, one can hardly distinguish a Countess from a Cobler's Wife) if one should cast out an odd ill sounding word, and ask her a favour, she will not take it ill, but put it off, and answer you with some witty retort. After thirty they are commonly past Child-bearing, and I have seen Women in* England *look as youthful at Fifty, as some here at Twenty five. Money will do Miracles here in purchasing the favour of Ladies, or any thing else, though this be the Country of Money for it furnishes well near all the World besides; yea, their very Enemies, as the* Turk *and* Hollander; *insomuch, that one may say the Coin of* Spain *is as* Catholick *as her King. Yet though he be the greatest King of Gold and Silver Mines in the World, (I think) yet the Common currant Coin here is Copper, and herein I believe the* Hollander *hath done him more mischief by counterfeiting his Copper Coyns, than by their Arms, bringing it in by strange surreptitious Ways, as in hollow Sows of Tin and Lead, hollow Masts, in pitcht Buckets under Water, and other ways. But I fear to be injurious to this great King, to speak of him in so narrow a Compass, a great King indeed, though the* French *in a slighting way, compare his Monarchy to a* Beggars Cloak made up *of Patches; They are Patches indeed, but such as he had not the like: The* East-Indies *is a Patch embroyder'd with Pearl, Rubies, and Diamonds:* Peru *is a Patch embroyder'd with Massy Gold.* Mexico *with Silver,* Naples *and* Millain *are Patches of Cloth of Tissue, and if these Patches were in one piece, what would become of his Cloak embroyder'd with* Flower-de-luce?

So desiring your Lordship to pardon this poor imperfect Paper, considering the high quality of the Subject, I rest,

Madrid, 1 Feb. 1623

Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

To Mr. Walſingham Greſly. *From* Madrid.

Don Balthaſar,

I Thank you for your *Letter* in my Lord's laſt Packet, wherein among other paſſages, you write unto me the Circumſtances of Marqueſs *Spinola*'s raiſing his Leaguer, by ſlatting and firing his Works, before *Bergben.* He is much tax'd here, to have attempted it, and to have buried ſo much of the King's Treaſure before that Town, in ſuch coſtly Trenches: A Gentleman came hither lately, who was at the Siege all the while, and he told me one ſtrange paſſage, how Sir *Ferdinando Cary* a huge Corpulent Knight, was ſhot through his Body, the Bullet entring at the Navel, and coming out at his Back, kill'd his Man behind him, yet he lives ſtill, and is like to recover: With this miraculous Accident, he told me alſo a merry own, how a Captain that had a Wooden Leg booted over, had it ſhatter'd to pieces by a Canon-Bullet, his Souldiers crying out *a Surgeon, a Surgeon for the Captain*; *No, no,* ſaid he, *a Carpenter, a Carpenter will ſerve the turn:* To this pleaſant Tale, I'le add another, that happen'd lately in *Alcala* hard by, of a *Dominican* Fryer, who in a Solemn Proceſſion which was held there upon *Aſcenſion* day laſt, had his Stones dangling under his Habit, cut off inſtead of his Pocket, by a Cut-purſe.

Before you return hither, which I underſtand will be ſpeedily, I pray beſtow a Viſit on our Friends in *Biſhops-gate-ſtreet:* So I am,

Your faithful Servitor,

3 *Feb.* 1623. J. H.

XXXIV.

To Sir Robert Napier, *Knight, at his Houſe in* Biſhops-gate-ſtreet. *From* Madrid.

Sir,

THE late breach of the Match, hath broke the neck of all buſineſſes here, and mine ſuffers as much as any: I had acceſs lately to *Olivares*, once or twice, I had Audience alſo of the King, to whom I preſented a Memorial that intimated *Letters* of Mart; unleſs ſatisfaction were had from his Vice-roy, the *Conde del Real*; the King gave me a gracious Anſwer, but *Olivares* a churliſh one, viz. *That when the* Spaniards *had Juſtice in* England, *we ſhould*

have Juſtice here: So that notwithſtanding I have brought it to the higheſt point and pitch of perfection in Law that could be, and procur'd ſome Diſpatches, the like whereof were never granted in this Court before, yet I am in deſpair now to do any good: I hope to be ſhortly in *England*, by God's grace, to give you and the reſt of the Proprietaries, a punctual account of all things: And you may eaſily conceive how ſorry I am, that matters ſucceeded not according to your expectation, and my endeavours: But I hope you are none of thoſe that meaſure things by the Event. The Earl of *Briſtol*, Count *Gondamar*, and my Lord Ambaſſador *Aton*, did not only do Courteſies, but they did Co-operate with me in it, and contributed their utmoſt endeavours. So I reſt,

Madrid, 19 *Feb.* *Yours to ſerve you,*

J. H.

XXXV.

To Mr. A. S. *in* Alicant.

MUch endeared Sir; *Fire* you know is the common Emblem of *Love*: But without any diſparagement to ſo noble a *Paſſion*, methinks it might be alſo compar'd to *Tinder*, and *Letters* are the proper'ſt matter whereof to make this *Tinder*: *Letters* again are fitteſt to kindle, and re-accend this *Tinder*, they may ſerve both for Flint, Steel, and Match. This *Letter* of mine comes therefore of ſet purpoſe to ſtrike ſome ſparkles into yours, that it may glow and burn, and receive Ignition, and not be dead, as it hath done a great while: I make my Pen to ſerve for an Inſtrument to ſtir the Cinders, wherewith your old *Love* to me hath been cover'd a long time, therefore I pray let no *couvrez feu* Bell, have power hereafter to rake up, and choak with the aſhes of Oblivion, that clear Flame, wherewith our affections did uſe to ſparkle ſo long by correſpondence of *Letters*, and other offices of *Love*.

I think I ſhall ſojourn yet in this Court theſe three Months; for I will not give over this great buſineſs, while there is the leaſt breath of hope remaining.

I know you have choice matters of Intelligence ſometimes from thence, therefore I pray impart ſome unto us, and you ſhall not fail to know how matters paſs here weekly. So with my *beſa manos* to *Franciſco Imperial*, I reſt,

Madrid, 5 Mar. 1623. *Yours moſt affectionately to ſerve you,*

J. H.

XXXVI. *To*

XXXVI.

To the Honourable Sir T. S. *at* Tower-hill.

Sir,

I Was yesterday at the *Escurial* to see the Monastery of St. *Lawrence*, the Eighth Wonder of the World; and truly considering the Sight of the Place, the State of the Thing, the Symmetry of the Structure, with divers other Rarities, it may be call'd so; for what I have seen in *Italy*, and other places, are but Bables to it. It is built amongst a Company of craggy barren Hills, which makes the Air hungryer, and wholsomer; it is all built of Free-stone and Marble, and that with such Solidity and moderate height, that surely *Philip* the Second's chief design was to make a Sacrifice of it to Eternity, and to contest with the Meteors and *Time* it self. It cost Eight Millions, it was Twenty four years a Building, and the Founder himself saw it finish'd, and enjoyed it twelve years after, and carried his Bones himself thither to be Buried.

The reason that mov'd King *Philip* to wast so much Treasure, was a Vow he had made at the Battel of Saint *Quentin*, where he was forc'd to batter a Monastery of Saint *Lawrence* Friers, and if he had the Victory, he would Erect such a Monastery to Saint *Lawrence*, that the World had not the like; therefore the Form of it is like a Grid-Iron, the Handle is a huge Royal Palace, and the Body a vast Monastery or Assembly of Quadrangular Cloysters, for there are as many as there be Months in the Year. There be a hundred Monks, and every one hath his Man and his Mule, and a multitude of Officers; besides there are three Libraries there, full of the choicest Books for all Sciences; It is beyond expression, what Grots, Gardens, Walks, and Aqueducts there are there, and what curious Fountains in the upper Cloysters, for ther be two Stages of Cloysters. In fine, there is nothing that's Vulgar there. To take a view of every Room in the House, one must make account to go ten Miles; there is a Vault call'd the *Pantheon* under the highest Altar, which is all Pav'd, Wall'd, and Arch'd with Marble; there be a number of huge Silver Candlesticks, taller than I am; Lamps three yards compass, and divers Chalices and Crosses of Massy Gold: There is one Quire made all of burnish'd Brass: Pictures and Statues like Giants, and a World of glorious Things that purely ravish'd me. By this mighty Monument, it may be inferr'd, that *Philip* the Second, though he was a little Man, yet had he vast Gigantick thoughts in him, to leave such a huge Pile for Posterity to gaze

upon; and admire his Memory: No more now, but that I reſt,

Madrid, Mar. 9. 1623. *Yours moſt humble Servitor*, J. H.

XXXVII.

To the Lord Vicount Colcheſter. *From* Madrid.

My Lord,

YOU writ to me not long ſince, to ſend you an account of the Duke of *Oſſuna*'s Death, a little man, but of great Fame and Fortunes, and much cried up, and known up and down the World. He was revok'd from being Vice-roy of *Naples* (the beſt employment the King of *Spain* hath for a Subject) upon ſome diſguſt: And being come to this Court, when he was brought to give an account of his Government, being troubled with the Gout, he carried his Sword in his Hand inſtead of a Staff; the King miſliking the manner of his poſture, turn'd his back to him, and ſo went away; thereupon he was overheard to mutter, *Eſto es para ſervir muchachos*; *This it is to ſerve Boys:* This coming to the Kings Ear, he was apprehended, and committed Priſoner to a Monaſtery not far off, where he continued ſome years, until his Beard came to his Girdle, then growing very ill, he was permitted to come to his Houſe in this Town, being carried in a Bed upon Men's ſhoulders, and ſo dyed ſome years ago. There were divers Accuſations againſt him, among the reſt, I remember theſe, *That he had kept the Marqueſs* de Campolataros *Wife, ſending her Husband out of the way upon Employment. That he had got a Baſtard of a* Turkiſh *Woman, and ſuffer'd the Child to be brought up in the* Mahumetan *Religion, that being one day at High Maſs, when the Hoſt was Elevated, he drew out of his Pocket a piece of Gold, and held it up, intimating that that was his God. That he had invited ſome of the prime Courtiſans of* Naples *to a Feaſt, and after Dinner made a Banquet for them in his Garden, where he commanded them to ſtrip themſelves ſtark naked, and go up and down; while he ſhot Sugar-plumbs at them out of a Trunk, which they were to take up from off their Chapins*, and ſuch like extravagancies. One (amongſt divers other) witty paſſage was told me of him, which was, *That when he was Vice-roy of* Sicily, *there dyed a great rich Duke, who left but one Son, whom with his whole Eſtate, he bequeath'd to the Tutule of the Jeſuits, and the words of the Will were*, When he is paſt his Minority (Darete al mio figlivo lo quelque voi volete) you ſhall give my Son what you will. It ſeems the Jeſuits took to themſelves two parts of three of the eſtate, and gave the reſt to the Heir, the

youn

young Duke complaining hereof to the Duke of *Oſſuna* (then Vice-roy) he commanded the Jeſuits to appear before him, he ask'd them how much of the Eſtate they would have, they anſwer'd, two parts of three, which they had almoſt employed already to build Monaſteries, and an Hoſpital, to erect particular Altars, and Maſſes, to ſing Dirges and Refrigerium; for the Soul of the deceaſed Duke: Hereupon the Duke of *Oſſuna* caus'd the Will to be produc'd, and found therein the words afore-recited, *When he is paſt his Minority, you ſhall give my Son of my Eſtate, what you Will*; then he told the Jeſuits, you muſt by Vertue and Tenour of theſe Words, give *what you will* to the Son, which by your own confeſſion is two parts of three: And ſo he determin'd the buſineſs.

Thus have I in part ſatisfied your Lordſhip's deſire, which I ſhall do more amply, when I ſhall be made happy to attend you in perſon, which I hope will be e're it be long: In the interim I take my leave of you from *Spain*, and reſt

Your Lordſhip's moſt ready and humble Servitor,

Madrid, 13 Mar. 1623.

J. H.

XXXVIII.

To Simon Digby, *Eſq;*

Sir,

I Thank you for the ſeveral ſorts of *Cyphers* you ſent me to write by, which were very choice ones and curious. *Cryptology*, or Epiſtolizing in a Clandeſtine way, is very ancient: I read in *A. Gellius*, that *C. Cæſar* in his Letters to *Cajus Oppius*, and *Balbus Cornelius*, who were two of the greateſt confident's in managing his private affairs, did write in Cyphers by a various tranſportation of the Alphabet; whereof *Probus Grammaticus de occulta literarum ſignificatione Epiſtolarum C. Cæſaris*, writes a curious Commentary: But methinks, that certain kind of Hieroglyphicks, the Cœleſtial Signs, the ſeven Planets, and other Conſtellations, might make a curious kind of *Cypher*, as I will more particularly demonſtrate unto you in a Scheme, when I ſhall be made happy with your converſation. So I reſt,

Your aſſured Servitor,

Madrid, Mar. 15. 1623.

J. H.

XXXIX.

To Sir James Crofts. *From* Bilboa.

Sir,

BEing ſafely come to the *Marine*, in Convoy of his Majeſties Jewels, and being to ſojourn here ſome days, the conveniency of this Gentleman (who knows, and much honoureth you) he being to ride Poſt through *France*, invited me to ſend you this.

We were but five Horſemen in all our ſeven days Journey, from *Madrid* hither, and the charge Mr. *Wiches* had, is valued at four hundred thouſand Crowns; but 'tis ſuch ſafe travelling in *Spain*, that one may carry Gold in the palm of his hand, the Government is ſo good. When we had gain'd *Biſcay* ground, we paſt one day through a Forreſt, and lighting off our Mules, to take a little repaſt under a Tree, we took down our *Alforjas*, and ſome Bottles of Wine, (and you know 'tis ordinary here to ride with ones Victuals about him) but as we were eating, we ſpyed two huge Wolves, who ſtar'd upon us a while, but had the good manners to go away: It put me in mind of a pleaſant tale I heard Sir *Thomas Fairfax* relate of a Souldier in *Ireland*, who having got his Paſsport to go for *England*, as he paſt through a Wood with his Knapſack upon his Back, being weary, he ſate down under a Tree, where he open'd his Knapſack, and fell to ſome Victuals he had; but upon a ſudden he was ſurpriz'd with two or three Wolves, who coming towards him, he threw them ſcraps of Bread and Cheeſe, till all was done; then the Wolves making a nearer approach unto him, he knew not what ſhift to make, but by taking a pair of Bag-pipes which he had, and as ſoon as he began to play upon them, the Wolves ran all away, as if they had been ſcar'd out of their Wits; whereupon the Souldier ſaid, *A pox take you all, if I had known you had lov'd Muſick ſo well, you ſhould have had it before Dinner.*

If there be a lodging void at the three *Halbards-heads*, I pray be pleaſed to cauſe it to be reſerv'd for me. So I reſt,

Your humble Servitor,

Bilboa, Sept. 6. 1624.

J. H.

Familiar

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION IV.

I.

To my Father. From London.

Sir,

I Am newly return'd from *Spain*, I came over in Convoy of the Prince's Jewels, for which, one of the Ships Royal with the Catch, were ſent under the Command of Captain *Love*: We landed at *Plymouth*, whence I came by Poſt to *Theobalds* in leſs then two nights and a day, to bring his Majeſty news of their ſafe Arrival. The Prince had newly got a fall off a Horſe, and kept his Chamber, the Jewels were valued at above a hundred thouſand pounds; ſome of them a little before the Prince's departure had been preſented to the *Infanta*, but ſhe waving to receive them, yet with a civil Complement, they were left in the hands of one of the Secretaries of State, for her uſe upon the Wedding-day; and it was no unworthy thing in the *Spaniard* to deliver them back, notwithſtanding that the Treaties both of *Match* and *Palatinate*, had been diſſolv'd a pretty while before, by Act of Parliament, that a War was threatned, and Ambaſſadours revok'd. There were Jewels alſo amongſt them to be preſented to the King and Queen of *Spain*, to moſt of the Ladies of Honour, and the Grandees. There was a great Table Diamond for *Olivarts* of 18 Carrats Weight; but the richeſt of all was to the *Infanta* her ſelf, which was a Chain of great Orient Pearl, to the number of 276. weighing nine Ounces. The *Spaniards* notwithſtanding they are the Maſters of the Staple of Jewels, ſtood aſtoniſh'd at the Beauty of theſe, and confeſs'd themſelves to be put down.

Touching the employment, upon which I went to *Spain*, I had my charges born all the while, and that was all; had it taken effect, I had made a good buſineſs of it; but 'tis no wonder (nor can it be I hope any diſrepute unto me) that I could not bring to paſs what three Ambaſſadors could not do before me.

I am now caſting about for another Fortune, and ſome hopes I have of employment about the Duke of *Buckingham*, he ſways more than ever; for whereas he was before a Favorite to the King, he is now Favourite to Parliament, Peop'e, and City, for breaking

ing the Match with *Spain:* Touching his own Intereſt, he had reaſon to do it, for the *Spaniards* love him not: But whether the publick Intereſt of the State will ſuffer in it, or no, I dare not determine; for my part, I hold the *Spaniſh* Match to be better than their Powder, and their Wares better than their Wars; and I ſhall be ever of that mind, *That no Country is able to do* England *leſs hurt, and more good then* Spain, conſidering the large Trafick and Treaſure that is to be got thereby.

I ſhall continue to give you an account of my courſes when opportunity ſerves, and to diſpoſe of matters ſo that I may attend you this Summer in the Countrey: So deſiring ſtill your Bleſſing and Prayers, I reſt,

London, Decemb. 10. 1624. *Your dutiful Son,* J. H.

II.

To R. Brown, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir,

THere is no Seed ſo fruitful as that of *Love:* I do not mean that groſs Carnal *Love*, which propagates the World, but that which *preſerves* it, to wit, Seeds of *Friendſhip*, which hath little Commerce with the Body, but is a thing Divine and Spiritual: There cannot be a more pregnant proof hereof, then thoſe Seeds of *Love*, which I have long ſince caſt into your Breaſt, which have thriven ſo well, and in that Exuberance, that they have been more fruitful unto me, then that Field in *Sicily*, called *Le trecente cariche*, *The Field of three hundred Loads*, ſo call'd, becauſe it returns the Sower three hundred for one yearly. So plentiful hath your *Love* been unto me, but amongſt other ſweet Fruits it hath born, thoſe precious *Letters* which you have ſent me from time to time, both at home and abroad, are none of the leaſt value: I did always hugg and highly eſteem them, and you in them, for they yielded me both Profit and Pleaſure.

That Seed which you have alſo ſown in me, hath fructified ſomething, but it hath not been able to make you ſuch rich returns, nor afford ſo plentiful a Crop, yet I dare ſay, this Crop how thin ſoever, was pure and free from Tares, from Cockle or Darnle, from flatttery for alſhood, and what it ſhall produce hereafter, ſhall be ſo? Nor ſhall any injury of the Heavens, as Tempeſts, or Thunder and Lightning (I mean no croſs or affliction whatſoever) be able to blaſt and ſmut it, or hinder it to grow up, and fructifie ſtill.

This

This is the third time God Almighty hath been pleas'd to bring me back to the ſweet boſom of my dear Country, from beyond the Seas; I have been already comforted with the ſight of many of my choice Friends, but I miſs you extreamly, therefore I pray make haſte, for *London* ſtreets, which you and I have trod together ſo often, will prove tedious to me elſe. Amongſt other things, *Black-Friars* will entertain you with a Play *ſpick and ſpan new*, and the *Cock-pit* with another: Nor I believe after ſo long abſence, will it be an unpleaſing object for you to ſee,

London, Jan. 20. 1624. *Your* J. H.

III.

To the Lord Vicount Colcheſter.

Right Honourable,

MY laſt to your Lordſhip was in *Italian*, with the *Venetian Gazetta* inclos'd. Count *Mansfelt* is upon point of parting, having obtain'd it ſeems the ſum of his deſires, he was lodged all the while in the ſame Quarter of Saint *James*'s, which was appointed for the *Infanta*, he ſupp'd yeſterday night with the Council of War, and he hath a grant of 12000 Men, *Engliſh* and *Scots*, whom he will have ready in the Body of an Army, againſt the next Spring; and they ſay, that *England*, *France*, *Venice*, and *Savoy*, do contribute for the maintenance thereof, 60000 pound a Month; there can be no conjecture, much leſs any judgment made yet of his deſign; moſt think it will be for relieving *Breda*, which is ſtraightly begirt by *Spinola*, who gives out, that he hath her already, as a Bird in the Cage, and will have her maugre all the oppoſition of Chriſtendom; yet there is freſh news come over, that Prince *Maurice* hath got on the back of him, and hath beleagur'd him, as he hath done the Town, which I want faith to believe yet, in regard of the huge Circuit of *Spinola*'s Works, for his Circumvallations are cry'd up to be near upon twenty Miles. But while the *Spaniard* is ſpending Millions here for getting ſmall Towns, the *Hollander* gets Kingdoms of him elſewhere; he hath invaded and taken lately from the *Portugal*, part of *Brazil*, a rich Country for Sugars, Cottons, Balſams, Dying-wood, and divers Commodities beſides.

The Treaty of Marriage 'twixt our Prince, and the youngeſt Daughter of *France*, goes on apace, and my Lord of *Carlile*, and *Holland*, are in *Paris* about it; we ſhall ſee now what difference there is 'twixt the *French* and *Spaniſh* pace: The two *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadors, have been gone hence long ſince; they ſay, that they are

are both in Priſon, one in *Burgos* in *Spain*, the other in *Flanders*, for the ſcandalous Information they made here againſt the Duke of *Buckingham*, about which the day before their departure hence, they deſir'd to have one private audience more, but his Majeſty denyed them; I believe they will not continue long in diſgrace, for matters grow daily worſe and worſe 'twixt us and *Spain*: For divers *Letters* of Mart are granted our Merchants, and *Letters* of Mart are commonly the Fore-runners of a War: Yet they ſay *Gondamar* will be on his way hither again, about the *Palatinate*; for the King of *Denmark* appears now in his Niece's quarrel, and Arms apace.

No more now, but that I kiſs your Lordſhip's Hands, and reſt,

Lond. 5 Feb. 1624. *Your moſt humble and ready Servitor,* J. H.

IV.

To my Couſin Mr. Rowland Guin.

Couſin,

I Was lately ſorry, and I was lately glad, that I heard you were ill, that I heard you are well.

Your affectionate Couſin,

J. H.

V.

To Thomas Jones, *Eſq;*

Tom,

IF you are in health, 'tis well, we are here all ſo; and we ſhould be better, had we your Company: Therefore I pray leave the ſmutty Air of *London*, and come hither to breath ſweeter, where you may pluck a Roſe, and drink a Cillibub.

Kentis, June 1. 1625. *Your faithful Friend,* J. H.

VI.

To D. C.

THE Bearer hereof hath no other Errand, but to know how you do in the Country, and this Paper is his Credential *Letter*, therefore I pray haſten his diſpatch, and if you pleaſe ſend him

him back like the man in the Moon, with a Basket of your Fruit on his Back.

London, this Aug. 10. 1624. *Your true Friend,* J. H.

VII.

To my Father. From London.

Sir,

I Receiv'd yours of the third of *February*, by the hands of my Cousin *Thomas Guin* of *Trecastle*.

It was my Fortune to be on *Sunday* was fortnight at *Theobalds*, where his late Majesty King *James* departed this Life, and went to his last rest upon the day of rest, presently after Sermon was done: A little before the break of day, he sent for the Prince, who rose out of his Bed, and came in his Night-Gown; the King seem'd to have some earnest thing to say unto him, and so endeavour'd to rowze himself upon his Pillow, but his Spirits were so spent, that he had not strength to make his words audible. He died of a Fever, which began with an Ague, and some *Scotch* Doctors, mutter at a Plaister the Countess of *Buckingham* applied to the outside of his Stomach: 'Tis thought the last breach of the Match with *Spain*, which for so many years he had so vehemently desir'd, took too deep an impression in him, and that he was forc'd to rush into a War, now in his declining Age, having liv'd in a continual uninterrupted Peace his whole Life, except some collateral Aids he had sent his Son-in-Law: As soon as he expir'd, the Privy Council sate, and in less then a quarter of an hour, King *Charles* was proclaim'd at *Theobalds* Court-Gate, by Sir *Edward Zouch*, *Knight Marshal*, Master Secretary *Conway* dictating unto him, *That whereas it had pleas'd God to take to his Mercy our most Gracious Soveraign King* James *of famous Memory, We Proclaim Prince* Charles, *His rightful and indubitable Heir, to be King of* England, Scotland, France, *and* Ireland, *&c.* The Knight Marshal mistook, saying, *His rightful and dubitable Heir*, but he was rectified by the Secretary. This being done, I took my Horse instantly, and came to *London* first, except one, who was come a little before me; insomuch, that I found the Gates shut. His now Majesty took Coach, and the Duke of *Buckingham* with him, and came to Saint *James*'s; in the Evening he was Proclaim'd at *White-Hall* Gate, in *Cheapside* and other Places, in a sad shower of Rain; and the Weather was suitable to the condition wherein he finds the Kingdom which is Cloudy; for he is left ingag'd in a War with a Potent Prince, the People by long desuetude unapt for Arms, the Fleet-Royal in quarter repair, himself

ſelf without a Queen, his Siſter without a Countrey, the Crown pitifully laden with Debts, and the Purſe of the State lightly ballaſted, though it never had better opportunity to be Rich, than it had this laſt twenty years: But, God Almighty, I hope, will make him emerge, and pull this Iſland out of all theſe Plunges, and preſerve us from worſer Times.

The Plague is begun in *White-Chappel*, and as they ſay in the ſame Houſe, at the ſame day of the Month, with the ſame number that died twenty two years ſince, when Queen *Elizabeth* departed.

There are great preparations for the Funeral, and there is a deſign to buy all the Cloth for Mourning, White, and then to put it to the Dyers in Groſs, which is like to ſave the Crown a good deal of Money, the *Drapers* murmur extreamly at the Lord *Cranfield* for it.

I am not ſetled yet in any ſtable Condition, but I lie Windbound at the *Cape of good Hope*, expecting ſome gentle Gale to launch out into an Employment.

So with my Love to all my Brothers and Siſters at the *Bryn*, and near *Brecknock*, I humbly crave a continuance of your Prayers, and Bleſſing to

London, Decemb. 11. 1625. *Your dutiful Son,* J. H.

VIII.

To Dr. Prichard.

Sir,

SInce I was beholden to you, for your many favours in *Oxford*, I have not heard from you (*ne gry quidem*) I pray let the wonted Correſpondence be now reviv'd, and receive new Vigor between us.

My Lord Chancellor *Bacon*, is lately dead of a long languiſhing Weakneſs, he died ſo poor, ſo that he ſcarce left Money to bury him, which though he had a great Wit, did argue no great Wiſdom, it being one of the eſſential properties of a wiſe Man to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it hath been the fortunes of all Poets commonly to die Beggars; but for an Orator, a Lawyer, and Philoſopher, as he was, to die ſo, 'tis Rare. It ſeems the ſame Fate befel him, that attended *Demoſthenes*, *Seneca*, and *Cicero* (all great men) of whom, the two firſt fell by *Corruption*; the faireſt Diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of Fortune, as alſo out of an exceſs of generoſity, which appear'd as in

in divers other paſſages, ſo once when the King had ſent him a Stag, he ſent up for the Under-keeper, and having drunk the King's Health unto him, in a great Silver gilt-bowl, he gave it him for his Fee.

He writ a pitiful *Letter* to King *James*, not long before his Death, and concludes, *Help me dear Soveraign Lord and Maſter, and pity me ſo far, that I, who have been born to a Bag, be not now in my Age forc'd in effect to bear a Wallet, nor I that deſire to live to ſtudy, may be driven to ſtudy to live:* which words, in my Opinion, argueth a little abjection of Spirit, as his former *Letter* to the Prince did of Prophaneneſs, wherein, *he hoped that as the Father was his Creator, the Son will be his Redeemer.* I write not this to derogate from the noble Worth of the Lord Viſcount *Verulam*, who was a rare Man, a man *Reconditæ ſcientiæ, & ad ſalutem literarum natus*, and I think the Eloquenteſt that was born in this Iſle. They ſay he ſhall be the laſt Lord Chancellor, as Sir *Edward Coke* was the laſt Lord Chief Juſtice of *England*; for ever ſince they have been term'd Lord Chief Juſtices of the Kings-Bench, ſo hereafter they ſhall be only *Keepers* of the great Seal, which for Title and Office, are depoſable; but they ſay the Lord *Chancellors* Title is indelible.

I was lately at *Grays-Inn* with Sir *Eubule*, and he deſir'd me to remember him unto you, as I do alſo ſalute *Meum* Prichardum *ex imis* præcordiis, *Vale* καφαλὴ μοι περιπειλεχτέτη.

London, Jan. 6. 1625. *Your moſt Affectionately while*, J. H.

IX.

To my well beloved Couſin, Mr. T. V.

Couſin,

YOU have a great work in hand, for you write unto me, that you are upon a treaty of Marriage; a great work indeed, and a work of ſuch conſequence, that it may *make* you, or *mar* you; it may make the whole remainder of your Life uncouch, or comfortable to you, for of all civil Actions that are incident to man, there's not any that tends more to his infelicity or happineſs; therefore it concerns you not to be over-haſty herein, not to take the *Ball before the bound*; you muſt be cautious how you thruſt your Neck into ſuch a Yoke, whence you will never have power to withdraw it again; for the *Tongue* uſeth to tye ſo hard a knot, that the *Teeth* can never untye, no nor *Alexander*'s Sword can cut aſunder among us Chriſtians. If you are reſolv'd to Marry, *Chooſe where you love, and reſolve to love your Choice*; let *Love* rather than *Lucre*, be

be your Guide in this Election, though a concurrence of both be good, yet for my part, I had rather the latter ſhould be wanting than the firſt, the one is the Pilate, but the other the Ballaſt of the Ship which ſhould carry us to the *Harbour* of a happy Life: if you are bent to Wed, I wiſh you anothergets Wife then *Socrates* had; who when ſhe had ſcoulded him out of doors, as he was going through the Portal, threw a Chamber-pot of ſtale Urine upon his head, whereat the Philoſopher having been ſilent all the while, ſmilingly ſaid, *I thought after ſo much Thunder we ſhould have Rain*; And as I wiſh you may not light upon ſuch a *Zantippe*, (as the wiſeſt Men have had ill luck in this kind, as I could inſtance in two of our moſt eminent Lawyers, *C. B.*) ſo I pray that God may deliver you from a Wife of ſuch a generation, that *Strowd* our *Cook* here at *Weſtminſter* ſaid his Wife was of, who, when (out of a miſlike of the Preacher) he had on a *Sunday* in the afternoon gone out of the Church to a Tavern, and returning towards the evening pretty well heated with Canary, to look to his Roaſt, and his Wife falling to read him a loud Leſſon in ſo furious a manner, as if ſhe would have baſted him, inſtead of the Mutton, and amongſt other Revellings, telling him often, *That the Devil, the Devil would fetch him:* At laſt he broke out of a long ſilence, and told her. *I prithee good Wife hold thy ſelf content, for I know the Devil will do me no hurt, for I have married his Kinſwoman.* If you light upon ſuch a Wife, (a Wife that hath more bone than fleſh) I wiſh you may have the ſame meaſure of patience, that *Socrates* and *Strowd* had, to ſuffer the *Gray Mare* ſometimes to be the *better Horſe.* I remember a French Proverb;

La Maiſon eſt miſerabile & Meſchante
Au la Poule plus haut que le Coc chante.

That Houſe doth every Day more wretched grow,
Where the Hen lowder than the Cock doth Crow.

Yet we have another Engliſh Proverb almoſt counter to this, *That it is better to marry a Shrew than a Sheep*; for though ſilence be the dumb Orator of Beauty, and the beſt Ornament of a Woman, yet a Phlegmatic dull Wife is fulſom and faſtidious.

Excuſe me Couſin, that I jeſt with you in ſo ſerious a buſineſs: I know you need no counſel of mine herein: you are diſcreet enough of your ſelf; nor, I preſume, do you want advice of Parents, which by all means muſt go along with you. So wiſhing you all conjugal joy, and a happy *contarreation*, I reſt,

London, Feb. 4. 1635. *Your Affectionate Couſin,*
J. H.

X.

To my noble Lord, the Lord Clifford. *From* London.

My Lord,

THE Duke of *Buckingham* is lately return'd from *Holland*, having renewed the peace with the States, and Articled with them for a continuation of some Naval Forces, for an Expedition against *Spain*, as also having taken up some Monies upon private Jewels (not any of the Crowns) and lastly, having comforted the Lady *Elizabeth* for the decease of his late Majesty her Father, and of Prince *Frederick* her eldest Son, whose disastrous manner of Death, amongst the rest of her sad Afflictions, is not the least: For passing over *Haerlem Mere*, an huge Inland Lough, in Company of his Father, who had been in *Amsterdam*, to look how his Bank of Money did thrive, and coming (for more frugality) in the common Boat, which was o'reset with Merchandize, and other passengers, in a thick Fog, the Vessel turn'd o're, and so many perish'd, the Prince *Palsgrave* sav'd himself by Swimming, but the young Prince clinging to the Mast, and being entangled among the Tackling, was half drown'd, and half frozen to Death: A sad Destiny.

There is an open rupture 'twixt us and the *Spaniard*, though he gives out, that he never broke with us to this day: Count *Gondamar* was on his way to *Flanders*, and thence to *England*, (as they say) with a large Commission to treat for a Surrender of the *Palatinate*, and so to piece matters together again, but he dyed in the Journey, at a place called *Bunnol*, of pure apprehensions of Grief, it is given out.

The Match 'twixt his Majesty and the Lady *Henrietta Maria*, youngest Daughter to *Henry* the Great, (the eldest being Married to the King of *Spain*, and the second to the Duke of *Savoy*) goes roundly on, and is in a manner concluded; whereat the Count of *Soissons* is much discontented, who gave himself hopes to have her, but the hand of Heaven hath predestin'd her for a far higher condition.

The *French* Ambassadors who were sent hither to conclude the business, having private audience of his late Majesty a little before his death, he told them pleasantly, *That he would make War against the Lady* Henrietta, *because she would not receive the two* Letters *which were sent her, one from himself and the other from his Son, but sent them to her Mother; yet he thought he should easily make Peace with her, because he understood she had afterwards put the latter* Letter *in her Bosom, and the first in her Cushionet, where-*

by he gather'd, that ſhe intended to reſerve his Son for her Affection, and him for Counſel.

The Biſhop of *Lucon*, now Cardinal *de Richelieu*, is grown to be the ſole Favourite of the King of *France*, being brought in by the Queen Mother, he hath been very active in advancing the Match; but 'tis thought the Wars will break out afreſh againſt them of the Religion, notwithſtanding the ill Fortune the King had before *Montauban*, few years ſince, where he loſt above 500 of his Nobles, whereof the Great Duke of *Main* was one, and having lain in Perſon before the Town many Months, and receiv'd ſome affronts, as that Inſcription upon their Gates ſhews, *Roy ſans joy, ville ſans peu; A King without Faith, a Town without Fear*, yet he was forc'd to raiſe his Works, and raiſe his Siege.

The *Letter* which Mr. *Elias Hicks*, brought them of *Montauban*, from *Rochel*, through ſo much Danger, and with ſo much Gallantry, was an infinite advantage unto them; for whereas there was a Politick report rais'd in the King's Army, and blown into *Montauban*, that *Rochel* was yielded to the Count of *Soiſſons*, who lay then before her, this *Letter* did inform the contrary, and that *Rochel* was in as good plight as ever: Whereupon, they made a Sally the next day upon the King's Forces, and did him a great deal of Spoil.

There be Summons out for a Parliament, I pray God it may prove more proſperous than the former.

I have been lately recommended to the Duke of *Buckingham*, by ſome Noble Friends of mine, that hath intimacy with him; about whom, though he hath three Secretaries already, I hope to have ſome employment; for I am weary of walking up and down ſo Idly, upon *London* ſtreets.

The Plague begins to rage mightily, God avert his Judgments, that menaces ſo great a Mortality, and turn not away his Face from this poor Iſland: So I kiſs your Lordſhip's Hand, in quality of

London, 25. *Feb.* 1625. *Your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servitor*, J. H.

XI.

To Richard Altham, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

THE Eccho wants but a *Face*, and the Looking-glaſs a *Voice*, to make them both living Creatures, and to become the ſame Bodies they repreſent; the one by repercuſſion of Sound, the other by reflection of Sight: Your moſt ingenious *Letters* to me from time

to

to time, do far more lively repreſent you, then either Eccho or Cryſtal can do; I mean, they repreſent the better and Nobler part of you, to wit, the inward Man, they clearly ſet forth the notions of your Mind, and the Motions of your Soul, with the ſtrength of your imagination; for as I know your exteriour Perſon, by your *Lineaments*; ſo I know you as well inwardly by your *Lines*, and by thoſe lively expreſſions you give of your ſelf; inſomuch, that I believe, if the interiour man within you were ſo viſible as the outward (as once *Plato* wiſh'd, that Vertue might be ſeen with the corporeal eyes) you would draw all the World after you; or if your well-born thoughts, and the words of your *Letters* were echo'd in any place, where they might rebound, and be made audible, they are compos'd of ſuch ſweet and charming Strains of Ingenuity and Eloquence, that all the *Nymphs* of the Woods and the Valleys, the *Driades*; yea, the *Graces* and *Muſes*, would pitch their Pavilions there; nay, *Apollo* himſelf would dwell longer in that place with his Rays, and make them reverberate more ſtrongly, than either upon *Pindus*, or *Parnaſſus*, or *Rhodes* it ſelf, whence he never removes his Eye, as long as he is above this Hemiſphere. I confeſs my *Letters* to you, which I ſend by way of correſpondence, come far ſhort of ſuch Vertue, yet are they the true *Ideas* of my Mind, and of that real and inbred Affection I bear you; one ſhould never teach his *Letters* or his *Laquey* to lie, I obſerve that rule: But beſides my *Letters*, I could wiſh there were a Cryſtal Caſement in my Breaſt, thorough which you might behold the motions of my Heart.

——— *Utinamque oculos in pectore poſſes inſerere*, then ſhould you clearly ſee without any deception of ſight, how truly I am, and how intirely

27 *of* Febr. 1625. *Yours*,

J. H.

And to anſwer you in the ſame Strain of Verſe you ſent me:

Firſt, *Shall the Heavens bright Lamp forget to ſhine,*
The Stars ſhall from the Azur'd skie decline;
Firſt, *Shall the Orient with the* Weſt *ſhake hand,*
The Center of the World ſhall ceaſe to ſtand:
Firſt, *Wolves ſhall league with Lambs, the Dolphins flie,*
The Lawyer and Phyſitian Fees deny,
The Thames *with* Tagus *ſhall exchange her Bed,*
My Miſtreſs Locks with mine, ſhall firſt turn Red:
Firſt, *Heaven ſhall lie below, and Hell* above,
E're I inconſtant to my Altham *prove.*

XII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord of Calingford, *after Earl of* Carberry, *at* Golden-Grove. 28 *May*, 1625.

My Lord,

WE have gallant news now abroad, for we are ſure to have a new Queen e're it be long; both the Contract and Marriage was lately ſolemniz'd in *France*, the one the ſecond of this Month in the *Louvre*, the other the eleventh day following, in the great Church of *Paris*, by the Cardinal of *Rochefoucand*; there was ſome claſhing 'twixt him, and the Archbiſhop of *Paris*, who alledg'd 'twas his duty to officiate in that Church; but the Dignity of Cardinal, and the quality of his Office, being the King's great Almoner, which makes him chief Curate of the Court, gave him the Prerogative. I doubt not but your Lordſhip hath heard of the Capitulations, but for better aſſurance, I will run them over briefly.

The King of France *oblig'd himſelf to procure the Diſpenſation, the Marriage ſhould be celebrated in the ſame Form as that of Queen* Margaret, *and of the Dutcheſs of* Bar; *her Dowry ſhould be* 800000 *Crowns, ſix Shillings a piece, the one Moity to be payed the day of the Contract, the other a Twelvemonth after. The Queen ſhall have a Chappel in all the King's Royal Houſes, and any where elſe, where ſhe ſhall reſide within the Dominions of his Majeſty of Great* Britain, *with free exerciſe of the* Roman *Religion, for her ſelf, her Officers, and all her Houſhold, for the Celebration of the Maſs, the Predication of the Word, Adminiſtration of the Sacraments, and power to procure Indulgences from the Holy Father. That to this end, ſhe ſhall be allowed* 28 *Prieſts, or Eccleſiaſticks in her Houſe, and a Biſhop in quality of Almoner, who ſhall have Juriſdiction over all the reſt, and that none of the King's Officers ſhall have power over them, unleſs in caſe of Treaſon; therefore all her Eccleſiaſticks ſhall take the Oath of Fidelity, to his Majeſty of Great* Britain; *there ſhall be a Cymetier or Church-yard clos'd about, to bury thoſe of her Family; that in conſideration of this Marriage, all* Engliſh *Catholicks, as well Eccleſiaſticks as Lay, which ſhall be in any Priſon meerly for Religion, ſince the laſt Edict, ſhall be ſet at Liberty.*

This is the Eighth Alliance we have had with *France*, ſince the Conqueſt, and as it is the beſt that could be made in Chriſtendom, ſo I hope it will prove the happieſt. So I kiſs your Hands, being

Lond. Mar. 1. 1625.

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servitor,

J. H.

XIII. *To*

XIII.

To the Honourable Sir Tho. Savage.

Sir,

I Convers'd lately with a Gentleman that came from *France*, who amongst other things discours'd much of the favorite *Richelieu*, who is like to be an active Man, and hath great Designs. The two first things he did, was to make sure of *England*, and the *Hollander*; he thinks to have us safe enough by this Marriage, and *Holland* by a late League, which was bought with a great sum of Mony; for he hath furnish'd the *States* with a Million of Livres, at two Shillings a piece in present, and six hundred thousand Livres every Year of these two that are to come; provided, that the *States* repay these Sums two years after they are in Peace or Truce. The King press'd much for liberty of Conscience to *Roman* Catholicks amongst them, and the Deputies promis'd to do all they could with the *States* General about it; they Articled likewise for the *French* to be associated with them in the Trade to the *Indies*.

Monsieur is lately married to *Mary* of *Bourbon* the Duke of *Monpensier*'s Daughter, he told her, *That he would be a better Husband, than he had been a Sutor to her*; for he hung off a good while: This Marriage was made by the King, and *Monsieur* hath for his Apennage 100000 Livres, annual Rent from *Chartres* and *Blois*, 100000 Livres Pension, and 500000 to be charg'd yearly upon the general Receipts of *Orleans*, in all about 70000 Pounds. There was much ado before this Match could be brought about, for there were many Opposers, and there be dark Whispers, that there was a deep Plot to confine the King to a Monastery, and that *Monsieur* should govern; and divers great Ones have suffered for it, and more are like to be discover'd, So I take my leave for present, and rest,

London, Mar. 10. 1626. *Your very humble and ready Servitor*, J. H.

XIV.

To the Lady Jane Savage, *Marchioness of* Wincheſter.

Excellent Lady,

I may say of your Grace, as it was said once of a rare *Italian* Princess, that you are the greatest *Tyrant* in the World, because you make all those that see you, your *Slaves*, much more them that

know you, I mean thoſe that are acquainted with your inward diſpoſition, and with the *Faculties* of your Soul, as well as the *Phiſnomy* of your Face; for *Vertue* took as much pains to adorn the one, as *Nature* did to perfect the other; I have had the happineſs to know both, when your Grace took pleaſure to learn *Spaniſh*, at which time, when my betters far had offer'd their Service in this kind, I had the honour to be commanded by you often. He that hath as much Experience of you, as I have had, will confeſs, that the *Handmaid* of God Almighty was never ſo prodigal of her gifts to any, or labour'd more to frame an exact model of Female perfection; nor was dame *Nature* only buſied in this Work, but all the *Graces* did conſult and co-operate with her, and they waſted ſo much of their Treaſure to enrich this one piece, that it may be a good reaſon why ſo many lame and defective fragments of Women-kind are daily thruſt into the World.

I return you here inclos'd the Sonnet, your Grace pleas'd to ſend me lately, rendred into *Spaniſh*, and fitted for the ſame Air it had in *Engliſh*, both for Cadence, and number of Feet: With it I ſend my moſt humble thanks, that your Grace would deſcend to command me in any thing that might conduce to your contentment and ſervice; for there is nothing I deſire with a greater Ambition (and herein I have all the World my *Rival*) than to be accounted.

Madam,

Your Graces moſt humble and ready Servitor,

London, March 15. 1625.

J. H.

XV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Clifford.

My Lord,

I Pray be pleas'd to diſpence with this flowneſs of mine, in anſwering yours of the firſt of this preſent.

Touching the domeſtic Occurrences; the Gentleman who is Bearer hereof, is more capable to give you account by *Diſcourſe*, than I can in *Paper*.

For Forraign Tidings, your Lordſhip may underſtand, that the Town of *Breda* hath been a good while making her laſt Will and Teſtament, but now there is certain News come, that ſhe hath yielded up the Ghoſt to *Spinola*'s hands, after a tough Siege of Thirteen Months, and a Circumvallation of near upon Twenty Miles compaſs.

My Lord of *Southampton* and his eldeſt Son ſickned at the Siege, and

and died at *Berghen*; the adventurous Earl *Henry* of *Oxford*, ſeeming to tax the Prince of *Orange* of ſlackneſs to Fight, was ſet upon a deſperate Work, where he melted his Greaſe, and ſo being carried to the *Hague*, he died alſo: I doubt not but you have heard of Grave *Maurice*'s Death, which happen'd when the Town was paſs'd Cure, which was *His* more than the *States*, for he was Marqueſs of *Breda*, and had near upon thirty thouſand Dollars annual Rent from her: therefore he ſeem'd in a kind of ſympathy to ſicken with his Town, and died before her. He had provided plentifully for all his Natural Children; but could not, though much importun'd by Doctor *Roſcus*, and other Divines upon his Death-bed, be induc'd to make them Legitimate by Marrying the Mother of them, for the Law there is, That if one hath got Children of any Woman, though unmarried to her, yet, if he marry her never ſo little before his Death, he makes her honeſt, and them all Legitimate; but it ſeems the Prince poſtpos'd the Love he bore to his *Woman and Children*, to that which he bore to his Brother *Henry*; for had he made the Children Legitimate, it had prejudic'd the Brother in point of Command and Fortunes: yet, he he had provided very plentifully for them and the Mother.

Grave *Henry* hath ſucceeded him in all things, and is a gallant Gentleman, of a *French* Education and Temper; he charg'd him at his death to marry a young Lady, the Count of *Solms* Daughter attending the Queen of *Bohemia*, whom he had long Courted, which is thought will take ſpeedy effect.

When the Siege before *Breda* had grown hot, Sir *Edward Vere* being one day attending Prince *Maurice*, he pointed at a riſing place call'd *Terbay*, where the Enemy had built a Fort, (which might have been prevented) Sir *Edward* told him, *he fear'd that Fort would be the cauſe of the loſs of the Town:* The *Grave* ſpatter'd and *ſhook* his head, ſaying, *'Twas the greateſt Error he had committed ſince he knew what belong'd to a Soldier; as alſo in managing the Plot for ſurprizing of the Cittadel of* Antwerp, *for he repented that he had not imployed* Engliſh *and* French *in lieu of the ſlow Dutch, who aim'd to have the ſole honour of it, and were not ſo fit Inſtruments for ſuch a nimble piece of Service.* As ſoon as Sir *Charles Morgan* gave up the Town, *Spinola* caus'd a new Gate to be erected with this Inſcription in great Golden Characters.

Philippo *quarto regnante*,
Clara Eugenia Iſabella *gubernante*,
Ambroſio Spinola *obſidente*,
Quatuor Regibus contra conantibus
Breda *Capta fuit idibus*, &c.

'Tis thought *Spinola* now, that he hath recover'd the honor he had

had loſt before *Bergben op Zoom* three years ſince, will not long ſtay in *Flanders*, but retire.

No more now, but that I am reſolv'd to continue ever,

London, Mar. 19. 1626. *Your Lordſhips moſt humble Servitor*, J. H.

XVI.

To Mr. R. Sc. *at* York.

Sir,

I Sent you one of the third Current, but 'twas not anſwer'd; I ſent another of the thirteenth, like a ſecond Arrow, to find out the firſt, but I know not what's become of either; I ſend this to find out the other two, and if this fail, there ſhall go no more out of my Quiver: If you forget me; I have cauſe to complain, and more, if you remember me, to forget, may proceed from the frailty of memory, not to anſwer me when you mind me, is pure neglect and no leſs than a piacle. So I reſt

Yours, eaſily to be recover'd, J. H.

Ira furor brevis eſt, brevis eſt mea litera, cogor,
Ira correptus, corripuiſſe ſtylum.

London, 19. *of* July, *the firſt of the Dog-daies*, 1626.

XVII.

To Dr. Field, *Lord Biſhop of* Landaff.

My Lord,

I Send you my humble thanks, for thoſe worthy Hoſpitable favours you were pleas'd to give me at your Lodgings in *Weſtminſter*. I had yours of the fifth of this preſent, by the hands of Mr. *Jonathan Field*. The News which fills every corner of the *Town* at this time, is, The ſorry and unſucceſsful return that *Wimbledon*'s Fleet hath made from *Spain*: It was a Fleet that deſerv'd to have had a better Deſtiny, conſidering the ſtrength of it, and the huge charge the Crown was at: for beſides, a Squadron of ſixteen *Hollanders*, whereof Count *William*, one of Prince *Maurice's* natural Sons was Admiral, there were above Fourſcore of ours, the greateſt joynt Naval Power (of Ships without Gallies) that ever ſpread Sail upon Salt-water, which makes the World abroad to ſtand aſtoniſh'd how ſo huge a Fleet could be ſo ſuddenly made ready. The ſinking of the long *Robin* with 176 Souls in her, in the Bay of *Biſcay*, e're ſhe had gone half the Voyage, was no good augury; and the Critics of the time ſay, there were many other things that promis'd no good Fortune to this Fleet? beſides, they would point at

divers

divers Errors committed in the Conduct of the main Design; first, the odd Choice that was made of the Admiral, who was a meer Land-man, which made the Sea-men much slight him, it belonging properly to Sir *Robert Mansell*, Vice-Admiral of *England*, to have gone, in case the High Admiral went not; then they spake of the certainty of the Enterprize, and that no place was pitch'd upon to be invaded, till they came to the height of the South Cape, and to sight of Shore, where the Lord *Wimbledon* first call'd a Counsel of War, wherein, some would be for *Malaga*, others for St. *Mary-Port*, others for *Gibralter*, but most for *Cales*, and while they were thus consulting, the Countrey had an Alarm given them. Add hereunto the blazing abroad of this expedition, e're the Fleet went out of the Downs, for *Mercurius Gallobelgicus* had it in Print, that it was for the Streights mouth; *Now 'tis a Rule, That great Designs of State should be Mysteries, till they come to the very act of Performance, and then they should turn to Exploits:* Moreover, when the local Attempt was resolv'd on, there were seven Ships (by the Advice of one Captain *Love*) suffer'd to go up the River, which might have been easily taken, and being Rich, 'tis thought they would have defrayed well near the charge of our Fleet, which Ships did much infest us afterwards with their Ordinance, when we had taken the Fort of *Pontal*: Moreover, the disorderly Carriage and excess of our Land-men (whereof there were 10000) when they were put a shore, who broke into the *Fryers* Caves, and other Cellars of sweet Wines, where many hundred of them being surpriz'd, and found dead drunk, the *Spaniards* came and tear off their Ears, and Noses, and pluck'd out their Eyes: And I was told of one merry Fellow escaping, That kill'd an Ass for a Buck: Lastly, it is laid to the Admirals Charge, that my Lord *de la Ware*'s Ship being infected, he should give order, that the Sick Men should be scatter'd into divers Ships, which dispers'd the Contagion exceedingly, so that some Thousands died before the Fleet return'd, which was done in a confus'd manner, without any observance of Sea-orders: Yet I do not hear of any that will be punish'd for these miscarriages which will make the dishonour fall more fouly upon the State; but the most inforutnate passage of all, was, That though we did nothing by Land, that was considerable, yet, if we had stay'd but a day or two longer, and spent time at Sea, the whole Fleet of Galeons, and *Nova Hispania*, had fain into our mouths, which came presently in, close along the Coasts of *Barbary*, and in all likelihood we might have had the opportunity to have taken the richest Prize that ever was taken on Salt-water. Add hereunto, that while we were thus Masters of those Seas, a Fleet of fifty Sail of *Brasil* Men got safe into *Lisbon*, with four of the Richest *Caracks* that ever came from the *East-Indies*.

I heard my Lord of St. *Davids*, is to be remov'd to *Bath* and *Wells*, and it were worth your Lordſhips coming up, to endeavour the ſucceeding of him. So I humbly reſt

Your Lordſhips moſt ready Servitor,

London, 20. Novemb. 1626. J. H.

XVIII.

To my Lord Duke of Buckingham's *Grace at* New-Market.

MAY it pleaſe your Grace to peruſe, and pardon theſe few Advertiſements, which I would not dare to preſent, had I not hopes, that the goodneſs which is concomitant with your Greatneſs, would make them Venial.

My Lord, a Parliament is at hand, the laſt was *Boiſterous*, God grant that this may prove more *Calm*: A Rumour runs, that there are Clouds already ingendred, which will break out into a Storm, in the *lower Region*, and moſt of the Drops are like to fall upon your Grace: This, though it be but vulgar Aſtrology, is not altogether to be contemn'd, though I believe that his Majeſties Countenance reflecting ſo ſtrongly upon your Grace, with the brightneſs of your own Innocency, may be able to diſpel and ſcatter them to nothing.

My Lord, you are a great Prince, and all Eyes are upon your Actions, this makes you more ſubject to Envy, which like the Sun Beams, beats always upon riſing Grounds. I know, your Grace hath many ſage and ſolid Heads about you; yet, I truſt it will prove no Offence, if out of the late relation I have to your Grace, by the recommendation of ſuch noble Perſonages, I put in alſo my Mite.

My Lord, under favour, it were not amiſs if your Grace would be pleaſed to part with ſome of thoſe places you hold, which have leaſt relation to the Court, and it would take away the Mutterings that run of Multiplicity of Offices, and in my ſhallow apprehenſion, your Grace might ſtand more firm without an *Anchor*: The Office of High Admiral in theſe times of Action, requires one whole Man to execute it, your Grace hath another Sea of buſineſſes to wade through, and the voluntary reſigning of this Office would fill all Men, yea, even your Enemies, with Admiration and Affection, and make you more a Prince, than detract from your Greatneſs: If any ill Succeſſes happen at Sea (as that of the Lord *Wimbledons* lately) or if there be any murmur for Pay, your Grace will be free from all Imputation, beſides, it will afford your Grace

Grace more leasure to look into your own Affairs, which lie confus'd and unsetled: Lastly, (which is not the least thing) this Act will be so plausible, that it may much advantage His Majesty in point of Subsidy.

Secondly, it were expedient (under Correction) that your Grace would be pleas'd to allot some set hours for Audience and access of Sutors, and it would be less cumber to your Self, and your Servants, and give more content to the World, which often mutters for difficulty of Access.

Lastly, it were not amiss, that your Grace would settle a standing Mansion-house and Family, that Sutors may know whither to repair constantly, and that your Servants every one in his place, might know what belongs to his place, and attend accordingly; for though Confusion in a great Family, carry a kind of state with it, yet, Order and Regularity gains a greater Opinion of Vertue and Wisdom. I know your Grace doth not (nor needs not) affect popularity: It is true, that the peoples Love is the strongest Cittadel of a Soveraign Prince, but to a great Subject, it hath often prov'd Fatal: *For he, who pulleth off his* Hat *to the People, giveth his* Head *to the Prince*; and it is remarkable, what was said of a late infortunate Earl, who, a little before Queen *Elizabeth*'s Death, had drawn the Ax upon his own Neck, *That he was grown so Popular, that he was too dangerous for the times, and the times for him.*

My Lord, now that your Grace is threatned to be heav'd at, it should behove every one that oweth you Duty and good Will, to reach out his hand some way or other to serve you; Amongst these I am one that presumes to do it, in this poor impertinent Paper; for which I implore Pardon, because I am

My Lord,

Lond. 18. Feb. 1626. *Your Grace's most humble and faithful Servant,* J. H.

XIX.

To Sir J. S. Knight.

Sir,

THere is a saying which carrieth no little weight with it, that *Parvus amor loquitur, ingens stupet; small Love speaks, whiles great Love stands astonish'd with silence:* The one keeps a tatling, while the other is struck dumb with amazement, like deep Rivers, which to the Eye of the beholder seem to stand still, while small shallow Rivulets keep a noise; or like empty Casks that make an obstreperous hollow sound, which they would not do, were they repleniish'd, and full of substance: 'Tis the condition of

of my Love to you, which is ſo great, and of that profoundneſs, that it hath been ſilent all this while, being ſtupified with the contemplation of thoſe high Favours, and ſundry ſorts of Civilities, wherewith I may ſay, you have overwhelm'd me. This deep Foard of my Affection and Gratitude to you, I intend to cut out hereafter, into ſmall Currents, (I mean into Letters) that the Courſe of it may be heard, though it make but a ſmall bubling noiſe, as alſo, that the clearneſs of it may appear more viſible.

I deſire my Service be preſented to my noble Lady, whoſe fair hands I humbly kiſs; and if ſhe want any thing that *London* can afford, ſhe need but command her, and

Lon. 11. Feb. 1626. *Your moſt faithful and ready Servitor,* J. H.

XX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

ACcording to promiſe, and that portion of Obedience I owe to your Commands, I ſend your Lordſhip theſe few Aviſos, ſome whereof I doubt not but you have received before, and that by abler Pens than mine, yet your Lordſhip may happily find herein, ſomething which was omitted by others, or the former News made clearer by Circumſtance.

I hear Count *Mansfelt* is in *Paris*, having now receiv'd three Routings in *Germany*; 'tis thought the *French* King will piece him up again with new Recruits. I was told, that as he was ſeeing the two Queens one Day at Dinner, the Queen-Mother ſaid, They ſay, *Count* Mansfelt *is here amongſt this Croud, I do not believe it,* quoth the young Queen; *For whenſoever he ſeeth a* Spaniard, *he runs away.*

Matters go untowardly on our ſide in *Germany*, but the King of *Denmark* will be ſhortly in the Field in Perſon, and *Bethlem Gabor* hath been long expected to do ſomething, but ſome think he will prove but a Bugbear. Sir *Charles Morgan* is to go to *Germany* with 6000 Auxiliaries to joyn with the *Daniſh* Army.

The Parliament is adjourn'd to *Oxford*, by reaſon of the Sickneſs which increaſeth exceedingly; and before the King went out of Town, there died 1500 that very week, and two out of *White-Hall* it ſelf.

There is high claſhing again, 'twixt my Lord Duke, and the Earl of *Briſtol*, they recriminate one another of divers things: the Earl accuſeth him amongſt other matters, of certain Letters from *Rome:* of putting His Majeſty upon that hazardous journey of *Spain*,

Spain, and of ſome miſcarriages at his being in that Court: There be Articles alſo againſt the Lord *Conway*, which I ſend your Lordſhip here incloſed.

I am for *Oxford* the next Week, and thence for *Wales*, to fetch my good old Father's Bleſſing, at my return, if it ſhall pleaſe God to reprieve me in theſe dangerous times of Contagion, I ſhall continue my wonted ſervice to your Lordſhip, if it may be done with ſafety: So I reſt,

London, 15. *of* March. 1626. *Your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servitor*, J. H.

XXI.

To the Honourable the Lord Viſcount C.

My Lord,

SIR *John North* delivered me one lately from your Lordſhip, and I ſend my humble thanks for the Veniſon you intend me. I acquainted your Lordſhip as opportunity ſerv'd, with the nimble pace the *French* Match went on by the ſucceſsful Negotiation of the Earls of *Carlile* and *Holland* (who outwent the Monſieurs themſelves in Courtſhip) and how in leſs then nine Moons this great buſineſs was propos'd, purſued, and perfected, whereas the Sun had leaſure enough to finiſh his annual progreſs, from one end of the *Zodiack* to the other ſo many years; before that of *Spain* could come to any ſhape of perfection: This may ſerve to ſhew the difference 'twixt the two Nations, the Leaden-heeld pace of the one, and the Quick-ſilver'd motions of the other: It ſhews alſo how the *French* is more generous in his proceedings, and not ſo full of ſcruples, reſervations, and jealouſies, as the *Spaniard*, but deals more frankly, and with a greater Confidence and Gallantry.

The Lord Duke of *Buckingham* is now in *Paris*, accompanyed with the Earl of *Montgomery*, and he went in a very ſplendid Equipage: The *Venetian* and *Hollander*, with other States that are no Friends to *Spain*, did ſome good offices to advance this Alliance; and the new Pope propounded much towards it; But *Richelieu*, the new Favorit of *France* was the Cardinal inſtrument.

This Pope *Urban* grows very active, not only in things preſent, but ripping up of old matters, for which there is a ſelect Committee appointed to examine Accounts and Errours paſt, not only in the time of his immediate Predeceſſor, but others. And one told me of a merry Paſquil lately in *Rome*; *That whereas there are two great Statues, one of St.* Peter, *the other of* Paul, *oppoſite one to the other upon a Bridge, one had clapt a pair of Spurs upon St.* Peter's

ter's *Heels, and St.* Paul *asking him whither he was bound,* he answered, *I apprehend some danger to stay now in* Rome, *because of this new Commission, for I fear they will question me for denying my Master: Truly Brother* Peter, *I shall not stay long after you, for I have as much cause to doubt, that they will question me for persecuting the Christians, before I was converted.* So I take my leave and rest,

Lond. 3 Mar. 1626. *Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,* J. H.

XXII.

To my Brother, Master Hugh Penry.

Sir,

I Thank you for your late *Letter,* and the several good tidings you sent me from *Wales*: In requital I can send you gallant news, for we have now a most Noble new Queen of *England,* who in true Beauty is beyond the long Woo'd *Infanta*; for she was of a fading Flaxen Hair, Big-Lipp'd, and somewhat heavy Ey'd, but this Daughter of *France,* this youngest Branch of *Bourbon* (being but in her Cradle, when the Great *Henry* her Father was put out of the World) is of a more lovely and lasting Complexion, a dark brown, she hath eyes that sparkle like Stars; and for her Physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirrour of perfection: She had a rough passage in her transfretation to *Dover*-Castle, and in *Canterbury,* the King Bedded first with her; there were a goodly Train of choice Ladies, attended her coming upon the Bowling-Green, on *Barram*-Downs, upon the way, who divided themselves into two Rows, and they appear'd like so many Constellations; but me-thought that the Countrey Ladies, out-shin'd the Courtiers: She brought over with her, 200000 Crowns in Gold and Silver, as half her Portion, and the other Moitie is to be paid at the Years end. Her first suit of Servants (by Article) are to be *French,* and as they die *English* are to succeed: She is also allowed twenty eight Ecclesiasticks of any Order, except Jesuits; a Bishop for her Almoner, and to have private exercise of her Religion, for her and her Servants.

I pray convey the inclosed to my Father, by the next convenience, and pray present my dear love to my Sister; I hope to see you at *Dyvinnock,* about *Michaelmas,* for I intend to wait upon my Father, and will take my Mother in the way, I mean *Oxford,* in the interim, I rest,

London, 16 May, 1626. *Your most affectionate Brother,* J. H.

XXIII. *To*

XXIII.

To my Uncle, Sir Sackvil Tope ter. *From* Oxford.

Sir,

I Am ſorry I muſt write unto you of ſo ſad tydings of the diſſolution of the Parliament here, which was done ſuddenly: Sir *John Elliot* was in the heat of a high Speech againſt the Duke of *Buckingham*, when the Uſher of the Black-Rod, knock'd at the door; and ſignified the King's pleaſure, which ſtrook a kind of conſternation in all the Houſe: My Lord Keeper *Williams* hath parted with the Broad-Seals, becauſe as ſome ſay, he went about to cut down the Seal, by which he roſe, for ſome it ſeems did ill Offices 'twixt the Duke and him: Sir *Thomas Coventry* hath it now, I pray God he be tender of the King's Conſcience, whereof he is Keeper, rather than of the Seal.

I am bound to morrow upon a Journey towards the Mountains, to ſee ſome Friends in *Wales*, and to bring back my Father's Bleſſing; for better aſſurance of Lodging where I paſs, in regard of the Plague, I have a Poſt-Warrant as far as St. *Davids*, which is far enough you'l ſay, for the King hath no ground further on this Iſland. If the ſickneſs rage, in ſuch extremity at *London*, the Term will be held at *Reading*.

All your Friends here are well, but many look blank becauſe of this ſudden rupture of the Parliament, God Almighty turn all to the beſt, and ſtay the fury of this contagion, and preſerve us from further Judgment; ſo I reſt,

Oxford, 6 Aug. 1626.

Your moſt affectionate Nephew, J. H.

XXIV.

To my Father. From London.

Sir,

I Was now the fourth time at a dead ſtand, in the courſe of my Fortunes; for though I was recommended to the Duke, and received many Noble reſpects from him, yet I was told by ſome who are neareſt him, that ſome body hath done me ill Offices, by whiſpering in his Ear, *that I was too much* Digbyfied, and ſo they told me poſitively, that I muſt never expect any employment about him of any truſt: While I was in this ſuſpence, Mr. Secretary *Conway* ſent for me, and propos'd unto me, *That the King had occaſion to ſend a Gentleman to* Italy, *in nature of a moving Agent*, and

and though he might have choice of persons of good quality that would willingly undertake this employment, yet notwithstanding of my breeding, he made the first proffer to me, and that I should go as the King's Servant, and have allowance accordingly; I humbly thank'd him for the good opinion he was pleas'd to conceive of me, being a stranger to him, and desir'd some time to consider of the proposition, and of the nature of the employment. He granted me four days to consider upon't, and two of them are past already. If I may have a support accordingly, I intend by God's grace (desiring your consent and blessing to go along) to apply my self to this course: but before I part with *England*, I intend to send you further notice.

The sickness is miraculously decreas'd in this City and Suburbs, for from two and fifty hundred which was the greatest number that died in one Week, and that was some forty days since, they are now fallen to three hundred. It was the violentst fit of Contagion that ever was for the time in this Island, and such as no Story can parallel, but the Ebb of it was more swift than the Tide. My Brother is well, and so are all your Friends here, for I do not know any of your acquaintance that is dead of this furious infection: Sir *John Walter* ask'd me lately how you did, and wish'd me to remember him to you. So with my love to all my Brother's and Sisters, and the rest of my Friends which made so much of me lately in the Countrey; I rest

Lond. 7 Aug. 1626. *Your dutiful Son,* J. H.

XXV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Conway, *Principal Secretary of State to his Majesty, at* Hampton *Court.*

Right Honourable,

SInce I last attended your Lordship here, I summon'd my thoughts to Counsel, and canvas'd to and fro within my self, the business you pleas'd to impart unto me, for going upon the King's Service to *Italy*: I consider'd therein many particulars: First, the weight of the employment, and what maturity of Judgment, Discretion, and Parts are requir'd in him that will personate such a Man: Next, the difficulties of it, for one must send sometimes light out of darkness, and like the Bee suck Honey out of bad, as out of good Flowers: Thirdly, the danger which the undertaker must converse withal, and which may fall upon him by interception of *Letters*, and other cross Casualties: Lastly, the great expence it will require, being not to remain Sedentary in

in one place, as other Agents, but to be often in itinerary motion.

Touching the first, I refer my self to your Honours favourable opinion, and the Character which my Lord *S.* and others shall give of me; For the second, I hope to overcome it: For the third, I weigh it not, so that I may merit of my King and Countrey: For the last, I crave leave to deal plainly with your Lordship that I am a Cadet, and have no other Patrimony or support, but my breeding, therefore I must breath by the employment: And my Lord, I shall not be able to perform what shall be expected at my hands, under one hundred pounds a Quarter, and to have Bills of Credit according. Upon these terms, My Lord, I shall apply my self to this Service, and by God's Blessing hope to answer all expectations. So referring the premises to your Noble consideration, I rest,

Lond. Sept. 8. 1626. *My Lord your very humble, and ready Servitor,*

J. H.

XXVI.

To my Brother, (after) Dr. Howel, *Bishop of* Bristol.

My Brother,

NExt to my Father, 'tis fitting you should have Cognizance of my Affairs and Fortunes. You heard how I was in agitation for an employment in *Italy*, but my Lord *Conway* demurr'd upon the Salary I propounded; I have now wav'd this course, yet I came off fairly with my Lord, for I have a Stable home-employment, proffer'd me by my Lord *Scroop*, Lord President of the *North*, who sent for me lately to *Worcester-House*, though I never saw him before, and there the bargain was quickly made, that I should go down with him to *York* for Secretary, and his Lordship hath promis'd me fairly; I will see you at your House in *Horsley*, before I go, and leave the particular circumstances of this business till then.

The *French* that came over with Her Majesty, for their petulancy, and some misdemeanours, and imposing some odd penance's upon the Queen, are all cashier'd this Week, about a matter of six-score, whereof the Bishop of *Mende* was one, who had stood to be Steward of her Majesties Courts, which Office my Lord of *Holland* hath; It was a thing suddenly done, for about one of the Clock as they were at Dinner; My Lord *Conway*, and Sir *Thomas Edmonds*, came with an Order from the King, that they

must inſtantly away to *Somerſet-Houſe*, for there were Barges, and Coaches ſtaying for them; and there they ſhould have all their Wages paid them to a penny, and they muſt be content to quit the Kingdom: This ſudden undream'd of Order, ſtruck an aſtoniſhment into them all, both Men and Women; and running to complain to the Queen, His Majeſty had taken her before into his Bed-Chamber, and lock'd the Doors upon them, until he had told her how matters ſtood; the Queen fell into a violent paſſion, broke the Glaſs-Windows, and tore her Hair; but ſhe was calm'd afterwards: Juſt ſuch a deſtiny happen'd in *France* ſome years ſince to the Queen's *Spaniſh* Servants there, who were all diſmiſs'd in like manner for ſome Miſcarriages; the like was done in *Spain*, to the *French*, therefore 'tis no new thing.

They are all now on their way to *Dover*, but I fear this will breed ill-blood 'twixt us and *France*, and may break out into an ill-favour'd Quarrel.

Maſter *Montague* is preparing to go to *Paris*, as a Meſſenger of Honour, to prepoſſeſs the King and Counſel there, with the truth of things.

So with my very kind reſpects to my Siſter, I reſt,

Lond. 15 March 1626. *Your loving Brother,* J. H.

XXVII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord S.

My Lord,

I Am bound ſhortly for *York*, where I am hopeful of a profitable employment. There is fearful news come from *Germany*, *that ſince Sir* Charles Morgan *went thither with* 6000 *men, for the aſſiſtance of the King of* Denmark, *the King hath receiv'd an utter overthrow by* Tilly, *he had receiv'd a fall off a Horſe from a Wall five yards high, a little before, yet it did him little hurt.*

Tilly *purſueth his Victory ſtrongly, and is got over the* Elve *to* Holſteinland; inſomuch, that they write from *Hamburgh*, *That* Denmark *is in danger to be utterly loſt:* The *Danes* and *Germans* ſeem to lay ſome fault upon our King, the King upon the Parliament, that would not ſupply him with Subſidies to aſſiſt his Uncle, and the Prince *Palſgrave*, both which was promis'd upon the rupture of the Treaties with *Spain*, which was done by the advice of both Houſes.

This is the ground that His Majeſty hath lately ſent out Privy Seals for Loan-Moneys, until a Parliament may be call'd, in regard that the King of *Denmark* is diſtreſs'd, the *Sound* like to be loſt,

loſt, the *Eaſtland* Trade, and the Staple at *Hamborough* in danger to be deſtroyed, and the *Engliſh* Garriſon under Sir *Charles Morgan* at *Stoad* ready to be ſtarv'd.

Theſe Loan-Monies keep a great noiſe, and they are impriſon'd that deny to conform themſelves.

I fear I ſhall have no more opportunity to ſend to your Lordſhip, till I go to *York*, therefore I humbly take my leave, and kiſs your hands, being ever,

My Lord,

Your obedient and ready Servitor, J. H.

XXVIII.

To Mr. R. L. *Merchant.*

I Met lately with *J. Harris*, in *London*; and I had not ſeen him two years before, and then I took him, and knew him to be a man of Thirty, but now one would take him by his Hair to be near Threeſcore, for he is all turn'd Gray. I wonder'd at ſuch a Metamorphoſis in ſo ſhort a time, he told me, *'Twas for the death of his Wife, that Nature had thus antedated his Years*; 'tis true, that a weighty ſetled Sorrow is of that force, that beſides the contraction of the Spirits, it will work upon the radical moiſture, and dry it up, ſo that the Hair can have no moiſture at the Root. This made me remember a Story that a *Spaniſh* Advocate told me, which is a thing very remarkable.

When the Duke of *Alva* was in *Bruſſels*, about the beginning of the Tumults in the *Netherlands*, he had ſate down before *Hulſt* in *Flanders*, and there was a Provoſt-Marſhal in his Army, who was a Favourit of his; and this Provoſt had put ſome to death by ſecret Commiſſion from the Duke: There was one Captain *Bolea* in the Army, who was an intimate Friend of the Provoſts, and one Evening late, he went to the ſaid Captain's Tent, and brought with him a Confeſſor, and an *Executioner*, as it was his Cuſtom; he told the Captain, *That he was come to execute his Excellencies Commiſſion and Marſhal Law upon him*: The Captain ſtarted up ſuddenly, his Hair ſtanding at an end, and being ſtruck with amazement, ask'd him, *Wherein he had offended the Duke*; the Provoſt anſwer'd; *Sir, I come not to expoſtulate the buſineſs with you, but to execute my Commiſſion, therefore I pray prepare your ſelf, for there's your Ghoſtly Father and Executioner*: So he fell on his Knees before the Prieſt, and having done, the Hangman going to put the Halter about his Neck, the Provoſt threw it away, and breaking into a Laughter, told him, *There was no ſuch thing, and that he had done*

this to try his Courage, how he could bear the Terrour of Death: The Captain lookt ghaſtly upon him, and ſaid, *Then Sir get you out of my Tent, for you have done me a very ill Office:* The next Morning the ſaid Captain *Bolea*, though a young man of about Thirty, had his Hair all turn'd Gray, to the admiration of all the World, and of the Duke of *Alva* himſelf, who queſtion'd him about it, but he would confeſs nothing. The next year the Duke was revok'd, and in his Journey to the Court of *Spain*, he was to paſs by *Saragoſſa*, and this Captain *Bolea*, and the Provoſt went along with him, as his Domeſticks: The Duke being to repoſe ſome days in *Saragoſſa*, the young old Captain *Bolea* told him, *That there was a thing in that Town worthy to be ſeen by his Excellency, which was a* Caſa de Locos, a Bedlam-Houſe; *for there was not the like in Chriſtendom*: Well ſaid the Duke, *Go and tell the Warden, I will be there to Morrow in the Afternoon, and wiſh him to be in the way.* The Captain having obtain'd this, went to the Warden, and told him, *That the Duke would come to viſit the Houſe the next day, and the chiefeſt occaſion that mov'd him to it, was, that he had an unruly Provoſt about him, who was ſubject oftentimes to fits of Frenzie, and becauſe he wiſhed him well, he had tried divers means to Cure him, but all would not do; therefore he would try whether keeping him cloſe in* Bedlam *for ſome days, would do him any good:* The next day the Duke came with a ruffling Train of Captains after him, amongſt whom was the ſaid Provoſt, very ſhining brave, being entred into the Houſe, about the Duke's Perſon, Captain *Bolea* told the Warden, pointing at the Provoſt, *that's the Man*; ſo he took him aſide into a dark Lobby, where he had plac'd ſome of his men, who muffled him in his Cloak, ſeiz'd upon his gilt Sword, with his Hat and Feather, and ſo hurried him down into a Dungeon: My Provoſt had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happen'd that a Gentleman coming out of Curioſity to ſee the Houſe, peep'd in at a ſmall Grate where the *Provoſt* was; the Provoſt conjur'd him as he was a Chriſtian, to go and tell the Duke of *Alva*, *his Provoſt was there clap'd up, nor could he imagine why.* The Gentleman did the Errand, whereat the Duke being aſtoniſh'd, ſent for the Warden with his Priſoner; ſo he brought my Provoſt *en cuerpo* Madman-like, full of Straws and Feathers before the Duke, who at the firſt ſight of him, breaking out into Laughter, ask'd the Warden, *Why he had made him his Priſoner? Sir*, ſaid the Warden, *'twas by Vertue of your Excellencies Commiſſion, brought me by Captain* Bolea: *Bolea* ſtep'd forth, and told the Duke; *Sir, you have ask'd me oft, how theſe Hairs of mine grew ſo ſuddenly Gray, I have not reveal'd it yet to an Soul breathing, but now I'le tell your Excellency*, and ſo fell a relating the paſſage in *Flanders. And Sir I have been ever ſince beating my*

Brains,

Brains how to get an equal revenge of him, and I thought no revenge to be more equal or corresponding; now that you see he hath made me old before my time, than to make him mad if I could, and had he stayed some days longer close Prisoner, in the Bedlam-*House, it might haply have wrought some impressions upon his* pericranium. The Duke was so well pleas'd with the Story, and the wittiness of the Revenge, that he made them both Friends; and the Gentleman that told me this passage, said, that the said Captain *Bolea* was yet alive, so that he could not be less than ninety years of Age.

I thank you a thousand times for the *Cephalonia Muscadel*, and *Botargo* you sent me; I hope to be shortly quit with you for all Courtesies, in the interim, I am,

Your obliged Friend to serve you,

York this 1 May, 1626.

J. H.

Postscript.

I Am sorry to hear of the trick that Sir *John Ayrs* put upon the Company by the Box of *Hailshot*; sign'd with the Ambassadour's Seal, that he had sent so solemnly from *Constantinople*, which he made the World believe to be full of *Chequins*, and *Turky* Gold.

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION V.

I.

To Daniel Caldwall *Esq*; *From* York.

My dear D.

THough I may be termed a right *Northern* Man, beng a good way this ſide *Trent*, yet my Love is as *Southern* as ever it was, I mean it continueth ſtill in the ſame degree of heat; nor can this bleaker Air, or *Borea*'s chilling Blaſts, cool it a whit. I am the ſame to you this ſide *Trent*, as I was the laſt time we croſs'd the *Thames* together, to ſee *Smug* the Smith, and ſo back to the *Still-yard*: But I fear that your Love to me doth not continue in ſo conſtant and intenſe a degree, and I have good grounds for this fear, becauſe I never receiv'd one Syllable from you, ſince I left *London*; if you rid me not of this ſcruple, and ſend to me ſpeedily, I ſhall think, though you live under a hotter Clime in the *South*, that your former love is not only cold, but frozen.

For this preſent condition of Life, I thank God, I live well contented, I have a Fee from the King, diet for my ſelf and two Servants, Livery for a Horſe, and a part of the King's Houſe for my Lodgings, and other Priviledges, which I am told no Secretary before me had; but I muſt tell you, the perquiſits are nothing anſwerable to my expectation yet. I have built me a new Study ſince I came, wherein I ſhall amongſt other meditate ſometimes on you, and whence this preſent *Letter* comes. So with a thouſand thanks for the plentiful Hoſpitality, and Jovial farewel you gave me at your Houſe in *Eſſex*, I reſt,

York, 30 Julii. 1627. *Yours, yours, yours,* J. H.

II.

To Mr. Richard Leat.

SIgnor *Milo*, it is now a great while methinks ſince any Act of Friendſhip, or other interchangeable offices of Love hath paſs'd between

between us, either by *Letters*, or other accuſtomed ways of Correſpondence; and as I will not accuſe, ſo I go not about to clear my ſelf in this point, let this long ſilence be term'd therefore a Ceſſation rather than Neglect on both ſides: A Bow that lies a while unbent, and a Field that remains fallow for a time, grow never the worſe; but afterwards the one ſends forth an Arrow more ſtrongly, the other yields a better Crop being recultivated; Let this be alſo verified in us, let our Friendſhip grow more fruitful after this pauſe, let it be more active for the future: you ſee I begin and ſhoot the firſt Shaft. I ſend you herewith a couple of red Deer Pies, the one Sir *Arthur Ingram* gave me, the other my Lord Preſident's Cook, I could not tell where to beſtow them better: In your next let me know which is the beſt ſeaſon'd; I pray let the *Sydonian* Merchant, *F. Bruckhurſt*, be at the eating of them, and then I know they will be well ſoak'd. If you pleaſe to ſend me a Barrel or two of Oyſters, which we want here, I promiſe you they ſhall be well eaten, with a Cup of the beſt Claret, and the beſt Sherry; to which this Town is altogether addicted, and not be wanting.

I underſtand the Lord *Weſton* is L. Treaſurer, we may ſay now, that we have Treaſurers of all *Tences*, for there are four living, to wit, the Lord *Mancheſter*, *Middleſex*, *Malborough*, and the newly choſen; I hear alſo that the good old man (the laſt) hath retir'd to his Lodgings in *Lincolns*-Inn, and ſo reduc'd himſelf to his firſt principles, which makes me think that he cannot bear up long now that the Staff is taken from him. I pray in your next ſend me the *Venetian Gazetta*. So with my kind reſpects to my Father, I reſt,

York, 9 July, 1627. *Tours*, J. H.

III.

To Sir Ed. Sa. *Knight.*

Sir,

'TWas no great matter to be a Prophet, and to have foretold this Rupture 'twixt us and *France*, upon the ſudden *renvoy* of Her Majeſties Servants: For many of them had ſold their Eſtates in *France*, given Money for their places, and ſo thought to Live and Dye in *England* in the Queen's Service, and ſo having pitifully complained to that King, thereupon he hath arreſted above 100 of our Merchant-men that went to this Vintage at *Bourdeaux*. We alſo take ſome ſtraglers of theirs, for there are *Letters* of Mart given on both ſides.

There are Writs iſſued out for a Parliament, and the Town of

Richmond, in *Richmondſhire*, hath made choice of me for their Burgeſs, though Maſter *Chriſtopher Wansford*, and other powerful men, and more deſerving than I, ſtood for it. I pray God ſend fair Weather in the Houſe of Commons, for there is much murmurring, about the reſtraint of thoſe that would not conform to *Loan-monys*: There is a great Fleet a preparing, and an Army of Land-Men, but the deſign is uncertain, whether it be for *Spain*, or *France*; for we are now in enmity with both thoſe Crowns. The French Cardinal hath been lately t'other ſide the *Alps*, and ſetled the Duke of *Nevers* in the Dutchy of *Mantoua*, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of the King of *Spain* and the Emperour, who alledg'd, *That he was to receive his Inveſtiture from him*, and that was the chief ground of the War; but the *French* Arms have done the Work, and come Triumphantly back over the Hills again. No more now, but that I am as always,

Your true Friend,

March 2. 1627. J. H.

IV.

To the Worſhipful Mr. Alderman of the Town of Richmond, *and the reſt of the Worthy Members of that ancient Corporation.*

Sir,

I Receiv'd a publick Inſtrument from you lately, ſubſcrib'd by your ſelf, and divers others; wherein I find that you have made choice of me to be one of your Burgeſſes, for this now near-approaching Parliament; I could have wiſh'd that you had not put by Maſter *Wandesford*, and other worthy Gentlemen that ſtood ſo earneſtly for it, who being your Neighbours, had better means, and more abilities to ſerve you. Yet ſince you have caſt theſe high reſpects upon me, I will endeavour to acquit my ſelf of the truſt, and to anſwer your expectations accordingly: And as I account this Election an honour unto me, ſo I eſteem it a great advantage, that ſo Worthy, and well experienc'd a Knight, as Sir *Talbot Bows* is to be my Collegue and Fellow-Burgeſs; I ſhall ſteer by his Compaſs, and follow his directions in any thing that may concern the welfare of your Town, and of the Precinct thereof, either for redreſs of any grievance, or by propoſing ſome new thing that may conduce to the further benefit and advantage thereof, and this I take to be the true duty of a Paliamentary Burgeſs, without roving at random to generals. I hope to learn of Sir *Talbot* what's fitting to be done, and I ſhall apply my ſelf accordingly

cordingly to joyn with him to ſerve you with my beſt Abilities: So I reſt,

Your moſt aſſured and ready Friend to do you Service,

Lond. March 24. 1627. J. H.

V.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Clifford, *at* Knaſbrugh.

My Lord,

THE news that fills all our mouths at preſent, is the return of the Duke of *Buckingham* from the Iſle of *Ree*, or, as ſome call it, the Iſle of *Rue*, for the bitter ſucceſs we had there; for we had but a tart entertainment in that Salt Iſland. Our firſt invaſion was Magnanimous and Brave, whereat near upon 200 *French* Gentlemen periſhed, and divers Barons of Quality. My Lord *Newport* had ill luck to diſorder our Cavalry, with an unruly Horſe he had. His Brother Sir *Charles Rich* was ſlain, and divers more upon the Retreat; amongſt others, Great Collonel *Gray* fell into a Salt-pit, and being ready to be drown'd, he cryed out, *Cent mille eſcus pour ma rancon, a hundred thouſand Crowns for my Ranſome*, the *French-men* hearing that, preſerv'd him, though he was not worth a hundred thouſand Pence. Another merry paſſage a Captain told me, *That when they were rifling the dead Bodies of the* French *Gentlemen after the firſt Invaſion, they found that many of them had their Miſtreſſes Favours tyed about their Genitories.* The *French* do much Glory to have repell'd us thus, and they have reaſon, for the truth is, they comported themſelves gallantly, yet they confeſs our Landing was a notable piece of Courage, and if our Retreat had been anſwerable to the Invaſion, we had loſt no Honour at all. A great number of gallant Gentlemen on our ſide, as Sir *John Heydon*, Sir *Jo. Burrowes*, Sir *George Blundel*, Sir *Alex. Bret*, with divers Veteran Commanders; who came from the *Netherlands* to this Service.

God ſend us better Succeſs the next time, for there is another Fleet preparing to be ſent under the Command of the Lord *Denbigh*: So I kiſs your Hand, and am,

Your humble Servitor,

London, 24 Sept. 1627. J. H.

VI. To

VI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Scroop, *Earl of* Sunderland, *Lord Preſident of the* North.

My Lord,

MY Lord *Denbigh* is returned from attempting to relieve *Rochel*, which is reduc'd to extream exigence; and now the Duke is preparing to go again, with as great power as was yet rais'd: Notwithſtanding that the Parliament hath flown higher at him than ever; which makes the People here hardly wiſh any good ſucceſs to the Expedition, becauſe he is General. The *Spaniard* ſtands at a gaze all this while, hoping that we may do the work, otherwiſe I think he would find ſome way to relieve the Town, for there is nothing that conduceth more to the uniting and ſtrengthning of the *French* Monarchy, than the reduction of *Rochel*. The King hath been there long in Perſon with his Cardinal, and the ſtupendious Works they have rais'd by Sea and Land, are beyond belief, as they ſay. The Sea-works and Booms were traced out by Marqueſs *Spinola*, as he was paſſing that way for *Spain*, from *Flanders*.

The Parliament is porogued till *Michaelmas* Term: There were five Subſidies granted, the greateſt gifts that ever Subject gave their King at once; and it was in requital that his Majeſty paſs'd the Petition of Right, whereby the Liberty of the Free-born Subject is ſo ſtrongly and clearly vindicated. So that there is a fair Correſpondence like to be, 'twixt his Majeſty and the two Houſes. The Duke made a notable Speech at the Council-Table in joy hereof; amongſt other paſſages, one was, *That hereafter His Majeſty would pleaſe to make the Parliament his Favourite, and he to have the Honour ſtill to remain his Servant.* No more now but that I continue,

London, 25 Sept. 1627. *Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful Servant,* J. H.

VII.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Scroop, *Counteſs of* Sunderland. *From* Stamford.

Madam,

I Lay yeſternight at the Poſt-Houſe at *Stilton*, and this Morning betimes the Poſt-maſter came to my Beds-head, and told me the

the Duke of *Buckingham* was Slain; my Faith was not ſtrong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way, with my Lord of *Rutland* (your Brother) Riding Poſt towards *London*, it pleas'd him to light, and ſhew me a Letter, wherein, there was an exact relation of all the Circumſtances of this Trajedy.

Upon Saturday *laſt, which was but next before Yeſterday, being* Bartholomew *Eve, The Duke did riſe up in a well diſpoſed Humour out of his Bed, and cut a Caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the Barbers hands, (where the Murderer had thought to have done the Deed, for he was leaning upon the Window all the while) he went to Breakfaſt, attended by a great Company of Commanders, where Monſieur* Soubize *came unto him, and whiſpred him in his Ear, that* Rochel *was reliev'd, the Duke ſeem'd to ſlight the News, which made ſome think that* Soubize *went away diſcontented: After Breakfaſt, the Duke going out, Colonel* Fryer *ſtepped before him, and ſtopping him upon ſome buſineſs, one Lieutenant* Felton *being behind, made a thruſt with a common Tenpeny Knife, over* Fryer's *Arm, at the Duke, which lighted ſo fatally, that he ſlit his Heart in two, leaving the Knife ſticking in the Body: The Duke took out the Knife, and threw it away, and laying his hand on his Sword, and drawing it half out, ſaid,* The Villain hath kill'd me, *(meaning as ſome think, Colonel* Fryer) *for there had been ſome difference 'twixt them, ſo reeling againſt a Chimney, he fell down Dead: The Dutcheſs being with Child, hearing the Noiſe below, came in her Night-geers, from her Bed-Chamber, which was in an upper Room, to a kind of a Rail, and thence, beheld him weltring in his own Bloud.* Felton *haſt loſt his Hat in the Croud, wherein, there was a Paper ſowed, wherein, he declared, That, the reaſon which moved him to this Act, was no grudg of his own, though he had been far behind for his Pay, and had been put by his Captains Place twice, but in regard he thought the Duke an Enemy to the* State, *becauſe he was branded in Parliament, therefore, what he did was for the publick good of his Countrey. Yet, he got clearly down, and ſo might have gone to his Horſe, which was tyed to a Hedge hard by; but he was ſo amazed, that he miſs'd his way, and ſo ſtruck into the Paſtry, where though the cry went, that ſome French-man had don't, he thinking the word was* Felton, *he boldly confeſs'd 'twas he that had done the Deed, and ſo he was in their Hands:* Jack Stamford *would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr.* Nicholas, *ſo being carried up to a Tower, Captain* Mince, *toar off his Spurs, and asking him how he durſt attempt ſuch an Act, making him believe the Duke was not Dead, he anſwer'd boldly, that he knew he was diſpatch'd, for 'twas not he, but the Hand of Heaven that gave the ſtroak, and though his whole Body had been cover'd o-*

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ver with Armour of Proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price *went Poſt preſently, to the King, four Miles off, who being at Prayers on his Knees, when it was told him, yet he never ſtir'd, nor was he diſturbed a whit, till all Divine Service was done. This was the Relation as far as my Memory could bear, in my Lord of* Rutland's *Letter, who will'd me to remember him unto your Ladyſhip, and tell you that he was going to comfort your Niece (the Dutcheſs) as faſt as he could: And ſo I have ſent the Truth of this ſad Story to your Ladiſhip, as faſt as I could by this Poſt, becauſe I cannot make that ſpeed my ſelf, in regard of ſome buſineſs I have to diſpatch for my Lord in the way; ſo I humbly take my leave, and reſt*

Stamford, *Aug.* 5. 1628. *Your Ladiſhips moſt dutiful Servant,* J. H.

IX.

To the Right Honourable Sir Peter Wichts *His Majeſties Ambaſſador at* Conſtantinople.

My Lord,

YOurs of the ſecond of *July* came to ſafe hand, and I did all thoſe particular *recandos*, you enjoyned me to do to ſome of your Friends here.

The Town of *Rochel* hath been Fatal and Infortunate to *England*, for this is the third time that we have attempted to relieve her, but our Fleets and Forces return'd without doing any thing. My Lord of *Linſey* went thither with the ſame Fleet, the Duke intended to go on, but he is return'd without doing any good, he made ſome ſhots at the great *Boom* and other Baricadoes at Sea, but at ſuch a diſtance; that they could do no hurt: Inſomuch, that the Town is now given for loſt, and to be paſs'd Cure, and they cry out, we have betray'd them: At the return of this Fleet, two of the Whelps were caſt away, and three Ships more, and ſome five Ships who had ſome of thoſe great Stones, that were brought to build *Pauls*, for Ballaſt, and for other uſes within them, which could promiſe no good Succeſs, for I never heard of any thing that proſpered, which being once deſigned for the honour of God was alienated from that uſe. The Queen interpoſeth for the releaſement of my Lord of *Newport* and others who are Priſoners of War, I hear that all the Colours they took from us, are hung up in the great Church *Noſtre Dâme*, as Tropheys in *Paris*. Since I began this Letter, there is News brought, that *Rochel* hath yielded, and that the King hath diſmantled the Town, and raz'd all the Fortifications Landwards, but leaves thoſe ſtanding which are toward the

the Sea. It is a mighty Exploit, the *French* King hath done, for *Rochel* was the chiefeſt propugnacle of the Proteſtants there, and, now queſtionleſs all the reſt of their cautionary Towns which they kept for their own Defence, will yield, ſo that they muſt depend hereafter upon the King's meer Mercy. I hear of an overture of Peace 'twixt us and *Spain*, and that my Lord *Cottington* is to go thither, and *Don Carlos Coloma* to come to us. God grant it, for you know the ſaying in Spaniſh, *Nunca vi tan mala paz, que no furra major, q; la mejor guerra.* It was a bold thing in *England*, to fall out with the two greateſt Monarchies of *Chriſtendom*, and to have them both her Enemies at one time, and as glorious a thing it was to bear up againſt them. God turn all to the beſt, and diſpoſe of things to his Glory; So I reſt

Lon. 1 Sept. 1628. *Your Lordſhips ready Servitor,* J. H.

X.

To my Couſin Mr. St. Geon, *at Chriſt-Church Colledge in* Oxford.

COuſin, though you want no incitements to go on in that fair Road of Vertue, where you are now running your Courſe, yet, being lately in your noble Father's Company, he did intimate unto me that any thing which came from me, would take with you very much. I hear ſo well of your proceedings, that I ſhould rather commend, than incourage you. I know you were remov'd to *Oxford* in full Maturity, you were a good Orator, a good Poet, and good Linguiſt for your time; I would not have that Fate light upon you, which uſeth to befal ſome, who from *Golden* Students, become *Silver* Batchelors, and *Leaden* Maſters, I am far from entertaining any ſuch thought of you, that Logic with her *quiddities*, and *Quæ Ca vel Hyps*, can any way unpoliſh your humane Studies: As Logic is club-fiſted and crabbed, ſo ſhe is terrible at firſt ſight, ſhe is like a Gorgon's Head to a young Student, but after a Twelve Months conſtancy and patience, this Gorgon's Head will prove a meer Bugbear; when you have devour'd the *Organon*, you will find Philoſophy far more delightful and pleaſing to your Palat: In feeding the Soul with Knowledge, the Underſtanding requireth the ſame conſecutif Acts which Nature uſeth in nouriſhing the body: To the nutrition of the body, there are two Eſſential conditions requir'd, *aſſumption*, and *retention*, then there follows two more, πέψις and μεταβολὴ concoction and agglutination or adhæſion: So in feeding your Soul with Science, you muſt firſt aſſume and ſuck in the matter into your apprehenſion, then muſt the memory

mory retain and keep it in, afterwards by diſputation, diſcourſe, and meditation, it muſt be well concocted; then muſt it be agglutinated and converted to Nutriment; All this may be reduc'd to theſe two Heads, *tenere fideliter & uti fœliciter*, which are two of the happieſt properties in a Student: There is another Act requir'd to good Concoction, call'd the Act of *Expulſion*, which puts off all that is unſound and noxious, ſo in Study, there muſt be an expulſive Vertue to ſhun all that is Erroneous, and there is no Science but is full of ſuch Stuff, which by Direction or Tutor, and choice of good Books muſt be excern'd. Do not confound your ſelf with multiplicity of Authors, two is enough upon any Science, provided they be Plenary and Orthodox; *Philoſophy* ſhould be your ſubſtantial Food, *Poetry* your banquetting Stuff; *Philoſophy* hath more of Reality in it, than any Knowledge, the Philoſopher can fadam the Deep, meaſure Mountains, reach the Stars with a Staff, and bleſs Heaven with a Girdle.

But amongſt theſe Studies, you muſt not forget the *unicum neceſſarium*, on *Sundays* and *Holy-days*, let *Divinity* be the ſole Object of your Speculation, in compariſon whereof other knowledge is but Cobweb learning; *præqua quiſquiliæ cætera.*

When you can make Truce with Study, I ſhould be glad you would employ ſome ſuperfluous hour or other to write unto me, for I much covet your good, becauſe I am

Lond. 25. Octob. 1627. *Your Affectionate Couſin,* J. H.

IX.

To Sir Sackvil Trevor, *Knight.*

Noble Uncle,

I Send you my humble thanks for the curious Sea-cheſt of Glaſſes you pleas'd to beſtow on me, which I ſhall be very chary to keep as a Monument of your Love. I congratulate alſo the great Honour you have got lately, by taking away the *Spirit* of *France*, I mean, by taking the third great Veſſel of her *Sea-Trinity*, Her *Holy Spirit*, which had been built in the Mouth of the Texel, for the Service of her King: Without complementing with you, it was one of the beſt Exploits that was perform'd ſince the Wars began, and beſides, the Renown you have purchas'd, I hope your Reward will be according from His Majeſty, Whom I remember you ſo happily preſerv'd from drowning in all probability at St. *Anderas* Road in *Spain*. Though Princes Guerdons come ſlow, yet they come ſure: And it is oftentimes the method of God Almighty himſelf to be long, both in his Rewards and Puniſhments. As

As you have bereft the *French* of their *Saint Eſprit*, their *Holy Spirit*, ſo there is News that the *Hollander* have taken from *Spain*, all her *Saints*; I mean, *todes los ſantos*, which is one of the chief-eſt Staples of Sugar in *Braſil*. No more, but that I wiſh you all Health, Honour, and Hearts deſire.

Your much obliged Nephew and
Lond. 26. of Octob. *Servitor,*
1625. J. H.

XII.

To Captain Tho. B. *from York.*

NOble *Captain*, Yours of the firſt of *March* was deliver'd me, by Sir *Richard Scot*, and I held it no Profanation of this *Sunday* Evening, conſidering the Quality of my Subject, and having (I thank God for it) performed all Church Duties, to employ ſome hours to meditate on you, and ſend you this friendly Salute, though I confeſs in an unuſual Monitory way. *My dear Captain*, I love you perfectly well, I love both your Perſon and Parts, which are not vulgar, I am in love with your Diſpoſition, which is generous, and I verily think you were never guilty of any Puſillanimous Act in your Life: Nor is this Love of mine conferr'd upon you *gratis*, but you may challenge it as your due, and by way of Correſpondence, in regard of thoſe thouſand convincing Evidences you have given me of yours to me, which aſcertain me, that you take me for a true Friend. Now I am of the number of thoſe, that had rather commend the Vertue of an Enemy, than ſooth the Vices of a Friend, for your own particular, if your parts of Vertue, and your Infirmities were caſt into a Ballance, I know the firſt would much out-poiſe the other; yet, give me leave to tell you, that there is one frailty, or rather ill-favour'd Cuſtom that Reigns in you, which weighs much, it is a humour of Swearing in all your Diſcourſes, and they are not ſlight, but deep, far fetch'd Oaths that you are wont to rap out, which you uſe as Flowers of Rhetoric to enforce a Faith upon the Hearers, who believe you never the more, and you uſe this in cold Bloud, when you are not provok'd, which makes the humour far more dangerous; I know many, (and I cannot ſay, I my ſelf am free from it, God forgive me) that being tranſported with choler, and as it were made drunk with Paſſion, by ſome ſuddain provoking Accident, or extream ill Fortune at Play, will let fall Oaths and deep Proteſtations, but to belch out, and ſend forth as it were, whole Valleys of Oaths and Curſes in a calm Humour, to verifie every trivial Diſcourſe is a thing of horrour. I knew a King that being croſs'd in his Game,

would

would amongſt his Oaths fall on the Ground, and bite the very Earth in the rough of his Paſſion; I heard of another King, (*Henry* the Fourth of *France*) that in his higheſt diſtemper, would ſwear, but *Ventre de Saint Gris*, by the Belly of Saint *Gris*; I heard of an *Italian*, that having been much accuſtomed to Blaſpheme, was wean'd from it, by a pretty while, for having been one night at Play, and loſt all his Money, after many execrable Oaths, and having offer'd Money to another, to go out to face Heaven, and defie God, he threw himſelf upon a Bed hard by, and there fell aſleep; The other Gameſters plaid on ſtill, and finding that he was faſt aſleep, they put out the Candles, and made ſemblance to play on ſtill, they fell a wrangling, and ſpoke ſo loud, that he awaked, he hearing them play on ſtill, fell a rubbing his Eyes, and his Conſcience preſently prompted him, that he was ſtruck blind, and that God's Judgment had deſervedly fallen down upon him, for his Blaſphemies, and ſo he fell to ſigh and weep pitifully; a Ghoſtly Father was ſent for, who undertook to do ſome Acts of Pennance for him, if he would make a Vow never to play again, or Blaſpheme, which he did, and ſo the Candles were lighted again, which he thought were burning all the while; ſo he became a perfect Convert, I could wiſh this *Letter* might produce the ſame effect in you: There is a ſtrong Text, that the Curſe of Heaven hangs always over the dwelling of the Swearer, and you have more fearful examples of miraculous Judgments in this particular, than of any other ſin.

There is a little Town in *Languedoc*, in *France*, that hath a multitude of the Pictures of the *Virgin Mary* up and down, but ſhe is made to carry Chriſt in her right Arm contrary to the ordinary cuſtom, and the reaſon they told me was this, that two Gameſters being at play, and one having loſt all his Money, and bolted out many Blaſphemies, he gave a deep Oath, that that Whore upon the Wall, meaning the Picture of the Bleſſed Virgin, was the cauſe of his ill luck; hereupon, the Child removed imperceptibly from the left Arm to the right, and the man fell ſtark dumb ever after; thus went the tradition there: This makes me think upon the Lady *Southwel*'s News from *Utopia*, that he who ſweareth when he playeth at Dice, may challenge his Damnation by way of purchaſe. This infandous cuſtom of Swearing, I obſerve reigns in *England* lately, more than any where elſe, though a *German*, in his higheſt puff of Paſſion, ſwear a hundred thouſand *Sacraments*, the *Italian*, by the *Whore* of *God*, the *French*, by his *Death*, the *Spaniard*, by his *Fleſh*, the *Welſhman*, by his *Sweat*, the *Iriſhman*, by his *Five Wounds*, though the *Scot* commonly bids the *Devil hale his Soul*, yet, for variety of Oaths, the *Engliſh* Roarers puts down all: Conſider well, what a dangerous thing

it

it is to tear in pieces that dreadful Name which makes the vaſt Fabric of the World to tremble, that holy Name, wherein the whole Hierarchy of Heaven doth triumph, that bliſsful Name, wherein conſiſts the fulneſs of all Felicity. I know this cuſtom in you yet, is but a light *diſpoſition*, 'tis no *Habit* I hope, let me therefore conjure you by that power, Friendſhip, by that holy league of Love which is between us, that you would ſuppreſs it before it come to that, for I muſt tell you, that thoſe who could find in their hearts to love you for many other things, do diſreſpect you for this, they hate your Company, and give no credit to whatſoever you ſay, it being one of the puniſhments of a Swearer as well as of a Lyar, not to be believed when he ſpeaks truth.

Excuſe me that I am ſo free with you, what I write, proceeds from the clear current of a pure Affection, and I ſhall heartily thank you, and take it for an argument of Love, if you tell me of my weakneſſes, which are (God wot) too too many, for my Body is but a Cargazon of corrupt humours, and being not able to overcome them all at once, I do endeavour to do it by degrees, like *Sertorious* his Souldier, who when he could not cut off the Horſe's Tail with his Sword at one blow, fell to pull out the Hair one by one: And touching this particular humour from which I diſſwade you, it hath rag'd in me too often by contingent fits, but I thank God for it, I find it much abated, and purg'd. Now the only Phyſick I us'd, was a precedent faſt and recourſe to the holy Sacrament, the next day of purpoſe to implore pardon for what had paſs'd, and Power for the future to quel thoſe exorbitant Motions; thoſe ravings and feaveriſh Fits of the Soul, in regard there are no Infirmities more dangerous, for at the ſame inſtant they have Being, they become Impieties. And the greateſt ſymptom of amendment I find in me, is, becauſe whenſoever I hear the holy Name of God blaſphem'd by any other, it makes my Heart to tremble within my Breaſt: Now it is a penitential Rule, *that if Sins preſent do not pleaſe thee, Sins paſt will not hurt thee.* All other Sins have for their Object, either pleaſure or profit, or ſome aim and ſatisfaction to Body or Mind, but this hath none at all, therefore fie upon't, my dear Captain, try whether you can make a Conqueſt of your ſelf in ſubduing this execrable cuſtom. *Alexander* ſubdued the World, *Cæſar* his Enemies, *Hercul s* Monſters, but he that o'recomes himſelf, is the true Valiant Captain; I have herewith ſent you a Hymn conſonant to this ſubject, becauſe I know you are muſical and a good Poet.

A *gradual* Hymn of a double Cadence, tending to the Honour of the Holy Name of God.

1. LET the vaſt Univerſe,
And therein ev'ry thing,
The mighty Acts rehearſe,
Of their immortal King,
His Name extol,
what to Nadir,
from Zenith ſtir,
'Twixt Pole and Pole.

2 *Ye Elements that move.*
And alter every hour,
Yet herein conſtant prove,
And ſymbolize *all four,*
His Praiſe to tell,
mix *all in one,*
for Air *and Tone,*
To ſound this Peal.

3. Earth *which the Centre art,*
And only ſtandeſt ſtill,
Yet move, and bear thy part;
Reſound with Eccboes ſhrill,
Thy Mines of Gold,
with precious Stones,
and unions,
His Fame uphold.

4. *Let all thy fragrant flowers*
Grow ſweeter by this air,
Thy talleſt trees and bowers
Bud forth and bloſſom fair,
Beaſts wild and tame,
whom lodgings yeild
Houſe, Dens, or Field,
Collaud his Name.

5. *Ye* Seas *with* Earth *that make*
One Globe flow high and ſwell,
Exalt your Maker's Name,
In deep *his wonders tell:*
Leviathan.
and what doth ſwim
near bank or brim,
His glory ſcan.

6. *Ye* airy *Regions all,*
Joyn in a ſweet conſint,
Blow ſuch a Madrigal,
May reach the Firmament.
Winds, Hail, Ice, Snow,
and perly drops;
that hang on crops.
His wonders ſhow.

7. *Pure Element of* fire,
With holy ſparks inflame
This ſublunary quire,
That all one Conſort frame,
Their ſpirits raiſe,
to trumpet forth
their Makers worth,
And ſound his Praiſe.

8. *Ye glorious* Lamps *that roul*
In your celeſtial Sphears,
And under his controule,
Who you on poles up bears,
Him magnifie,
Ye Planets bright,
and fixed lights,
That deck the Skie.

9. *O Heaven* Cryſtalline,
Which by thy watry hue,
Do'ſt temper and refine
the reſt in azur'd blue.
His glory ſound,
thou firſt Mobile.
which mak'ſt all wheel
In circle round.

10. *Ye glorious* Souls *who raign*
In ſempiternal joy,
Free from thoſe cares and pain,
Which here did you annoy,
And him behold,
in whom all bliſs
concentred is,
His laud unfold.

11. *Bleſs Maid which doſt ſurmount*
All Saints and Seraphins,
And reigns as Paramount,
And chief of Cherubims,
Chant out his Praiſe,
who in the Womb,
nine months took room,
Though crown'd with Rayes:

12. *Oh let my ſoul and heart,*
My mind and memory,
Bear in this Hymn a part,
And joyn with earth and ſky.
Let every wight,
the whole world o're,
laud and adore,
The Lord of light.

All your Friends here, are well, *Tom Young* excepted, who I fear hath not long to live amongſt us: ſo I reſt,

York, the 1ſt. *of* Aug. 1628.

Your true Friend,
J. H.

XIII.

To Will. Auſtin, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

I Have many thanks to give you, for that excellent Poem you ſent me, upon the Paſſion of Chriſt; ſurely you were poſſeſs'd with a very ſtrong ſpirit when you pen'd it, you were become a true Enthuſiaſt: for, let me deſpair if I lye unto you, all the while I was peruſing it, it committed holy Rapes upon my Soul, methought I felt my Heart melting within my Breaſt, and my Thoughts tranſported to a true Elyſium all the while, there were ſuch flexanimous ſtrong Raviſhings ſtrains throughout it. To deal plainly with you, it were an injury to the publick good, not to expoſe to open light ſuch divine Raptures, for they have an edifying power in them, and may be term'd the very quinteſſence of Devotion; you diſcover in them, what a rich Talent you have, which ſhould not be buried within the Walls of a private Study, or paſs through a few particular hands, but appear in publick view, and to the ſight of the World, to the enriching of others, as they did me in reading them. Therefore I ſhall

long to see them pass from the Bank-side, to *Pauls* Church-yard, with other precious pieces of yours, which you have pleas'd to impart unto me

Oxford 20. Aug. 1628. *Your most Affectionate Servitor,* J. H.

XIV.

To Sir J. S. Knight.

Sir,

YOU writ to me lately for a Footman, and I think this bearer will fit you: I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again: yet, though he hath a running head, as well as running heels, (and who will expect a Footman to be a stayed Man?) I would not part with him, were I not to go Post to the *North*. There be some things in him, that answer for his Waggeries, he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his Master: He is a great Enemy to all Dogs, if they bark at him in his running; for I have seen him confront a huge Mastiff, and knock him down: When you go a Countrey journey, or have him run with you a Hunting, you must spirit him with liquor, you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, else you must not have him to wait at your Table; when his Grease melts in running hard, 'tis subject to fall into his Toes, I send him you but for tryal, if he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best News I can send you at this time, is, that we are like to have Peace, both with *France* and *Spain*, so that *Harwich-men*, your Neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the Name of *Spinola*, who struck such an apprehension into them lately, that I understand they begin to fortifie.

I pray present my most humble service to my good Lady, and at my return from the *North*, I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours; So I am

Lond. 25 *of* May 1628. *Your much obliged Servitor,* J. H.

XV.

To my Father.

Sir,

OUR two younger Brothers which you sent hither, are dispos'd of; my Brother Doctor hath placed the elder of the two with Mr. *Hawes*, a Mercer, in *Cheapside*, and he took much pains

pains in't, and I had plac'd my Brother *Ned* with Mr. *Parrington*, a Silk-man in the same Street, but afterwards for some inconveniences, I remov'd him to one Mr. *Smith*, at the Flower-de-luce in *Lombard-street*, a Mercer also; their Masters are both of them very well to pass, and of good Repute; I think it will prove some advantage to them hereafter, to be both of one Trade; because when they are out of their time, they may joyn stocks together; So that I hope, Sir, they are well plac'd as any two Youths in *London*, but you must not use to send them such large Tokens in Money, for that may corrupt them. When I went to bind my Brother *Ned* Apprentice in *Drapers-Hall*, casting my Eyes upon the Chimney-piece of the great Room, I might spie a Picture of an ancient Gentleman, and underneath, *Thomas Howel*; I ask'd the Clerk about him, and he told me that he had been a *Spanish* Merchant in *Henry* the Eight's time, and coming home Rich, and dying a Batchelor, he gave that Hall to the Company of *Drapers*, with other things, so that he is accounted one of their chiefest Benefactors. I told the Clerk, that one of the Sons of *Thomas Howel* came now thither to be bound, he answered, that if he be a right *Howel*, he may have, when he is free, Three Hundred Pounds to help to set up, and pay no interest for five years. It may be hereafter we may make use of this. He told me also, that any Maid, that can prove her Father to be a true *Howel*, may come and demand Fifty Pounds towards her Portion, of the said Hall I am to go Post towards *York* to morrow, to my Charge, but hope, God willing, to be here again the next Term: So with my love to my Brother *Howel*, and my Sister his Wife, I rest

Lond. 30 Sept. 1629. *Your dutiful Son*, J. H.

XVI.

To my Brother Dr. Howel, *at Jesus Colledge in* Oxon,

Brother, I have sent you here inclosed, Warrants for four brace of Bucks, and a Stag; the last Sir *Arthur Manwaring* procur'd of the King for you, towards the keeping of your Act, I have sent you a Warrant also for a brace of Bucks out of *Windsom* Chase; besides, you shall receive by this Carrier a great Wicker Hamper, with two Tools of Sturgeon, six Barrels of pickled Oysters, three Barrels of *Bologna* Olives, with some other *Spanish* Commodities.

My Lord President of the *North*, hath lately made me Patron of a living hard by *Henly*, call'd *Hambledon*, it is worth five hundred Pounds a Year *communibus annis*, and the now Incumbent, Dr. *Hil-*

Kinton is very aged, valetudinary, and corpulent: My Lord, by legal inſtrument hath tranſmitted the next Advouſion to me for ſatisfaction of ſome Arrerages. Dr. *Domlaw* and two or three more have been with me about it, but I always intended to make the firſt proffer to you, therefore, I pray think of it, a ſum of money muſt be had, but you ſhall be at no trouble for that, if you only will ſecure it (and deſire one more who I know will do it for you) and it ſhall appear unto you, that you have it upon far better terms than any other. It is as finely ſituated as any Rectory can be, for it is about the mid-way 'twixt *Oxford* and *London*, it lies upon the *Thames*, and the Glebe-land Houſe is very large and fair, and not dilapidated; ſo that conſidering all things, it is as good as ſome Biſhopricks: I know His Majeſty is gracious unto you, and you may well expect ſome preferment that way, but ſuch livings as theſe, are not to be had every where. I thank you, for inviting me to your Act, I will be with you the next week, God willing; and hope to find my Father there; So with my kind love to Dr. *Manſel*, Mr. *Watkins*, Mr. *Madocks*, and Mr. *Napier* at *All-ſouls*, I reſt

Lond. 20. June. *Your loving Brother,*
1628. J. H.

XVII.

To my Father Mr. Ben. Johnſon.

FAther *Ber. Nullum ſit magnum ingenium ſine mixtura dementiæ*, there's no great Wit without ſome mixture of madneſs, ſo ſaith the Philoſopher, nor was he a fool who anſwered, *nec parvum, ſine mixtura ſtultitiæ*, nor ſmall Wit without ſome allay of fooliſhneſs. Touching the firſt, it is verified in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad, you were mad when you writ your *Fox*, and madder, when you writ your *Alchimiſt*; you were mad when you writ your *Catilin*, and ſtark mad when you writ *Sejanus*; but when you writ your *Epigrams*, and the *Magnetic Lady*, you were not ſo mad: Inſomuch, that I perceive there be degrees of madneſs in you, Excuſe me that I am ſo free with you. The madneſs, I mean, is, that divine fury, that heating and heightning Spirit, which *Ovid* ſpeaks of.

Eſt Deus in nobis agitante caleſcimus illo: that true enthuſiaſm, which tranſports, and elevates the Souls of Poets, above the middle Region of vulgar Conceptions, and makes them ſoar up to Heaven to touch the ſtars with their laurell'd Heads, to walk in the *Zodiac* with *Apollo* himſelf, and command *Mercury* upon their Errand.

I cannot yet light upon Doctor *Davies*'s Welch Grammer, before *Chriſtmas* I am promis'd one; So deſiring you to look better

here-

hereafter to your Charcoal-fire and Chimney, which I am glad to be one that preſerv'd from burning, this being the ſecond time that *Vulcan* hath threaten'd you, it may be becauſe you have ſpoken ill of his Wife, and been too buſie with his Horns; I reſt

Weſtminſt. 27. *June*, 1629. *Your Son, and contiguous Neighbour*, J. H.

XVIII.

To Sir Arthur Ingram, *at his Houſe in* York.

Sir,

I Have ſent you here with a Hamper of Melons, the beſt I could find in any of *Tothilfield* Gardens, and with them my very humble Service and Thanks for all Favours, and lately, for inviting me to your new Noble Houſe at *Temple Newſam*, when I return to *York-ſhire*: To this I may anſwer you, as my Lord *Cook* was anſwered by a *Norfolk* Countryman, who had a Sute depending in the Kings-Bench, againſt ſome Neighbours, touching a River that us'd to annoy him; and Sir *Edward Cook* asking how he call'd the River, he anſwer'd, *My Lord, I need not call her, for ſhe is forward enough to come of her ſelf.* So I may ſay, That you need not call me to any Houſe of yours, for I am forward enough to come without calling.

My Lord Preſident is ſtill indiſpos'd at Dr. *Nappiers*, yet he writ to me lately, that he hopes to be at the next ſitting in *York*, So with a tender of my moſt humble Service to my noble good Lady, I reſt

Lond. 25. Jul. 1629. *Your much obliged Servant*, J. H.

XIX.

To R. S. *Eſquire.*

Sir,

I Am one of them, who value not a Courteſie that hangs long betwixt the Fingers. I love not thoſe *viſcoſa beneficia*, thoſe birdlim'd Kindneſſes, which *Pliny* ſpeaks of; nor would I receive Money in a dirty clout, if poſſibly I could be without it; Therefore, I return you the Courteſie by the ſame hand that brought it, it might have pleaſur'd me at firſt, but the expectation of it hath prejudic'd me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it, than

Weſtminſt. 3. Aug. 1629. *Your humble Servitor*, J. H.

XX.

To the Counteſs of Sunderland, *at* York.

Madam,

MY Lord continues ſtill in courſe of Phyſick at D. *Napiers*, I writ to him lately, that his Lordſhip would pleaſe to come to his own Houſe here in St. *Martins* Lane, where there is a greater accommodation for the recovery of his Health, Dr. *Mayern* being on the one ſide, and the King's Apothecary on the other; but I fear there be ſome Mountebanks that carry him away, and I hear he intends to remove to *Wickham* to one *Atkinſon*, a meer Quackſalver, that was once *D. Lopez*'s Man.

The little Knight that uſeth to draw up his Breeches with a Shooing-horn, I mean Sir *Poſthumus Hobby*, flew high at him this Parliament, and would have inſerted his name in the Scrowl of Recuſants, that's ſhortly to be preſented to the King; but I produc'd a Certificate from *Linford* under the Miniſter's hand, that he receiv'd the Communion at *Eaſter* laſt, and ſo got his Name out: Beſides, the Deputy-Lieutenants of *Buckinghamſhire* would have charg'd *Biggin*-Farm with a Light-horſe, but Sir *Will. Alford*, and others, joyn'd with me to get it off.

Sir *Thomas Wentworth*, and Mr. *Wansford*, are grown great Courtiers lately, and come from *Weſtminſter-Hall* to *White-Hall*: (Sir *Jo. Savil* their Country man having ſhown them the way with his white Staff) The Lord *Weſton* tamper'd with the one, and my Lord *Cottington* took pains with the other, to bring them about from their violence againſt the Prerogative: And I am told the firſt of them is promis'd my Lord's place at *York*, in caſe his ſickneſs continues.

We are like to have Peace with *Spain* and *France*, and for *Germany*, they ſay the *Swedes* are like to ſtrike into her, to try whether they may have better Fortunes than the *Danes*.

My Lady *Scroop* (my Lord's Mother) hath lain ſick a good while, and is very weak. So I reſt,

Weſtm. 5 Aug. 1629. *Madam, Your humble and dutiful Servitor,* J. H.

XXI.

To Dr. H. W.

Sir,

IT is a rule in Friendſhip, *When diſtruſt enters in at the Fore-gate, Love goes out at the Poſtern*; It is as true a Rule, that *Love*

ἡ ὑποψίας ἀρχή, dubitation is the beginning of all Knowledge; I confeſs this is true in the firſt Election and Co-optation of a Friend, to come to the true knowledge of him by quæries and doubts; but when there is a perfect Contract made, confirm'd by experience, and a long tract of time, diſtruſt then is meer poiſon to Friendſhip: Therefore if it be as I am told, I am unfit to be your Friend, but

Your Servant,

Weſtm. 20. 1629. J. H.

XXII.
To Dr. H. W.

Sir,

THey ſay in *Italy*, That *Deeds are men, and Words are but women*; I have had your word often to give me a viſit; I pray turn your *Female* promiſes to *Maſculine* performances, elſe I ſhall think you have loſt your *Being*; for you know 'tis a Rule in Law, *Idem eſt non eſſe, & non apparere.*

Your faithful Servitor,

Weſtm. 25 Sept. 1629.

J. H.

To Mr. B. Chaworth: *On my* Valentine *Miſtreſs,* Frances Metcalf (*now Lady* Robinſon) *at* York.

A Sonnet.

COuld I charm the Queen of Loves,
To lend a Quill of her white Doves;
Or one of Cupid's *pointed Wings,*
Dipt in the fair Caſtalian *Springs;*
Then would I write the all Divine,
Perfections of my Valentine.

As 'mongſt all Flowers the Roſe *excels,*
As Amber *'mongſt the fragrant'ſt ſmells,*
As 'mongſt all Minerals the Gold,
As Marble *'mongſt the fineſt Mold,*
As Diamonds *'mongſt Jewels bright,*
As Cynthia *'mongſt the leſſer lights;*
So 'mongſt the Northern *Beauties ſhine,*
So far excels my Valentine.

In

In Rome *and* Naples *I did view,*
Faces of Celeſtial hue,
Venetian *Dames I have ſeen many,*
(I only ſaw them, touch'd not any)
Of Spaniſh *Beauties,* Dutch *and* French,
I have beheld the Quinteſſence:
Yet ſaw I none that could out-ſhine,
Or parallel my Valentine.

Th' Italians *they are Coy and Quaint,*
But they groſly Daub and Paint,
The Spaniſh *kind, and apt to pleaſe,*
But ſav'ring of the ſame Diſeaſe,
Of Dutch *and* French *ſome few are comely,*
The French *are light, the* Dutch *are homely.*
Let Tagus, Po, *the* Loire, *and* Rhine,
Then vail unto my Valentine.

Here may be ſeen pure White and Red,
Not by feign'd Art, but Nature wed,
No ſimpring ſmiles, no mimick Face,
Affected geſture, or forc'd grace,
A fair ſmooth Front, free from leaſt wrinkle,
Her eyes (on me) like Stars do twinkle;
Thus all perfections do Combine,
To beautifie my Valentine.

XXIII.

To Mr. Tho. M.

NOble *Tom,* You deſir'd me lately to compoſe ſome Lines upon your Miſtreſſes black Eyes, her becoming Frowns, and upon her Mask. Though the leaſt requeſt of yours be a Command unto me, the execution of it a contentment, yet I was hardly drawn to ſuch a task at this time, in regard that many buſineſſes puzzle my pericranium, — *Aliena negotia centum per caput & circa ſalient latus.* Yet leſt your *Clorinda* might expect ſuch a thing, and that you might incur the hazard of her ſmiles (for you ſay her frowns are favours) and that ſhe may take of her Mask unto you, the next time you go to Court her, I ſend you the incloſed Verſes Sonnet-wiſe, which haply may pleaſe her better, in regard I hear ſhe hath ſome skill in Muſick.

Upon

Upon Black Eyes, and becoming Frowns,
A Sonnet.

BLack Eyes, in your dark Orbs doth lye,
My ill or happy deſtiny,
If with clear looks you me behold,
You give me Mines and Mounts of Gold.
If you dart forth diſdainful rays,
To your own Dye you turn my days.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradiſe or Hell.

That Lamp which all the Stars doth blind,
Yields to your Luſtre in ſome kind,
Though you do wear to make you Bright,
No other Dreſs but that of Night,
He glitters only in the Day,
You in the dark your Beams diſplay,
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradiſe or Hell.

The cunning Thief that lurks for prize,
At ſome dark Corner watching lies,
So that Heart-robbing God *doth ſtand,*
In your black Lobbies, ſhaft in hand,
To rifle me of what I hold,
More precious far than Indian *Gold.*
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradiſe or Hell.

O powerful Negromantick Eyes,
Who in your Circle ſtrictly pries,
Will find that Cupid *with his Dart,*
In you doth practiſe the black Art,
And by th'enchantment I'me poſſeſt,
Tries his Concluſions in thy Breaſt.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradiſe or Hell.

Look on me though in frowning wiſe.
Some kind of Frowns become black Eyes,
As pointed Diamonds being ſet,
Caſt greater Judgment out of Jet,

Thoſe

Thoſe pieces we eſteem moſt rare,
Which in Night ſhadows poſtur'd are:
Darkneſs in Churches congregates the ſight,
Devotion ſtrays in glaring light.
Black eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradiſe or Hell.

Touching her Mask, I will not be long about it.

Upon Clorinda's *Mask.*

SO have I ſeen the Sun in his full Pride,
O'recaſt with ſullen Clouds, and loſe his light
So have I ſeen the brighteſt Stars denied
To ſhew their luſtre in ſome gloomy Night,
So Angels Pictures have I ſeen vail'd o're,
That more devoutly men ſhould them adore;
So with a Mask ſaw I Clorinda *hide*
Her Face more bright then was the Lemnian *Bride.*

Whether I have hit upon your Fancy, or fitted your Miſtreſs, I know not; I pray let me hear what ſucceſs they have: So wiſhing you your hearts deſire, and if you have her, a happy *Converſation*, I reſt in Verſe and Proſe,

Weſtm. 29 of Mar. 1629. *Yours,* J. H.

XXIV.

To the Right Honourable my Lady Scroop, *Counteſs of* Sunderland, *at* Langar.

Madam,

I Am newly return'd from *Hunſdon*, from giving the Rites of Burial to my Lord's Mother; ſhe made my Lord ſole Executor of all. I have all her Plate and Houſhold-ſtuff in my Cuſtody, and unleſs I had gone as I did, much had been embezel'd. I have ſent herewith the Copy of a *Letter* the King writ to my Lord upon the reſignation of his place, which is fitting to be preſerv'd for Poſterity, among the Records of *Bolton* Caſtle. His Majeſty expreſſeth therein, *That he was never better ſerv'd, nor with more exactneſs of Fidelity and Juſtice by any, therefore he intends to ſet a ſpecial mark of his favour upon him, when his Health will ſerve him to come to Court*; My Lord *Carleton* deliver'd it me, and told me he never remembred that the King writ a more Gracious *Letter*. I have lately bought in fee-Farm *Wanleſs* Park of the King's Commiſſioners

miſſioners for my Lord, I got it for ſix hundred pound doubling the old rent, and the next day I was offer'd five hundred pound for the bargain, there were divers that put in for't, and my Lord of *Angleſey* thought himſelf ſure of it, but I found means to fruſtrate them all. I alſo compounded with her Majeſties Commiſſioners, for reſpit of Homage for *Rabbi* Caſtle, there was 120 pound damanded, but I came off for 40 Shillings. My Lord *Wentworth* is made Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, and carries a mighty ſtroke at Court; there have been ſome claſhings 'twixt him and my Lord of *Pembrook* lately with others at Court, and divers in the *North*, and ſome as Sir *David Fowler*, with others, have been cruſh'd.

He pleas'd to give me the diſpoſing of the next Attorneys place in *York*, and *John Liſter* being lately dead, I went to make uſe of the favour, and was offer'd three hundred pound for it, but ſome got 'twixt me and home, ſo that I was forc'd to go away contented with one hundred pieces, Mr. *Ratcliff* deliver'd me in his Chamber at *Grays-Inn*, and ſo to part with the legal Inſtrument I had, which I did, rather than conteſt.

The Dutcheſs your Niece is well, I did what your Ladiſhip commanded me at *York*-Houſe. So I reſt, Madam,

Your Ladiſhips ready and faithful Servitor,

Weſtm. this 1 of *July*, 1629. J. H.

XXV.

To D. C. *Eſq; at his Houſe in* Eſſex.

My D. D.

I Thank you for your laſt Society in *London*, but I am ſorry to have found *Jack T.* in that pickle, and that he had ſo far tranſgreſs'd the *Fannian* Law, which allows a chirping cup to *ſatiate*, not to *ſurfeit*; to *mirth*, not to *madneſs*; and upon ſome extraordinary occaſion of ſome rencounters, to give Nature a *fillip*, but not a *knock*, as *Jack* did: I am afraid he hath 'tane ſuch a habit of it, that nothing but death will mend him; and I find that he is poſting thither apace by this courſe. I have read of a King of *Navar (Charles le mauvais)* who periſh'd in Strong-waters, and of a Duke of *Clarence* that was drown'd in a Butt of Malmſey, but *Jack T.* I fear will dye in a Butt of *Canary*. Howſoever commend me unto him, and deſire him to have a care of the main chance, So I reſt,

Yours, J. H.

York, 5 July, 1629.

XXVI. *To*

XXVI.

To Sir Thomas Lake, *Knight.*

Sir,

I Have ſhew'd Sir *Kenelm Digby* both our Tranſlations of *Martials*, *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem*, *&c.* And to tell you true, he adjudg'd yours the better, ſo I ſhall pay the wager in the place appointed, and try whether I can recover my ſelf at *giocod'amore*, which the *Italian* ſaith, is a Play *to cozen the Devil*: If your Pulſe beats accordingly, I will wait upon you on the River towards the Evening, for a Floundring fit, to get ſome Fiſh for our Supper; So I reſt,

Your true Servitor,

3 *July*, 1629. J. H.

XXVII.

To Mr. Ben. Johnſon.

FAther *Ben.* you deſir'd me lately to procure you Dr. *Davies Welch* Grammar, to add to thoſe many you have, I have lighted upon one at laſt, and I am glad I have it in ſo ſeaſonable a time that it may ſerve for a New-years-gift, in which quality I ſend it you; and becauſe 'twas not you, but your *Muſe* that deſir'd it of me, for your *Letter* runs on Feet, I thought it good correſpondence with you to accompany it with what follows.

Upon Dr. *Davies* Britiſh Grammar.

'TWas a rough Task believe it, thus to frame
A Wild and wealthy Language, and to frame
Grammatick Toils to curb her, ſo that ſhe
Now ſpeaks by Rules, and ſpeaks by Proſody;
Such is the ſtrength of Art rough things to ſhape,
And of rude Commons, rich Incloſures make;
Doubtleſs much Oyl and Labour went to couch,
Into Methodick *Rules the rugged* Dutch;
The Rabbies paſs my reach, but judge I can,
Something of Clenard *and* Quintilian;
Ital. *And for thoſe* Modern Dames, *I find they three*
Spaniſh. *Are only Lops cut from the* Latian *Tree,*
French. *And eaſie 'twas to ſquare them into Parts,*
The Tree it ſelf ſo bloſſoming with Arts,

I have been ſhewn for Iriſh *and* Baſcuence,
Imperfect Rules couch'd in an Accidence:
But I find none of theſe can take the ſtart
Of Davies, *or that prove more men of Art,*
Who in exacter Method, *and ſhort way,*
The Idioms of a Language do diſplay.
This is the Tongue the Bards *ſung in of old,*
And Druids *their dark Knowledge did unfold,*
Merlin *in this his Propheſies did vent,*
Which through the World of Fame bear ſuch extent:
This ſpoke that Son of Mars, *and* Britain *bold,*
Who firſt amongſt Chriſtian Worthies is inroll'd:
Arthur. *This* Brennus, *who, to his deſire and glut,*
The Miſtreſs *of the World did proſtitute.*
This Aviragus, *and brave* Catarac
Sole free, when all the World was on Rome's *Rack;*
This Lucius *who on Angels Wings did ſoar*
To Rome, *and would were Diadem no more:*
And thouſand Heroes *more, which ſhould I tell*
This New-year ſcarce would ſerve me, So Farewel.

Cal. *Apr.* 1629. Your Son and Servitor,
J. H.

XXVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Briſtol, *at* Sherburn *Caſtle.*

My Lord,

I Attended my Lord *Cottington* before he went on his Journey towards *Spain*, and put him in mind of the old buſineſs againſt the Vice-roy of *Sardinia*, to ſee whether any good can be done, and to learn whether the *Conde* or his Son be Solvent; he is to land at *Lisbon*, one of the King's Ships attends him, and ſome Merchant-men take the advantage of this Convoy.

The news that keeps greateſt noiſe now is, that the Emperour hath made a favourable Peace with the *Dane*, for *Tilly* had croſs'd the *Elve*, and entred deep into *Holſtein* Land, and in all probability might have carried all before him, yet that King had honourable terms given him, and a Peace is concluded (though without the Privity of *England*.) But I believe the King of *Denmark* far'd the better, becauſe he is Granchild to *Charles* the Emperour's Siſter. Now it ſeems another Spirit is like to fall upon the Emperour; for they write that *Guſtavus* King of *Swethland* is ſtruck into

to

to *Germany*, and hath taken *Meclenburgh*; the ground of his Quarrel, as I hear, is, *That the Emperour would not acknowledge, much leſs give Audience to his Ambaſſadors*, he alſo gives out *to come for the aſſiſtance of his Allies, the Dukes of* Pomerland *and* Meclenburgh: Nor do I hear that he ſpeaks any thing yet of the Prince *Palſgrave*'s buſineſs.

Don Carlos Caloma is expected here from *Flanders*, about the ſame time that my Lord *Cottington* ſhall be arriv'd at the Court of *Spain*, *God ſend us an Honourable Peace*; for as the *Spaniard* ſays, *Nunca vi tan mala pazque no fueſſe mejor, que la mejor guerra.*

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and ready
1629. *Servant*, J. H.

XXIX.

To my Couſin J. P. *at Mr.* Conradus.

Couſin,

A *Letter* of yours was lately deliver'd me, I made a ſhift to read the Superſcription, but within I wonder'd what Language it might be in which 'twas Written; at firſt I thought 'twas *Hebrew*, or ſome of her Dialects, and ſo went from the Liver to the Heart, from the right hand to the left to read it, but could make nothing of it; then I thought it might be the *Chineſes* Language, and went to read the words perpendicular, and the Lines were ſo crooked and diſtorted, that no coherence could be made; *Greek* I perceiv'd it was not, nor *Latin* or *Engliſh*; ſo I gave it for meer *Gibbriſh*, and your Characters to be rather *Hieroglyphicks* than *Letters*. The beſt is, you keep your Lines at a good diſtance, like thoſe in Chancery-Bills, who, as a Clerk ſaid, *Were made ſo wide of purpoſe, becauſe the Clients ſhould have room enough to walk between them without juſtling one another*; yet this wideneſs had been excuſable if your Lines had been ſtreight, but they were full of odd kind of undulations and windings: If you can write no otherwiſe, one may read your Thoughts as ſoon as your Characters. It is ſome excuſe for you that you are but a young beginner, I pray let it appear in your next what a Proficient you are, otherwiſe ſome blame might light on me that placed you there: Let me receive no more *Gibbriſh* or *Hieroglyphicks* from you, but legible *Letters*, that I may acquaint your Friends accordingly of your good proceedings: So I reſt,

Your very loving Couſin,

Weſtm. 20 Sept.
1629. J. H.

XXX. *To*

XXXI.

To the L. Viſcount Wentworth, *L. Preſident of* York.

My Lord,

MY laſt was of the firſt Current; ſince which, I receiv'd one from your Lordſhip, and your Commands therein, which I ſhall ever entertain with a great deal of cheerfulneſs. The greateſt news from abroad is, that the *French* King with his Cardinal are come again on this ſide the Hills, having done his buſineſs in *Italy*, and *Savoy*, and reſerv'd ſtill *Pignerol* in his hands, which will ſerve him as a Key to enter *Italy* at pleaſure: Upon the higheſt Mountain amongſt the *Alps* he left this oſtentous Inſcription, upon a great Marble Pillar.

A la Memoir Eternelle de Lovis *treiziſme,*
Roy de France *&* *de* Navarre,
Tres-Auguſte, tres-Victorreux, tres-Heureux,
Conquerant, tres-Juſte:
Lequel apres avoir vaineu toutes les Nations
de l' Europe,
Il a encore Triumphe les Elements
Du Ciel & *de la Terre,*
Ayant paſſe deux fois ces monts au mois
De Mars *avec Son Armee,*
Victorieuſe pour remmettre les Princes
d' Italie *en leures eſtates,*
Defendre & *proteger ſes Alies,*

To the Eternal Memory of Lewis *the Thirteenth King of* France *and* Navarre, *Moſt Gracious, Moſt Victorious, Moſt Happy, Moſt Juſt; a Conquerour who having o'recome all the Nations of* Europe, *he hath alſo Triumph'd over the Elements of Heaven and Earth, having twice paſs'd o're theſe Hills in the Month of* March *with his Victorious Army, to reſtore the Princes of* Italy *to their Eſtates, and to Defend and Protect his Allies.* So I take my leave for the preſent, and reſt,

Weſtm. 5. Aug. 1629. *Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and ready Servitor,* J. H.

XXXII.

To Sir Kenelme Digby, *Knight.*

Sir,

GIve me leave to Congratulate your happy return from the *Levant*, and the great Honour you have acquir'd by your gallant

comportment in *Algier*, in reſcuing ſo many *Engliſh* Slaves; by bearing up ſo bravely againſt the *Venetian* Fleet in the Bay of *Scanderoon*; and making the *Pantaloni* to know themſelves and *You* better. I do not remember to have read or heard that thoſe huge Galeaſſes, of Saint *Mark*, were beaten afore; I give you the joy, alſo that you have born up againſt the *Venetian* Ambaſſadour here, and vindicated your ſelf of thoſe foul ſcandals he had caſt upon you in your abſence. Whereas you deſire me to joyn with my Lord *Cottington* and others, to make an Affidavit touching *Bartholemew Spinola*, whether he be *Vezino de* Madrid, *viz. Free Denizen of* Spain, I am ready to ſerve you herein, or to do any other office that may right you, and tend to the making of your Prize good. Yet I am very ſorry that our *Alleppo* Merchants ſuffer'd ſo much.

I ſhall be ſhortly in *London*, and I will make the greater ſpeed becauſe I may ſerve you. So I humbly kiſs my Noble Ladies hand, and reſt,

Weſtmin. 25 Novemb. 1629. *Your thrice aſſured, Servitor,* J. H.

XXXIII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Peter Wichts, *Ambaſſador at* Conſtantinople.

Sir,

MAſter *Simon Digby* deliver'd me one from your Lordſhip's of the firſt of *June*; and I was extreamly glad to have it, for I had receiv'd nothing from your Lordſhip a Twelvemonth before. Mr. Controler, Sir *Tho. Edmonds* is lately return'd from *France*, having renew'd the Peace, which was made up to his hands before by the *Venetian* Ambaſſadour, who had much labour'd in it, and hath concluded all things beyond the *Alps*. When the King of *France* was at *Suſa* to relieve *Caſal*, the Monſieur that was to fetch him from Saint *Denis* to *Paris*, put a kind of jeering Complement upon him, *viz. That his Excellency ſhould not think it ſtrange, that he had ſo few* French *Gentlemen to attend in this Service, to accompany him to the Court, in regard there were ſo many kill'd at the Iſle of* Ree. The Marqueſs of *Chaſteau neuf*, is here from *France*, and it was an odd Speech alſo from him, reflecting upon Mr. Controuler, *That the King of Great* Britain *us'd to ſend for his Ambaſſadors from abroad to pluck Capons at home.*

Mr. *Burlimack* is to go ſhortly to *Paris* to recover the other Moity of her Majeſties Portion; whereof they ſay my Lord of *Holland* is to give a good ſhare. The Lord Treaſurer *Weſton* is he who

who hath the greateſt Vogue now at Court, but many great ones have claſh'd with him: He is ſo potent, that I hear his Eldeſt Son is to marry one of the Blood-Royal of *Scotland*, the Duke of *Lenox*'s Siſter, and that with his Majeſties conſent.

Biſhop *Laud* of *London* is alſo powerful in his way, for he ſits at the Helm of the Church, and doth more than any of the two Arch-Biſhops, or all the reſt of his two and twenty Brethren beſides.

In your next I ſhould be glad your Lordſhip would do me the favour, as to write how the Grand Seignour is like to ſpeed before *Bagdat*, in this his *Perſian* Expedition.

No more now, but that I always reſt,

Weſtm. 1 Jan. 1629. *Your Lordſhip's ready and moſt faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XXXIV.

To my Father.

Sir,

SIR *Tho. Wentworth* hath been a good while Lord Preſident of *York*, and ſince is ſworn Privy Councellor, and made Baron and Vicount; the Duke of *Buckingham* himſelf flew not ſo high in ſo ſhort a revolution of time; He was made Vicount with a great deal of high Ceremony upon a Sunday in the Afternoon at *White-Hall*; My Lord *Powis* (who affects him not much) being told that the Heralds had fetch'd his Pedigree from the Blood Royal, *viz*, *From* John *of* Gaunt, ſaid *Dammy if ever he come to be King of* England, *I will turn Rebel.* When I went firſt to give him Joy, he pleas'd to give me the diſpoſing of the next Attorneys place that falls void in *York*, which is valued at three hundred pounds. I have no reaſon to leave my Lord of *Sunderland*, for I hope he will be Noble unto me, the perquiſits of my place, taking the King's Fee away, came far ſhort of what he promis'd me at my firſt coming to him, in regard of his non-reſidence at *York*; therefore I hope he will conſider it ſome other way. This languiſhing ſickneſs ſtill hangs on him, and I fear will make an end of him; there's none can tell what to make of it, but he voided lately a ſtrange Worm at *Wickham*: But I fear there's an Impoſthume growing in him, for he told me a paſſage, how many years ago, my Ld. *Willoughby*, and he, with ſo many of their Servants (*de gayete cear*) played a Match at Foot-ball, againſt ſuch a number of Countrymen, where my Lord of *Sunderland* being buſie about the Ball, got a bruiſe in the Breaſt, which put him in a ſwoon for the preſent, but did not trouble him till three Months after, when being

at *Bever*-Caſtle, (his Brother-in-Laws Houſe) a quame took him on a ſudden, which made him retire to his Bed-Chamber, My L. of *Rutland* following him, put a Pipe full of Tobacco in his Mouth; and he being not accuſtomed to Tobacco, taking the Smoak downwards, fell a Caſting and Vomiting up divers little Impoſthumated Bladders of congeal'd Blood, which ſav'd his life then, and brought him to have a better conceit of Tobacco ever after; and I fear there is ſome of that clodded Blood ſtill in his Body.

Becauſe Mr. *Hawes* of *Cheap-ſide* is lately dead, I have remov'd my Brother *Griffith* to the Hen and Chickens in *Pater-noſter*-Row, to Mr. *Taylors*, as gentile a Shop as any in the City, but I gave a piece of Plate of twenty Nobles price to his Wife. I, wiſh the *York-ſhire* Horſe may be fit for your turn, he was accounted the beſt Saddle-Gelding about *York*, when I bought him of Captain *Philips* the Muſter-maſter; and when he carried me firſt to *London*, there was twenty pounds offered for him by my Lady *Carlile*. No more now, but deſiring a continuance of your Bleſſing and Prayers, I reſt,

Lond. 3 Decemb. 1630. *Your dutiful Son,* J. H.

XXXV.

To the Lord Cottington, *Ambaſſadour Extraordinary for His Majeſty of Great* Britain, *in the Court of* Spain.

My Lord,

I Receiv'd your Lordſhip's lately by *Harry Davis*, the *Correo Santo*, and I return my humble thanks, that you were pleas'd to be mindful (amongſt ſo many high Negotiations) of the old buſineſs, touching the Vice-Roy of *Sardinia:* I have acquainted my Lord of *Briſtol* accordingly; our eyes here look very greedily after your Lordſhip, and the ſucceſs of your Ambaſſie, and we are glad to hear the buſineſs is brought to ſo good a paſs, and that the Capitulations are ſo honourable (the high effects of your Wiſdom.)

For news, the *Swedes* do notable Feats in *Germany*, and we hope they cutting the Emperour and *Bavarian* ſo much work to do, and the good Offices we are to expect from *Spain* upon this redintegration of Peace, will be an advantage to the Prince *Palatine*, and facilitate matters for reſtoring him to his Country.

There is little news at our Court, but that there fell an ill-favoured quarrel 'twixt Sir *Kenelme Digby*, and Mr. *Goring*, Mr. *Jermin*, and others at St. *James*'s lately, about Mrs. *Baker* the Maid of Honour, and Duels were like to grow of it, but that the buſineſs was taken up by the Lord Treaſurer, My Lord of *Dorſet*, and others appointed

appointed by the King. My Lord of *Sunderland* is ſtill ill diſpos'd; he will'd me to remember his hearty Service to your Lordſhip, and ſo did Sir *Arthur Ingram*, and my Lady: they all wiſh you a happy and honourable return, as doth

Lond. 1 Mar. 1630. *Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and ready Servitor,* J. H.

XXXVI.

To my Lord Viſcount Rockſavage.

My Lord,

SOme ſay, *The* Italian *loves no Favour, but what's Future*: though I have convers'd much with that Nation, yet I am nothing infected with their humour in this point, for I love favours paſs'd as well; the remembrance of them joyes my very heart, and makes it melt within me; when my thoughts reflect upon your Lordſhip, I have many of theſe fits of joy within me, by the pleaſing Speculation of ſo many moſt Noble Favours and Reſpects; which I ſhall daily ſtudy to improve and merit.

My Lord,

Weſtm. 22 Mar. 1630. *Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and ready Servitor.* J. H

XXXVII.

To the Earl of Briſtol.

My Lord,

I Doubt not but your Lordſhip hath had intelligence from time to time, what firm Invaſions the King of *Swedes* hath made into *Germany*, and by what degrees he hath mounted to this height, having but 6000 Foot, and 500 Horſe, when he entred firſt to *Meclenburg*, and taken that Town, while Commiſſioners ſtood treating on both ſides in his Tent; how thereby his Army much increas'd, and ſo ruſh'd further into the heart of the Country, but paſſing near *Magdenburg*, being diffident of his own ſtrength, he ſuffer'd *Tilly* to take that great Town with ſo much effuſion of Blood, becauſe they would receive no Quarter: your Lordſhip hath alſo heard of the Battel of *Leipſick*, where *Tilly*, notwithſtanding the Victory he had got o're the Duke of *Saxony* a few days before, receiv'd an utter diſcomfiture; upon which Victory the King ſent Sir *Thomas Roe* a Preſent of two Thouſand pounds, and in his *Letter* calls him his *ſtrenuum conſultorem*, he being one of the firſt who had adviſ'd him to this *German* War after he had

made Peace 'twixt him and the *Polander*. I preſume alſo your Lordſhip heard how he met *Tilly* again near *Auſpurg*, and made him go upon a Wooden Leg whereof he dyed, and after ſoundly plunder'd the *Bavarian*, and made him flee from his own Houſe at *Munchen*, and rifled his very Cloſets.

Now your Lordſhip ſhall underſtand, that the ſaid King is at *Mentz*, and keeps a Court there like an Emperour, there being above twelve Ambaſſadors with him. The King of *France* ſent a great Marqueſs for his Ambaſſador, to put him in mind of his Articles, and to tell him, *That his Chriſtian Majeſty wondred he would croſs the* Rhine *without his privity, and wondred more that he would invade the Church-Lands*, meaning the Archbiſhop of *Mentz*, who had put himſelf under the protection of *France*; The *Swede* anſwer'd. *That he had not broke the leaſt title of the Articles agreed on, and touching the ſaid Archbiſhop, he had not ſtood Neutral as was promiſed, therefore he had juſtly ſet on his skirts.* The Ambaſſador replied, *In caſe of breach of Articles, his Maſter had Eighty Thouſand Men to pierce* Germany *when he pleas'd*; The King anſwer'd, *That he had but Twenty Thouſand, and thoſe would be ſooner at the Walls of* Paris, *then his Fourſcore Thouſand ſhould be on the Frontiers of* Germany. If this new Conquerour goes on with this violence, I believe it will caſt the Policy of all Chriſtendom into another mould, and beget new Maxims of State; for none can foretell where his monſtrous progreſs will terminate: Sir *Henry Vane* is ſtill in *Germany* obſerving his motions, and they write that they do not agree well; as I heard the King ſhould tell him, *That he ſpoke nothing but* Spaniſh *to him*: Sir *Robert Anſtruther* is alſo at *Vienna*, being gone thither from the Diet at *Ratisbon*.

I hear the *Infante* Cardinal is deſign'd to come Governour of the *Netherlands*, and paſſeth by way of *Italy*, and ſo through *Germany*: His Brother *Don Carlos* is lately dead. So I humbly take my leave and reſt,

My Lord,

Weſtm. 23 Apr. 1630.

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

XXXVIII.

To my Noble Lady, the Lady Cor.

Madam,

YOU ſpoke to me for a Cook who had ſeen the World abroad, and I think the Bearer hereof will fit your Ladiſhip's turn. He can marinate Fiſh, and Jellies, he is excellent for a *Pickant* Sauce, and the *Haugou*; beſides, Madam, he is paſſing good for an *Ollia*: He will tell your Ladiſhip, that the reverend

verend Matron the *olla podrida*, hath Intellectuals and Senſes; Mutton, Beef, and Bacon, are to her, as the Will, Underſtanding, and Memory, are to the Soul; Cabbage, Turnips, Artichoaks, Potatoes, and Dates, are her five Senſes, and Pepper the common Senſe; ſhe muſt have Marrow to keep life in her, and ſome Birds to make her light, by all means ſhe muſt go adorn'd with Chains of Sauſages: He is alſo good at Larding of Meat after the Mode of *France*. Madam, you may make proof of him, and if your Ladiſhip find him too ſaucy or waſtful, you may return him from whence you had him. So I reſt,

Madam,

Weſtmin. 1 June 1630. *Your Ladiſhips moſt humble Servitor*, J. H.

XXXIX.

To Mr. E. D.

Sir,

YOU write to me, that *T. B.* intends to give Money for ſuch a place, if he doth, I fear it will be verified in him, *That a Fool and his Money is ſoon parted*; for I know he will be never able to execute it: I heard of a late Secretary of State, that could not read the next Morning his own Hand-writing; and I have read of *Caligula*'s Horſe that was made Conſul, therefore I pray tell him from me (for I wiſh him well) that if he thinks he is fit for that Office, he looks upon himſelf through a falſe Glaſs, a trotting Horſe is fit for a Coach, but not for a Ladies Saddle, and an ambler is proper for a Ladies Saddle, but not for a Coach. If *Tom* undertakes this place, he will be as an Ambler in a Coach, or a trotter under a Ladies Saddle, when I come to Town, I will put him upon a far fitter and more feaſible buſineſs for him, and ſo commend me to him, for I am his and

Weſtm. 5 June, 1630. *Your, true Friend*, J. H.

XL.

To my Father.

Sir,

THere are two Ambaſſadours Extraordinary to go abroad ſhortly, the Earl of *Leiceſter*, and the Lord *Weſton*, this latter goes to *France*, *Savoy*, *Venice*, and ſo returns by *Florence*, a

pleaſant Journey, for he carrieth Preſents with him from King and Queen: The Earl of *Leiceſter* is to go to the King of *Denmark*, and other Princes of *Germany*; the main of the Ambaſſie, is to Condole the late Death of the Lady *Sophia* Queen-Dowager of *Denmark* our King's Grandmother: She was the Duke of *Meclenburg*'s Daughter, and her Husband *Chriſtian* the third dying young, her Portion which was Forty Thouſand Pounds was reſtor'd her; & living a Widdow Forty four years after, ſhe grew to be ſo great a Houſwife, ſetting three or four hundred People at Work, that ſhe died worth near two Millions of Dollars; ſo that ſhe was reputed the richeſt Queen of *Chriſtendom*. By the Conſtitutions of *Denmark* this Eſtate is diviſible amongſt her Children, whereof ſhe had five; the King of *Denmark*, the Dutcheſs of *Saxony*, the Dutcheſs of *Brunſwick*, Queen *Anne*, and the Dutcheſs of *Holſtein*; the King being Male, is to have two ſhares; our King and the Lady *Elizabeth* is to have that which ſhould have belong'd to Queen *Anne*: So he is to return by the *Hague*. It pleas'd my Lord of *Leiceſter* to ſend for me to *Baynard*'s Caſtle, and proffer'd me to go Secretary in this Ambaſſage, aſſuring me, that the Journey ſhall tend to my Profit and Credit: So I have accepted of it; for I hear very Nobly of my Lord, ſo that I hope to make a boon Voyage of it. I deſire, as hitherto, your Prayers and Bleſſing may accompany me. So with my Love to my Brothers and Siſters, I reſt,

Lond. 5 May, 1632. *Your dutiful Son,* J. H.

XLI.

To Mr. Alderman Mouſon, *Governour of the Merchant-Adventurers.*

Sir,

THE Earl of *Leiceſter*, is to go ſhortly Ambaſſadour Extraordinary to the King of *Denmark*, and he is to paſs by *Hamburgh*: I underſtand by Mr. *Skinner* that the Staple hath ſome Grievances to be redreſs'd. If this Ambaſſage may be an advantage to the Company, I will ſollicite my Lord that he may do you all the favour that may ſtand with his Honour: ſo I ſhall expect your inſtructions accordingly, and reſt,

Yours, ready to ſerve you,

Weſtm. 1 *June*, 1632. J. H.

XLII.

To Ald. Clethero, *Governour of the Eaſtland Company.*

Sir,

I Am inform'd of ſome Complaints that your Company hath againſt the K. of *Denmark*'s Officers in the *Sound*. The Earl of *Leiceſter* is nominated by His Majeſty to go Ambaſſador Extraordinary to that King, and other Princes of *Germany*; if this Ambaſſie may be advantageous unto you, you may ſend your directions, and I will attend my Lord accordingly, to do you any favour, that may ſtand with his Honour, and conduce to your benefit, and redreſs of Grievances: So I take my leave and reſt,

Weſtm. 1 of *June*, 1632. *Yours, ready to ſerve you,* J. H.

XLIII.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Leiceſter, *at* Pettworth.

My Lord,

SIR *John Pennington* is appointed to carry your Lordſhip and your Company to *Germany*, and he intends to take you up at *Margets*. I have been with Mr. *Bourlamack*, and receiv'd a Bill of Exchange from him for ten thouſand Dollars payable in *Hamburgh*. I have alſo receiv'd two thouſand pounds of Sir *Paul Pinder* for your Lordſhip's uſe, and he did me the favour to pay it me all in old Gold; your allowance hath begun ſince the twenty five of *July* laſt at eight pound *per diem*, and is to continue ſo till your Lordſhip return to His Majeſty. I underſtand by ſome Merchants to day upon the Exchange, that the King of *Denmark* is at *Luckſtad*, and ſtays there all this Summer; if it be ſo, 'twill ſave half the Voyage of going to *Coppenhagen*, for in the lieu of the *Sound*, we need go no further then the River of *Elve*: So I reſt,

Weſtm. 13 Aug. 1622. *Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XLIV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mohun.

My Lord,

THough any Command from your Lordſhip be welcome to me at all times, yet that, which you lately enjoyn'd me in yours of

of the twelfth of *Auguſt*, that I ſhould inform your Lordſhip of what I know, touching the *Inquiſition*, is now a little unſeaſonable, becauſe I have much to do, to prepare my ſelf for this employment to *Germany*, therefore I cannot ſatisfie you in that fulneſs, as I could do otherwiſe. The very name of the *Inquiſition*, is terrible all *Chriſtendom* over, and the King of *Spain* himſelf, with the chiefeſt of his *Grandees* tremble at it. It was founded firſt by the Catholic King *Ferdinand* (our *Henry* the Eight's Father-in-Law) for he having got *Granada*, and ſubdued all the *Moors*, who had a firm footing in that Kingdom about 700 years, yet, he ſuffer'd them to live peaceably a while in point of Conſcience; but afterwards he ſent a ſolemn *Mandamus* to the *Jacobin Fryers*, to endeavour the converſion of them by Preaching, and all other means; They finding that their pains did little good (and that thoſe whom they had converted turn'd Apoſtates) obtain'd power to make a reſearch, which afterwards was call'd *Inquiſition*, and it was ratified by Pope *Sixtus*, that if they would not conform themſelves by fair means, they ſhould be forc'd to do it. The *Jacobins* being found too ſevere herein, and for other abuſes beſides, this *Inquiſition* was taken from them, and put into the hands of the moſt ſufficient Eccleſiaſtics. So a Councel was eſtabliſhed, and Officers appointed accordingly: Whoſoever was found pendulous and branling in his Religion, was brought by a Sergeant call'd *Familiar*, before the ſaid Councel of *Inquiſition*, his Accuſer or *Delator* ſtands behind a piece of Tapiſtry, to ſee whether he be the party, and if he be, then they put divers ſubtil and entrapping Interrogatories unto him, and whether he confeſs any thing or no, he is ſent to Priſon. When the ſaid *Familiar* goes to any houſe, though it be in the dead of the night (and that's the time commonly they uſe to come, or in the dawn of the day) all doors, and trunks and cheſts fly open to him, and the firſt thing he doth, he ſeizeth the parties Breeches, ſearcheth his Pockets, and takes his Keys, and ſo rummageth all his Cloſets and Trunks: and a publick Notary whom he carrieth with him, takes an Inventory of every thing, which is ſequeſtred and depoſited in the hands of ſome of his next Neighbours: The party being hurried away in a cloſe Coach, and clapt in Priſon, he is there eight days before he make his appearance, and then they preſent unto him the Croſs, and the Miſſal-Book to ſwear upon; if he refuſeth to ſwear, he convinceth himſelf, and though he ſwear, yet, he is remanded to Priſon; This Oath commonly is preſented before any Accuſation be produc'd; His Goaler is ſtrictly commanded to pry into his Actions, his deportment, words, and countenance; and to ſet ſpies upon him, and whoſoever of his fellow Priſoners, or others can produce any thing againſt him, he hath a reward for it: At laſt after divers appearances,

pearances, Examinations, and Scrutinies, the Information againſt him is Read, but the Witneſſes's Names are conceal'd, then is he appointed by a Rector and Advocate, but he muſt not confer or adviſe with them privately, but in the Face of the Court; the King's Attorney is a party in't, and the Accuſers commonly the ſole Witneſſes. Being to name his own Lawyers, oftentimes others are diſcovered, and fall into troubles; while he is thus in Priſon, he is ſo abhor'd, and abandoned of all the World, that none will, at leaſt none dare viſit him. Though one clear himſelf, yet, he cannot be freed, till an Act of *Faith* paſs, which is done ſeldome, but very ſolemnly. There are few who having fallen into the Gripes of the *Inquiſition*, do 'ſcape the Rack; or the *Sambenito* which is a ſtreight yellow Coat without Sleeves, having the pourtrait of the Devil painted up and down in black, and upon their Heads, they carry a Miter of Paper, with a Man frying in the Flames of Hell upon't, they gag their Mouths, and tie a great Cord about their Necks: The Judges meet in ſome uncouth dark Dungeon, and the Executioner ſtands by, clad in a cloſe dark Garment, his Head and Face cover'd with a Chaperon, out of which, there are but two holes to look through, and a huge Link burning in his hand, when the Eccleſiaſtic Inquiſitors, have pronounc'd the Anathema againſt him, they tranſmit him to the ſecular Judges, to receive the Sentence of Death, for Churchmen muſt not have their Hands imbru'd in Bloud, the King can mitigate any puniſhment under Death; nor is a Noble-man ſubject to the Rack.

I pray be pleas'd to pardon this rambling imperfect Relation, and take in good part my Conformity to your Commands, for I am

Your Lordſhip's moſt ready and faithful
Servitor, J. H.

Weſtmin. 30. Aug.
1632.

Familiar.

Familiar LETTERS.

SECTION VI.

I.

To P. W. *Esq; at the Signet-Office. From the* English *House in* Hamburgh.

WE are safely come to *Germany*, Sir *J. Pennington* took us aboard in one of His Majesties Ships at *Margets*; and the Wind stood so fair, that we were at the mouth of the *Elve*, upon *Munday* following. It pleased my Lord I should Land first with two Foot-men, to make hast to *Gluckstad*, to learn where the King of *Denmark* was, and he was at *Reinsburg*, some two days journey off, at a *Richsdagh*, an Assembly that corresponds our Parliament: My Lord the next day Landed at *Gluckstad*, where I had provided an Accommodation for him, though he intended to have gone for *Hamburgh*; but I was bold to tell him, that in regard there were some Ombrages, and not only so, but open and actual Differences 'twixt the King and that Town, it might be ill taken, if he went thither first, before he had attended the King. So I left my Lord at *Gluckstad*, and being come hither to take up 8000 rich Dollers upon Mr. *Burlamaches*'s Bills, and fetch Mr. *Avery* our Agent here; I return to morrow to attend my Lord again. I find that matters are much off the hinges, 'twixt the King of *Denmark* and this Town.

The King of *Swedes* is advancing apace, to find out *Wallestein*, and *Wallestein* him; and in all appearance, they will be shortly engag'd.

No more now, for I am interpell'd by many businesses: when you write, deliver your *Letters* to Mr. *Railton*, who will see them safely convey'd; for a little before my departure, I brought him acquainted with my Lord, that he might negotiate some things at Court. So with my Service and Love to all at *Westminster*, I rest

Hamburgh, Octob. 23 1632. *Your faithful Servitor,* J. H.

II. *To*

II.

To my Lord Viſcount S. *From* Hamburgh.

SInce I was laſt in Town, my Lord of *Leiceſter* hath attended the King of *Denmark* at *Reinsburgh* in *Holſteinland*: he was brought thither from *Gluckſtad* in indifferent good Equipage, both for Coaches and Waggons; but he ſtayed ſome days at *Reinsburgh* for Audience: We made a comely gallant ſhew in that kind, when we went to Court, for we were near upon a hundred, all of one piece in Mourning: It pleas'd my Lord to make me the Orator, and ſo I made a long Speech, *alta voce*, to the King in Latin, of the occaſion of this Ambaſſie, and tending to the praiſe of the deceaſed Queen: and I had better luck than Secretary *Nanton* had ſome thirty years ſince, with *Roger* Earl of *Rutland*: for at the beginning of his Speech, when he had pronounc'd *Sereniſſime Rex*, he was daſh'd out of Countenance, and ſo gravil'd, that he could go no further: I made another to *Chriſtian* the Fifth, his eldeſt Son, King Elect of *Denmark*; for though that Crown be purely Electif, yet, for theſe three laſt Kings, they wrought ſo with the people, that they got their eldeſt Sons choſen, and declar'd before their Death, and to aſſume the Title of Kings Elect. At the ſame Audience, I made another Speech to Prince *Frederic*, *Arch-Biſhop* of *Breme*, the King's third Son, and he hath but one more (beſides his natural Iſſue) which is Prince *Ulric*, now in the Wars with the Duke of *Sax*: and they ſay, there is an Alliance contracted already, 'twixt *Chriſtian* the Fifth, and the Duke of *Sax* his Daughter. This Ceremony being perform'd, my Lord deſir'd to find his own Dyet, and then he fell to divers buſineſſes, which is not fitting for me to foreſtal, or impart to your Lordſhip now, ſo we ſtayed there near upon a month. The King feaſted my Lord once, and it laſted from Eleven of the Clock, till towards the Evening; during which time, the King began thirty five Healths: The firſt to the Emperour, the ſecond to his Nephew of *England*, and ſo went over all the King's and Queen's of *Chriſtendom*, but he never remembred the Prince *Palſgraves*'s Health, or his Niece's all the while: the King was taken away at laſt in his Chair, but my Lord of *Leiceſter* bore up ſtoutly all the while, ſo that when there came two of the King's Guard to take him by the Arms, as he was going down the Stairs, my Lord ſhook them off, and went alone.

The next Morning I went to Court for ſome Diſpatches, but the King was gone a hunting at break of day; but going to ſome other of his Officers, their Servants told me, without any appearance of ſhame, That their Maſters were drunk over night, and ſo it would be late before they would riſe.

A few days after we went to *Gothorp Caſtle* in *Sleſwick-land*, to the Duke of *Holſtein*'s Court, where at my Lord's firſt Audience, I made another Latin Speech to the Duke, touching his Grand-Mother's Death: Our Entertainment there, was brave (though a little fulſom) My Lord was Lodg'd in the Duke's Caſtle, and parted with Preſents, which is more than the King of *Denmark* did: thence, we went to *Huſem* in *Ditzmarſh*, to the Dutcheſs of *Holſtein*'s Court (our Queen *Ann*'s youngeſt Siſter) where he had alſo very full Entertainment; I made a Speech to her alſo, about her Mother's Death, and when I nam'd the Lady *Sophia*, the Tears came down her Cheeks. Thence, we came back to *Rheinsburg*, and ſo to this Town of *Hamburgh*, where my Lord intends to repoſe ſome days; after an abrupt odd Journey, we had through *Holſtenland*, but I believe it will not be long, in regard Sir *John Pennington* ſtays for him upon the River. We expect Sir *Robert Anſtruther* to come from *Vienna* hither, to take the advantage of the King's Ship.

We underſtand that the Imperial and *Swediſh* Army have made near approaches one to another, and that ſome Skirmiſhes and Blows have been already 'twixt them; which are the fore-runners of a Battel. So my good Lord I reſt

Your moſt humble and faithful
Hamburgh, 9 Octob. 1632. *Servitor*,
J. H.

II.

To the R. Honourable the Earl R. *From* Hamburgh.

My Lord,

THough your Lordſhip muſt needs think, that in the imployment I am in (which requires a whole Man) my Spirits muſt be diſtracted by multiplicity of buſineſs; yet, I, becauſe I would not recede from my old Method, and firſt principles of Travel, when I came to any great City, to couch in Writing what's moſt obſervable, I ſequeſtred my ſelf from other Affairs, to ſend your Lordſhip what followeth, touching this great *Hans*-Town.

The *Hans*, or *Hanſiatic League* is very ancient, ſome would derive the word from Hand, becauſe they of the Society plight their Faith by that Action: Others derive it from *Hanſa*, which in the *Gothic* tongue is Councel: Others would have it come from *Hander ſee*, which ſignifies, near upon the Sea, and this paſſeth for the beſt Etymology, becauſe their Towns are all ſeated ſo, or upon ſome Navigable River near the Sea. The extent of the old *Hans*, was from the *Nerve* in *Livonia*, to the *Rhine*, and contains 62 great

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Marcantill Towns, which were divided to four Precincts: The chiefeſt of the firſt Precinct was *Lubeck*, where the Archives of their ancient Records, and their prime Chancery is ſtill, and this Town is within that Verge: *Cullen* is chief of the ſecond Precinct: *Brunſwic* of the third; and *Dantzic* of the fourth. The Kings of *Poland*, and *Sweden* have ſued to be their Protector, but they refus'd them, becauſe they were not Princes of the Empire, they put off alſo, the King of *Denmark* with a Complement, nor would they admit the King of *Spain*, when he was moſt Potent in the *Netherlands*, though afterwards when 'twas too late, they deſir'd the help of the *Ragged Staff*, nor of the Duke of *Anjou*, notwithſtanding that the World thought he ſhould have married our Queen, who interceded for him, and ſo 'twas probable, that thereby they might recover their Priviledges in *England*, ſo that I do not find they ever had any Protector, but the great Maſter of *Pruſſia*; and their want of a Protector did do them ſome prejudice in that famous difference they had with our Queen.

The old *Hans* had extraordinary immunities given them by our *Henry* the Third, becauſe they aſſiſted him in his Wars with ſo many Ships, and as they pretend, the King was not only to pay them for the Service of the ſaid Ships, but for the Veſſels themſelves, if they miſcarried: Now it happen'd, that at their return to *Germany*, from ſerving *Henry* the Third, there was a great Fleet of them caſt away; for which, according to Covenant, they demanded reparation; Our King in lieu of Money, amongſt other Acts of Grace, gave them a priviledge to pay but one *per cent.* which continued until Queen *Maries*'s Reign; and ſhe by advice of King *Philip*, her Husband, as 'twas conceiv'd, enhaunc'd the one to twenty *per cent.* The *Hans* not only complain'd, but clamor'd loudly for breach of their ancient priviledges confirm'd unto them, time out of mind, by thirteen ſucceſſive Kings of *England*, which they pretended to have purchaſed with their Money. King *Philip* undertook to accommodate the buſineſs, but Queen *Mary* dying a little after, and he retiring, there could be nothing done. Complaint being made to Queen *Elizabeth*, ſhe anſwered, *That as ſhe would not innovate any thing, ſo ſhe would maintain them ſtill on the ſame condition ſhe found them:* Hereupon, their Navigation and Trafic ceas'd a while: Whereupon, the *Engliſh* tryed what they could do themſelves, and they thrived ſo well, that they took the whole Trade into their own hands, and ſo divided themſelves (though they be now but one) to Staplers, and Merchant-Adventurers, the one reſident, conſtant in one place, where they kept their Magazine of Wool, the other ſtirring and adventuring to divers places abroad with Cloth, and other Manufactors; which made the *Hans* endeavour to draw upon them all the malignancy they could from all

all Nations: Moreover, the *Hans*-Towns being a body politic incorporated in the Empire, complain'd hereof to the Emperor, who ſent over Perſons of great Quality, to mediate an Accommodation, but they could effect nothing. Then the Queen caus'd a Proclamation to be publiſh'd, that the *Eaſterlings*, or *Merchants* of the *Hans* ſhould be intreated, and us'd as all other ſtrangers were, within her Dominions, without any mark of difference, in point of commerce. This netled them more; thereupon they bent their Forces more eagerly, and in a *Dyet* at *Ratisbon*, they procur'd, That the *Engliſh* Merchants who had aſſociated themſelves into *Fraternities* in *Embden*, and other places, ſhould be declar'd *Monopoliſts*; and ſo there was a *Comitial Edict* publiſh'd againſt them, That they ſhould be exterminated, and baniſht out of all parts of the Empire; and this was done by the activity of one *Suderman* a great Civilian. There was there for the Queen, *Gilpin*, as nimble a man as *Suderman*, and he had the Chancellor of *Embden* to ſecond and countenance him; but they could not ſtop the ſaid Edict, wherein the Society of *Engliſh* Merchant-Adventurers was pronounc'd to be a Menopoly: yet, *Gilpin* plaid his game ſo well, that he wrought under-hand, that the ſaid Imperial *Ban* ſhould not be publiſhed till after the diſſolution of the *Dyet*, and that in the interim, the Emperor ſhould ſend Ambaſſadors to *England*, to advertiſe the Queen of ſuch a *Ban* againſt her Merchants. But this wrought ſo little impreſſion upon the Queen, that the ſaid *Ban* grew rather ridiculous than formidable: for the Town of *Embden* harbourd our Merchans, notwithſtanding, and afterwards *Stode*; but they not being able to protect them ſo well from the Imperial *Ban*, they ſettled in this Town of *Hamburgh*. After this, the Queen commanded another Proclamation to be divulg'd, that the *Eaſterlings*, or *Hanſiatic* Merchants ſhould be allowed to Trade in *England*, upon the ſame conditions, and payment of duties, as her own Subjects; provided, That the Engliſh Merchants might have interchangeable priviledge, to reſide and Trade peaceably in *Stode*, or *Hamburgh*, or any where elſe, within the precinct of the *Hans*. This incens'd them more; thereupon, they reſolv'd to cut off *Stode* and *Hamburgh* from being Members of the *Hans*, or of the Empire; but they ſuſpended this deſſein, till they ſaw what ſucceſs the great *Spaniſh* Fleet ſhould have, which was then preparing in the year Eighty Eight; for they had not long before had recourſe to the King of *Spain*, and made him their own, and he had done them ſome material good Offices: wherefore to this day the *Spaniſh* Councel is tax'd of improvidence and imprudence, that there was no uſe made of the *Hans*-Towns in that Expedition.

The Queen finding that they of the *Hans* would not be content-

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ed with that equality she had offer'd 'twixt them and her own Subjects, put out a *Proclamation*; That they should carry neither Corn, Victuals, Arms, Timber, Masts, Cables, Minerals, nor any other Materials, or Men, to *Spain*, or *Portugal*. And after the Queen growing more redoubtable and famous, by the overthrow of the Fleet of Eighty Eight; the *Easterlings* fell to despair of doing any good: Add hereunto another disaster that befel them, the taking of sixty Sails of their Ships about the Mouth of *Tagus* in *Portugal*, by the Queen's Ships that were laden with *Ropas de contrabando, viz.* Goods prohibited by her former Proclamation into the Dominions of *Spain*: And these Ships were upon point of being discharg'd, she had intelligence of a great Assembly of *Lubeck*, which had met of purpose to consult of means to be reveng'd of her; thereupon she staid and sez'd upon the said sixty Ships, only two were freed to bring news what became of the rest. Hereupon, the *Pole* sent an Ambassador to her, who spake in a high tone, but he was answer'd in a higher.

Ever since your Merchants have beaten a peaceful and free uninterrupted Trade into this Town, and elsewhere, within and without the *Sound*, with their Manufactures of Wool, and found the way also to the White-Sea, to *Archangel* and *Mosco*: Insomuch, that the Premises being well considered, it was a happy thing for *England*, that that clashing fell out twixt Her and the *Hans*, for it may be said to have been the chief ground of that Shipping and Merchandising, which she is now come to, and wherewith she hath flourish'd ever since; But one thing is observable, That as that Imperial or *Comitial* Ban, pronounc'd in the *Dyet* at *Ratisbon* against our Merchants, and Manufactures of Wool, incited them more to industry: so our *Proclamation* upon Alderman *Cockein*'s projects of transporting no white Cloths, but died, and in their full Manufacture, did cause both *Dutch* and *German* to turn Necessity to a Vertue, and made them far more ingenious to find ways, not only to Die, but to make Cloth, which hath much impair'd our Markets ever since; for there hath not been the third part of our Cloth sold since, either here or in *Holland*.

My Lord, I pray be pleas'd to dispence with the prolixity of this Discourse, for I could not wind it up closer, nor on a lesser bottom. I shall be careful to bring with me those *Furrs* I had instructions for: So I rest

Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

Hamburgh, 20 Octob. 1632. J. H.

IV.

To Captain J. Smith, *at the* Hague

Captain,

HAving ſo wiſhful an Opportunity as this Noble Gentleman, Mr. *James Crofts*, who comes with a Packet for the Lady *Elizabeth*, from my Lord of *Leiceſter*: I could not but ſend you this friendly ſalute. We are like to make a ſpeedier return then we expected from this Ambaſſie; for we found the King of *Denmark* in *Holſtein*, which ſhortned our Voyage from going to the *Sound*. The King was in an advantageous Poſture to give Audience, for there was a Parliament then at *Rainsburg*, where all the *Tonkers* met. Amongſt other things, I put my ſelf to mark the carriage of the *Holſtein* Gentlemen, as they were going in and out at the Parliament-Houſe; and obſerving well their Phyſiogmonies, their Complexions, and Gate; I thought verily I was in *England*, for they reſemble the *Engliſh* more, than either *Welſh* or *Scot* (though cohabiting upon the ſame Iſland) or any other People, that ever I ſaw yet; which makes me verily believe, that the *Engliſh* Nation came firſt from this lower Circuit of *Saxony*; and there is one thing that ſtrengthneth me in this belief; that there is an ancient Town hard by, call'd *Lunden*, and an Iſland, call'd *Angles*; whence it may well be that our Countrey came from *Britannia*, to be *Anglia*.

This Town of *Hamburgh*, from a Society of *Brewers*, is come to be a huge Wealthy place, and her new Town is almoſt as big as the old. There is a ſhrew'd jar 'twixt her, and her Protector, the King of *Denmark*.

My Lord of *Leiceſter* hath done ſome good Offices to accommode Matters. She *Chomps* extreamly, that there ſhould be ſuch a *Bit* put lately in her Mouth, as the Fort at *Lackſtadt*, which commands her River of *Elve*; and makes her pay what Toll he pleaſe.

The King begins to fill his Cheſts apace, which were ſo emptied in his late Marches to *Germany*. He hath ſet a new Toll upon all Ships that paſs to this Town; and in the *Sound* alſo, there be ſome extraordinary Duties impos'd: Whereat, all Nations begin to murmur, 'ſpeciall the *Hollanders*, who ſay, That the old Primitive Toll of the *Sound* was but a Roſe-noble for every Ship; but by a new Sophiſtry, It is now interpreted for every Sail that ſhould paſs thrô; inſomuch, that the *Hollander*, thô he be a *Low-Country* Man, begins to ſpeak *High-Dutch* in this point; a rough Language you know, which made the *Italian* tell a *German* Gentleman once, That *when God Almighty thruſt* Adam *out of Paridiſe, he ſpake Dutch*; but the *German* retorted wittily, *Then Sir, if God ſpake* Dutch, *when* Adam *was ejected*, Eve *ſpake* Italian, *when* Adam *was ſeduced*. I

I could be larger, but for a ſudden a Vocation to buſineſs: So I moſt affectionately ſend my kind reſpects unto you, deſiring when I am rendred to *London*, I may hear from you: So I am

Hamburgh 22. Octob. 1632. *Your faithful Friend, to ſerve you,* J. H.

V.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Br.

My Lord,

I Am newly return'd from *Germany*, whence there came lately two Ambaſſadors extraordinary in one of the Ships Royal, the Earl of *Leiceſter*, and Sir *Robert Amſtruther*: The latter came from *Vienna*, and I know little of his Negotiations; but for my Lord of *Leiceſter*, I believe there was never ſo much buſineſs diſpatch'd in ſo ſhort a compaſs of time, by any Ambaſſador, as your Lordſhip, who is beſt able to judge, will find by this ſhort Relation: When my Lord was come to the K. of *Denmark*'s Court, which was then at *Reinsburg*, a good way within *Holſtein*. The firſt thing he did, was to condole the late Queen-Dowager's Death (our King's Granmother) which was done in ſuch an Equipage, that the *Danes* confeſs'd, there was never Queen of *Denmark* ſo Mourn'd for: This Ceremony being paſs'd, my Lord fell to buſineſs; and the firſt thing which he propounded, was, That for preventing of further effuſion of Chriſtian Bloud in *Germany*, and for the facilitating a way to reſtore Peace to all *Chriſtendom*; His Majeſty of *Denmark*, would joyn with his Nephew of great *Britain*, to ſend a ſolemn Ambaſſie to the Emperour, and the King of *Sweden*, (the ends of whoſe proceeding were doubtful) to mediate an Accommodation, and to appear for him, who will be found moſt conformable to Reaſon. To this, that King anſwer'd in writing, (for that was the way of proceedings) That the *Emperor* and the *Swede* were come to that height and heat of War, and to ſuch a violence, that it is no time yet, to ſpeak to them of Peace; but when the fury is a little paſs'd, and the times more proper, he would take it for an Honour to joyn with his Nephew, and contribute the beſt means he could to bring about ſo good a Work.

Then there was Computation made, what was due to the King of great *Britain*, and the Lady *Eliz.* out of their Grand-Mothers Eſtate, which was valued at near upon two Millions of Dollars; and your Lordſhip muſt think it was a hard task to liquidate ſuch an Account: This being done, my Lord deſir'd that part which was due to His Majeſty (our King) and the Lady his Siſter, which appear'd to amount unto Eightſcore thouſand Pounds Sterling;

That King anſwer'd, That he confeſs'd there was ſo much Money due; but his Mother's Eſtate was yet in the hands of Commiſſioners: And neither he nor any of his Siſters, had receiv'd their Portions yet; and that his Nephew of *England*, and his Niece of *Holland*, ſhould receive theirs with the firſt: But he did intimate beſides, that there were ſome conſiderable Accounts, 'twixt him and the Crown of *England*; for ready Moneys he had lent his Brother K. *James*; and for the Thirty Thouſand Pounds a Month, that was by Covenant promis'd him for the ſupport of his late Army, in *Germany*. Then my Lord propounded, That His Majeſty of Great *Britain*'s Subjects, were not well us'd by his Officers in the *Sound*: For though that was but a Tranſitory paſſage into the *Baltick* Sea; and that they neither Bought nor Sold any thing upon the Place, yet they were forc'd to ſtay there many days to take up Money at high Intereſt, to pay divers Tolls for their Merchandize, before they have expos'd them to Vent. Therefore it was deſired, that for the future, what *Engliſh* Merchants ſoever ſhould paſs through the *Sound*, it ſhould be ſufficient for him to Regiſter an invoice of his Cargazon, in the Cuſtom-Houſe Book, and give his Bond to pay all Duties at his return, when he had made his Market. To this my Lord had a fair Anſwer, and ſo procur'd a publick Inſtrument under that King's Hand and Seal, and ſign'd by his Councillors, which he hath brought over; wherein the Propoſition was granted; which no Ambaſſador could obtain before. Then 'twas alledg'd, that the *Engliſh* Merchant-Adventurers, who Trade into *Hamburgh*, have a new Toll lately impos'd upon them, at *Luckſtadt*, which was deſir'd to be taken off. To this alſo, there was the like Inſtrument given, That the ſaid Toll ſhould be levied no more. Laſtly, my Lord (in regard he was to paſs by the *Hague*) deſir'd that Hereditary part, which belong'd to the Lady *Eliz.* out of her Grand-Mother's Eſtate; becauſe His Majeſty knew well what Croſſes and Afflictions ſhe had paſs'd, and what a numerous Iſſue ſhe had to maintain: And my Lord of *Leiceſter* would ingage his Honour, and all the Eſtate he hath in the World, that this ſhould no way prejudice the Accounts he is to make with His Majeſty of Great *Britain*. The King of *Denmark* highly extoll'd the Nobleneſs of this motion; but he proteſted, That he had been ſo drain'd in the late Wars, that his Cheſts are yet very empty. Hereupon my Lord was feaſted, and ſo departed.

He went then to the Duke of *Holſtein* to *Sleſwick*, where he found him at his Caſtle of *Gothorp*, and truly I did not think to have found ſuch a magnificent Building in theſe bleak parts: There alſo my Lord did condole the Death of the late Q. that *Duke's* Grand-Mother, and he receiv'd very Princely Entertainment.

Then we went to *Huſen*, where the like Ceremony of Condole-

ment

ment was perform'd at the Dutcheſs of *Holſtein*'s Court, His Majeſties (our King's) Aunt.

Then he came to *Hamburgh*, where that Inſtrument which my Lord hath procur'd, for remitting of the new Toll at *Gluckſtadt*, was deliver'd the Company of our Merchant-Adventurers; and ſome other good Offices done for that Town, as matters ſtood 'twixt them and the King of *Denmark*.

Theu we came to *Stode*, where *Leſly* was Governour, who carried his Foot in a Scarf, for a wound he had received at *Buckſtoho*, and he kept that place for the King of *Sweden*: And ſome buſineſs of conſequence was done there alſo.

So we came to *Broomsbottle*, where we ſtaid for a Wind ſome days: And in the mid-way of our Voyage, we met with a *Holland* Ship, who told us, the King of *Sweden* was ſlain: And ſo we return'd to *London* in leſs than three Months. And if this was not buſineſs enough for ſuch a compaſs of time, I leave your Lordſhip to judge. So craving your Lordſhip's pardon, for this lame account, I reſt,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and
Lond. 1 Octob. 1632. *ready Servitor*, J. H.

VI.

To my Brother, Dr. Howel, *at his Houſe in* Horſley.

My good Brother,

I Am ſafely return'd from *Germany*, thanks be to God; and the news which we heard at Sea by a *Dutch* Skipper, about the midſt of our Voyage from *Hamburgh*, it ſeems proves too true, which was of the Fall of the K. of *Sweden*. One *Jerbire*, who ſays that he was in the very Action, brought the firſt news to this *Town*, and every Corner rings of it; but ſuch is the extravagancy of ſome, that they will lay Wagers he is not yet dead, and the Exchange is full of ſuch People. He was ſlain at *Lutzen* Field Battle, having made the *Imperial* Army give ground the day before; and being in purſuance of it, the next Morning in a ſudden Fog that fell, the Cavalry on both ſides being engag'd, he was kill'd in the midſt of the Troops, and none knows who kill'd him, whether own of his Men own, or the Enemy; but finding himſelf mortally hurt, he told *Saxen Weymar*, *Couſin, I pray look to the Troops; for I think I have enough.* His Body was not only reſcued, but his Forces had the better of the day; *Papenheim* being kill'd before him, whom he eſteem'd the greateſt Captain of all his Enemies; for he was us'd to ſay, That he had three men to deal withal, a *Pultrona*, *Jeſuit*,

and a *Souldier*; by the two firſt, he meant *Walſtein*, and the Duke of *Bavaria*; by the laſt, *Paphenheim*.

Queſtionleſs, this *Guſtavus* (whoſe Anagram is *Auguſtus*) was a great Captain, and a gallant Man, and had he ſurviv'd that laſt Victory, he would have put the Emperour to ſuch a plunge, that ſome think he would hardly have been able to have made Head againſt him, to any purpoſe again. Yet, his own Allies confeſs, that none knew the bottom of his Deſigns.

He was not much affected to the *Engliſh*, witneſs the ill uſage Marquiſs *Hamnilton* had with his 6000 Men, whereof there return'd not 600, the reſt died of Hunger and Sickneſs, having never ſeen the Face of an Enemy; Witneſs alſo his harſhneſs to our Ambaſſadors, and the rigid terms he would have tied the Prince *Palſgrave* unto. So with my affectionate reſpects to Mr. *Mouſchamp*, and kind commends to Mr. *Bridger*, I reſt

Your loving Brother,

Weſtminſt. 5. Decem. 1632.

J. H.

VII.

To the R. R. Dr. Field, *Lord Biſhop of St.* Davids.

My Lord,

YOur late *Letter* affected me with two contrary Paſſions, with Gladneſs, and Sorrow; the beginning of it dilated my Spirits with apprehenſions of Joy, that you are ſo well recover'd of your late Sickneſs, which I heartily congratulate; but the concluſion of your Lordſhip's *Letter*, contracted my Spirits, and plung'd them in a deep Sence of juſt Sorrow, while you pleaſe to write me News of my dear Father's Death, *Permulſit initium, percuſſit finis.* Truly my Lord, it is the heavieſt News that ever was ſent me; but when I recollect my ſelf, and conſider the fairneſs and maturity of his Age, and that it was rather a gentle Diſſolution than a Death: When I contemplate that infinite Advantage he hath got by this Change and Tranſmigration, it much lightens the weight of my Grief; for if ever humane Soul entred Heaven, ſurely his is there; ſuch was his conſtant Piety to God, his rare Indulgence to his Children, his Charity to his Neighbours, and his Candor in reconciling Differences; ſuch was the gentleneſs of his Diſpoſition, his unwearied Courſe in Actions of Vertue, that I wiſh my Soul no other Felicity, when ſhe hath ſhaken off theſe Rags of Fleſh, than to aſcend to his, and co-enjoy the ſame Bliſs.

Excuſe me, my Lord, that I take my leave at this time ſo abrupt-

ruptly of you; when this Sorrow is a little diſgeſted, you ſhall hear farther from me, for I am,

Your Lordſhip's moſt true and
Weſtm. 1. May, 1632. *humble Servitor,* J. H.

VIII.

To the Earl of Leiceſter, *at* Penſhurſt.

My Lord,

I Have delivered Mr. Secretary *Cook* an account of the whole Legation, as your Lordſhip inordred me, which contain'd near upon twenty Sheets; I attended him alſo with the Note of your Extraordinaries, wherein I find him ſomething difficult and dilatory yet. The Governour of the *Eaſtland* Company, M. Alderman *Clethero*, will attend your Lordſhip at your return to Court, to acknowledge your favour unto them; I have delivered him a Copy of the Tranſactions of things, that concern'd their Company at *Reinsburgh*.

The News we heard at Sea of the King of *Sweden*'s Death, is confirm'd more and more, and by the Computation I have been a little curious to make, I find that he was kill'd the ſame day your Lordſhip ſet out of *Hamburgh*. But there is other news come ſince, of the Death of the Prince *Palatine*; who, as they write, being return'd from viſiting the Duke *de deux Ponts* to *Mentz*, was ſtruck there with the Contagion; yet by ſpecial ways of Cure, the Malignity was expell'd, and great hopes of recovery; when the news came of the Death of the King of *Sweden*, which made ſuch impreſſions in him, that he dyed few days after, having overcome all difficulties, concluding with the *Swede*, and the Governour of *Frankindall*, and being ready to enter into a repoſſeſſion of his Country: A ſad Deſtiny.

The *Swedes* bear up ſtill, being fomented and ſupported by the *French*, who will not ſuffer them to leave *Germany* yet. A Gentleman that came lately from *Italy*, told me, that there is no great Joy in *Rome*, for the Death of the King of *Sweden*: The *Spaniards* up and down, will not ſtick to call this Pope *Lutherano*, and that he had Intelligence with the *Swede*. 'Tis true, that he hath not been ſo forward to aſſiſt the Emperor in this quarrel, and that in open Conſiſtory, where there was ſuch a *Contraſto* 'twixt the Cardinals, for a ſupply from St. *Peter*; he declar'd, *That he was well ſatisfied that this war in* Germany, *was no War of Religion.* Which made him diſmiſs the Imperial Ambaſſadors with this ſhort Anſwer, *That the Emperor had drawn theſe miſchiefs upon himſelf; for at that time when he ſaw the* Swedes *upon the Frontiers of* Ger-

many, *if he had imployed thoſe Men and Monеys, which he conſum'd to trouble the Peace of* Italy, *in making War againſt the Duke of* Montova, *againſt them, he had not had now ſo potent an Enemy.* So I take my leave for this time, being

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and
Weſtm. 3 June, 1625. *obedient Servitor,* J. H.

IX.
To Mr. E. D.

Sir,

I Thank you a thouſand times for the Noble Entertainment you gave me at *Berry*, and the pains you took in ſhewing me the Antiquities of that place. In requital, I can tell you of a ſtrange thing I ſaw lately here, and I believe 'tis true; As I paſs'd by St. *Dunſtans* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, the laſt *Saturday*, I ſtepp'd into a Lapidary, or Stonecutters Shop, to treat with the Maſter for a Stone to be put upon my Father's Tomb; and caſting my eyes up and down, I might ſpie a huge Marble with a large Inſcription upon't, which was thus to my beſt remembrance:

Here lies John Oxenham, *a goodly young man, in whoſe Chamber, as he was ſtrugling with the pangs of Death, a Bird with a white Breaſt, was ſeen flattering about his Bed, and ſo vaniſhed.*

Here lies alſo Mary Oxenham, *the Siſter of the ſaid* John, *who died the next day, and the ſame Apparition was ſeen in the Room.*

Then another Siſter is ſpoke of.

Then, *Here lies hard by* James Oxenham, *the Son of the ſaid* John, *who dyed a Child in his Cradle a little after, and ſuch a Bird was ſeen flattering about his Head, a little before he expir'd, which vaniſh'd afterwards.*

At the bottom of the Stone there is.

Here lies Elizabeth Oxenham; *the Mother of the ſaid* John *who died ſixteen Years ſince, when ſuch a Bird with a white breaſt was ſeen about her Bed before her Death.*

To all theſe there be divers Witneſſes, both Squires and Ladies, whoſe Names are engraven upon the Stone: This Stone is to be ſent to a Town hard by *Exeter* where this happen'd.

Were you here, I could raiſe a choice Diſcourſe with you hereupon. So hoping to ſee you the next Term, to requite ſome of your favours, I reſt,

Yours, to ſerve you, J. H.
Weſtm. 3 July, 1632.

X. *To*

X.

To W. B. *Esquire.*

Sir,

THE upbraiding of a Courteſie, is as bad in the Giver, as ingratitude in the Receiver (though which you think I am loth to believe) be fauky in the firſt; I ſhall never offend in the ſecond, while

J. Howel.

Wiſtm. 24 Octob.

XI.

To Sir Arthur Ingram, *at* York.

Sir,

OUR greateſt news here, now is, That we have a new Attorney General; which is news indeed, conſidering the humour of the man; how he hath been always ready to entertain any cauſe, whereby he might clath with the Prerogative: But now as Judge *Richardſon* told him, His Head is full of Proclamations, and Devices, how to bring Money into the Exchequer. He hath lately found out amongſt the old Records of the Tower, ſome Precedents, for raiſing a Tax call'd Ship-Money, in all the Port-Towns, when the Kingdom is in danger. Whether we are in danger or no, at preſent, 'twere preſumption in me to judge; that belongs to his Majeſty, and his Privy Council, who have their choice Inſtruments abroad for Intelligence: Yet one with half an eye may ſee, we cannot be ſecure while ſuch huge Fleets of Men of War, both *Spaniſh*, *French*, *Dutch*, and *Dunkirkers*; ſome of them laden with Ammunition, Men, Arms, and Armies, do daily Sail on our Seas, and confront the King's Chambers: While we have only three or four Ships abroad, to guard our Coaſt and Kingdom, and to preſerve the faireſt Flower of the Crown, the Dominions of the Narrow-Sea; which I hear the *French* Cardinal begins to queſtion; and the *Hollander* lately would not vail to one of His Majeſties Ships, that brought over the Duke of *Lenox*, and my Lord *Weſton*, from *Bullen*: And indeed we are jeer'd abroad, that we ſend no more Ships to guard our Seas.

Touching my Lord Ambaſſador *Wſton*, he had a brave Journey of it, though it coſt dear; for 'tis thought 'will ſtand His Majeſtie in 25000 Pounds; which makes ſome Criticks of the times, to Cenſure the Lord Treaſurer, That now the King wanting Money

ney ſo much, he ſhould ſend his Son abroad to ſpend him ſuch a Sum, only for delivering of Preſents and Complements: But I believe they are deceiv'd, for there was matters of State alſo in the Ambaſſie.

The Lord *Weſton* paſſing by *Paris*, intercepted, and open'd a Packet of my Lord of *Holland*'s; wherein there were ſome *Letters* of Her Majeſties: This my Lord of *Holland* takes in that ſcorn, that he defied him ſince his coming, and demanded the Combat of him; for which he is confin'd to his Houſe at *Kenſington*. So with my Humble Service, to my Noble Lady, I reſt,

Your moſt obliged Servitor,

Weſtmin. 30 Jan. 1633. J. H.

XII.

To the Lord Viſcount Wentworth, *Lord Deputy of* Ireland, *and Lord Preſident of* York, *&c.*

My Lord,

I Was glad to apprehend the opportunity of this Packet, to convey my humble Service to your Lordſhip.

There are old doings in *France*; and 'tis no new thing for the *French* to be always a doing, they have ſuch a ſtirring Genius. The Queen-Mother hath made an eſcape to *Bruſſels*, and Mounſieur to *Lorrain*; where they ſay, he Courts very earneſtly the Duke's Siſter, a young Lady under Twenty; they ſay, a Contract is paſs'd already; but the *French* Cardinal oppoſeth it; for they ſay, *That* Lorrain *Milk, ſeldom breeds good Blood in* France: Not only the King, but the whole *Gallican* Church hath proteſted againſt it, in a ſolemn Synod; for the Heir Apparent of the Crown of *France*, cannot Marry without the Royal Conſent. This aggravates a grudge the *French* King hath to the Duke, for ſiding with the *Imperialiſts*, and for things reflecting upon the Dutchy of *Bar*; for which he is homageable to the Crown of *France*, as he is to the Emperour for *Lorrain*. A hard Task it is to ſerve two Maſters; and an unhappy Scituation it is, to lie 'twixt two puiſſant Monarchs; as the Duke of *Savoy* and *Lorrain* do. So I kiſs your Lordſhip's Hands, and reſt,

My Lord,

Your moſt humble and ready Servitor,

Weſtm. 1 of *April.* J. H.

XIII. *To*

XIII.

To the moſt Noble Lady, the Lady Cornwallis.

Madam,

IN conformity to your Commands, which ſway with me as much as an Act of Parliament, I have ſent your Ladiſhip this ſmall Hymn for *Chriſtmas*-Day, now near approaching; if your Ladiſhip pleaſe to put an Air to it, I have my Reward.

1. *Hail holy Tyde,*
Wherein a Bride,
A Virgin *(which is more)*
Brought forth a Son,
The like was done,
Ne'er in the World before.

2. *Hail ſpotleſs Maid,*
Who thee upbraid,
To have been born in Sin,
Do little weigh,
What in thee lay,
Before thou didſt Lie-in.

3. *Three Months thy Womb,*
Was made the Doom
Of him, whom Earth, nor Air,
Nor the vaſt Mould
Of Heaven can hold,
'Cauſe he's Ubiquitair.

4. *O would he daign*
To reſt and Reign,
I'th Centre of my Heart:
And make it ſtill
His Domicil,
And Reſidence in part.

5. *But in ſo foul a Cell*
Can he abide to dwell?
Yes, when he pleaſe to move
His Herbenger *to ſweep the Room,*
And with rich Odours it perfume,
Of Faith, of Hope, of Love.

So I humbly kiſs your Hands, and thank your Ladiſhip, that you

you would Command in any thing, that may conduce to your Contentment,

Westm. 3 Feb. 1633. *Your Ladiſhip's moſt humble Servitor,* J. H.

XIV.

To the Lord Clifford, *at* Knasburgh.

My Lord,

I Receiv'd your Lordſhip's of the laſt of *June*, and I return my moſt humble thanks for the choice Nag you pleas'd to ſend me, which came in very good plight. Your Lordſhip deſires me to lay down what in my Travels abroad, I obſerv'd of the preſent Condition of the *Jews*, once an Elect People, but now grown contemptible, and ſtrangely ſquander'd up and down the World: Though both a Diſcourſe, exactly fram'd, might make up a Volume, yet I will twiſt up what I know in this point, upon as narrow a Bottom, as may be ſhut up within the Compaſs of this *Letter*.

The firſt Chriſtian Country that expell'd the *Jews*, was *England*; *France* followed our example next, then *Spain*, and afterwards *Portugal*: Nor were they exterminated theſe Countries for the Religion, but for Villanies and Cheating; for clipping Coins, mingling of Water, and counterfeiting of Seals.

Thoſe Countries they are permitted to live now moſt in amongſt Chriſtians, are *Germany*, *Holland*, *Bohemia*, and *Italy*; but not in thoſe parts where the King of *Spain* hath to do. In the *Levant* and *Turkey* they ſwarm moſt, for the Grand Viſier, and all other great Baſſhaws, have commonly ſome *Jew* for their Councillor or Spie, who inform them of the State of Chriſtian Princes, poſſeſs them of a hatred of the Religion, and ſo incenſe them to a War againſt them.

They are counted the ſubtill'ſt, and moſt ſubdolous People upon the Earth; the reaſon why they are thus degenerated from their Primitive Simplicity and Innocence, is their often Captivities, their deſperate Fortunes, the neceſſity and hatred to which they have been habituated; for nothing depraves ingenious Spirits, and corrupts clear Wits, more than want and indigence. By their Profeſſion, they are for them moſt part Brokers, and Lombardeers, yet by that baſe and ſervile way of Frippery Trade they grow rich whereſoever they Neſt themſelves; and this, with their multiplication of Children, they hold to be an Argument that an extraordinary Providence attends them ſtill. Methinks that ſo clear accompliſhments of the Prophecies of our Saviour's, touching that People,

People, ſhould work upon them for their Converſion; of the Deſtruction of their City and Temple: That they ſhould become deſpicable, and the Tail of all Nations: That they ſhould be Vagabonds, and have no firm Habitation.

Touching the firſt, They know it came punctually to paſs, and ſo have the other two; for they are the moſt hateful Race of Men upon Earth; inſomuch, that in *Turkie*, where they are moſt valued; if a *Muſſulman* come to any of their Houſes, and leave his Shooes at the Door, the *Jew* dare not come in all the while, till the *Turk* hath done what he would with his Wife. For the laſt, 'Tis wonderful to ſee in what conſiderable numbers they are diſpers'd up and down the World; yet they can never reduce themſelves to ſuch a Condition and Unity, as may make a Republick, Principality, or Kingdom.

They hold that the *Jews* of *Italy*, *Germany*, and the *Levant*, are of *Benjamin*'s Tribe: Ten of the Tribes at the Deſtruction of *Jeroboam*'s Kingdom, were led Captives beyond *Euphrates*, whence they never return'd; nor do they know what became of them, ever after; yet they believe they never became Apoſtates and Gentiles. But the Tribe of *Juda*, whence they expect there *Meſſias*, of whom one ſhall hear them Diſcourſe with ſo much Confidence, and Self-pleaſing conceit, they ſay, is ſetled in *Portugal*; where they give out to have Thouſands of their Race, whom they diſpenſe withal, to make a Semblance of Chriſtianity, even to Church Degrees.

This makes them breed up their Children in the *Luſitanian* Language; which makes the *Spaniard* have an odd ſaying, that, *El* Portuguez *ſe cria del pedo de un* Judio. *A* Portugues *was engendred of a* Jew*'s Fart.* As the *Mahumetans* have a paſſage in their *Alchoran*, *That a Cat was made of a Lion's Breath.*

As they are the moſt contemptibleſt People, and have a kind of fulſom Scent, no better than a ſtink, that diſtinguiſhes them from others; ſo are they the moſt timerous People on Earth, and ſo utterly incapable of Arms; for they are made neither Souldiers nor Slaves: And this their Puſillanimity and Cowardiſe, as well as their Cunning and Craft, may be imputed to their various Thraldoms, Contempt, and Poverty; which hath cow'd and daſtardiz'd their Courage. Beſides theſe properties, they are light and giddy-Headed, much Symbolizing in Spirits with our Apocalyptical Zealots, and fiery Interpreters of *Daniel*, and other Prophets; whereby they often ſooth, or rather fool themſelves into ſome Illumination; which really proves but ſome egregious Dotage.

They much glory of their Miſterious *Cabal*; wherein they make the reality of Things, to depend upon Letters, and Words: But they ſay, that *Hebrew* only hath this Priviledge: This *Cabal*, which

which is nought else but a Tradition, they say, being transmitted from one Age to another, was in some measure a reparation of our Knowledge lost in *Adam*; and they say 'twas reveal'd four times: First to *Adam*, who being thrust out of Paradise, and sitting one day very sad; and sorrowing for the loss of the Knowledge he had, of that dependance the Creatures have with their Creator, the Angel *Raguel* was sent to Comfort him, and Instruct him, and repair his Knowledge herein: And this they call the *Caball*, which was lost the Second time, by the Flood and *Babel*: Then God discovered it to *Moses* in the Bush; the Third time to *Solomon* in a Dream, whereby he came to know the Beginning, Mediety, and Consummation of Times; and so wrote divers Books, which were lost in the gran Captivity. The last time they hold, that God restor'd the *Caball*, to *Esdras*, (a Book they value extraordinarily) who by God's Command withdrew to the Wilderness forty days, with five Scribes; who in that space wrote two hundred and four Books. The first one hundred thirty and four, were to be read by all; but the other Seventy were to pass privately amongst the *Levites*, and these they pretend to be *Caballistick*, and not yet all lost.

There are this day, three Sects of *Jews*; the *African* first, who besides the Holy Scriptures, embrace the *Talmud*, also for Authentick; the second receive only the Scriptures; the third, which are call'd the *Samaritans*, (whereof there are but a few) admit only of the *Pentateuch*, the five Books of *Moses*.

The *Jews* in general drink no Wine without a Dispensation; when they kill any Creature, they turn his Face to the *East*, saying, *Be it sanctified in the great Name of God:* They cut the Throat with a Knife without a Gap, which they hold very prophane.

In their *Synagogues*, they make one of the best sort to read a Chapter of *Moses*, then some mean Boy reads a piece of the Prophets; in the midst there's a round place Arch'd over, wherein one of their *Rabbies* Walks up and down, and in the *Portague* magnifies the *Messias* to come, comforts their Captivity, and rails at Christ.

They have a kind of Cupboard to represent the Tabernacle, wherein they lay the Tables of the Law, which now and then, they take out and kiss; they sing many Tunes, and *Adonai* they make the ordinary Name of God: *Jehavah* is pronounced at high Festivals; at Circumcision, Boys are put to sing some of *David's Psalms* so loud, as drowns the Infants Cry. The Synagogue is hung about with Glass-Lamps burning; every one at his entrance puts on a Linnen-Cope, first kissing it; else they use no manner of Reverence all the while; their Elders sometimes fall together by the Ears, in the very Synagogue, and with the holy Utensiles, as

Can-

Candleſticks, Incenſe-Pans, and ſuchlike, break one anothers Pates.

Women are not allowed to enter the Synagogue, but they ſit in a Gallery without; for they hold they have not ſo divine a Soul as Men, and are of a lower Creation, made only for a ſenſual Pleaſure and Propagation.

Amongſt the *Mahumetans*, there is no *Jew* capable of a *Turkiſh* Habit, unleſs he acknowledge Chriſt as much as *Turks* do, which is to have been a great Prophet; whereof they hold there are three only, *Moſes*, *Chriſt*, and *Mahomet*.

Thus my Lord, to perform your Commands, which are very prevalent with me, have I couch'd in this *Letter*, what I could, of the Condition of the *Jews*, and if it may give your Lordſhip any ſatisfaction, I have my Reward abundantly. So I reſt

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and ready

Weſtmin. 3d. *of* June. *Servitor*,

1633. J. H.

XV.

To Mr. Philip Warrick, *at* Paris.

Sir,

YOur laſt unto me was in *French*, of the firſt Current and I am glad you are come ſo ſafe from *Swiſſerland* to *Paris*; as alſo, that you are grown ſo great a Proficient in the Language: I thank you for the variety of News you ſent me ſo handſomly couch'd and knit together.

To correſpond with you, the greateſt News we have here, is, That we have a gallant Fleet-Royal, ready to ſet to Sea, for the ſecurity of our Coaſts and Commerce, and for the Soveraignty of our Seas: *Hans* ſaid the King of *England*, was aſleep all the while, but now he is awake; nor do I hear, doth your *French* Cardinal tamper any longer with our King's Title and Right to the Dominion of the Narrow-Seas. Theſe are brave fruits of the *Shipmoneys*.

I hear that the *Infante* Cardinal having been long upon his way to *Bruſſels*, hath got a notable Victory of the *Swedes* at *Nordlinghen*, where 8000 were ſlain, *Guſtavus Horn*, and other of the prime Commanders taken Priſoners: They write alſo, that *Monſieur*'s Marriage with Madame of *Lorain*, was ſolemnly Celebrated at *Bruſſels*; ſhe had follow'd him from *Nancy* in Pages Apparel, becauſe there were Forces in the way. It muſt needs be a mighty charge to the King of *Spain*, to maintain Mother, and Son in this manner.

The

The Court affords little news at preſent; but that there is a Love call'd *Platonick* Love, which much ſways there of late: It is a Love abſtracted from all Corporeal groſs Impreſſions, and ſenſual Appetite; but conſiſts in Contemplations, and Ideas of the Mind, not in any Carnal fruition. This Love ſets the Wits of the Town on Work; and they ſay, there will be a Mask ſhortly of it; whereof Her Majeſtie, and her Maids of Honour will be part.

All your Friends here in *Weſtminſter* are well, and very mindful of you; but none more often, than

Weſtm. 3 June, 1634. *Your moſt affectionate Servitor,* J. H.

XVI.

To my Brother, Mr. H. P.

Brother,

MY Brain was o'ercaſt with a thick Cloud of Melancholy, and I was become a lump I know not of what; I could ſcare find any palpitation within me on the left ſide. When yours of the firſt of *September* was brought me; it had ſuch a Vertue, that it begot new Motions in me; like the Load-ſtone, which by its attractive occult Quality, moves the dull Body of Iron, and makes it active: So dull was I then, and ſuch a Magnetick property your *Letter* had to quicken me.

There is ſome murmuring againſt the Shipmoney, becauſe the Tax is *Indefinit*; as alſo by reaſon, that it is levied upon the Country Towns, as well as Maritim; and for that, they ſay, *Noy* himſelf cannot ſhew any Record. There are alſo divers Patents granted; which are mutter'd at, as being no better then Monopollies: Amongſt others, a *Scotchman* got him lately, upon the Statute of levying twelve-Pence for every Oath; which the Juſtices of Peace, and Conſtable had power to raiſe, and have ſtill: But this new Patentee is to quicken and put more Life in the Law, and ſee it executed. He hath power to nominate one, or two, or three, in ſome Pariſhes, which are to have Commiſſion from him, for this publick Service; and ſo they are to be exempt from bearing Office, which muſt needs deſerve a Gratuity: And I believe this was the main drift of the *Scot* Patentee, ſo that he intends to keep his Office in the Temple; and certainly, he is like to be a mighty gainer by it: For who would not give a good piece of Mony, to be freed from bearing all cumberſome Offices? No more now, but that with my dear Love to my Siſter, I reſt,

Weſtm. 1 Aug. 1633. *Your moſt affectionate Brother,* J. H.

XVII.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Vic. Savage, *at* Long-Melford.

My Lord,

THE old Steward of your Courts, Maſter Attorney-General *Noy*, is lately dead, nor could *Tunbridge*-Waters do him any good; Though he had good Matter in his Brain, he had, it ſeems ill Materials in his Body, for his Heart was ſhrivelled like a Leather Peny-purſe when he was diſſected, nor were his Lungs ſound.

Being ſuch a Clerk in the Law, all the World wonders he left ſuch an odd Will, which is ſhort, and in Latin: The Subſtance of it is, That he having bequeath'd a few Legacies, and left his ſecond Son 100 Marks a Year, and 500 Pounds in Money, enough to bring him up in his Fathers Profeſſion, he concludes, *Reliqua meorum omnia primogenito meo* Eduardo, *diſſipanda nec melius unquam (ſperavi) lego*: I leave the reſt of all my Goods to my firſt-born *Edward*, to be conſum'd or ſcatter'd (for I never hoped better.) A ſtrange, and ſcarce a Chriſtian Will, in my Opinion, for it argues Uncharitableneſs. Nor doth the World wonder leſs, that he ſhould leave no Legacy to ſome of your Lordſhips Children, conſidering what deep Obligations he had to your Lordſhip; for I am confident he had never been Attorney-General elſe.

The Vintners drink Carouſes of Joy that he is gone; for now they are in hopes to dreſs Meat again, and ſell Tobacco, Beer, Sugar, and Fagots, which by a ſullen *Capricio* of his he would have reſtrain'd them from. He had his humour, as other Men; but certainly he was a ſolid rational man; and though no great Orator, yet, a profound Lawyer, and no man better vers'd in the Records of the Tower. I heard your Lordſhip often ſay with what infinit pains and indefatigable ſtudy he came to this Knowledge: And I never heard a more pertinent Anagram than was made of his Name, *William Noye, I moyle in law.* If an *s* be added, it may be applied to my Country-man, Judge *Jones*, an excellent Lawyer too, and a far more Gentleman, *William Jones, I moile in laws.* No more now, but that I reſt

Weſtmin. 1 Octob. 1635. *Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and obliged Servitor*, J. H.

XVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Counteſs of Sunderland.

Madam,

HERE inclos'd I ſend your Ladyſhip a Letter from the Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, wherein he declares, That the diſpoſing of

the Attorniſhip in *York*, which he paſſed over to me, had no Relation to my Lord at all; but it was meerly done out of a particular reſpect to me: Your Ladiſhip may pleaſe to think of it accordingly, touching the Accounts.

It is now a good while, the two *Nephew-Princes* have been here, I mean the Prince Elector, and *Prince-Robert*. The King of *Sweden*'s Death, and the late blow at *Norlingen* hath half blaſted their Hopes, to do any good for the recovery of the *Palatinate* by Land; Therefore I hear of ſome new Deſigns by Sea. That the one ſhall go to *Magdagaſcar*, a great Iſland 800 Miles long in the *Eaſt-Indies*, never yet coloniz'd by any Chriſtian; and Captain *Bond* is to be his Lieutenant: The other is to go with a conſiderable *Fleet* to the *Weſt-Indies*, to ſeize upon ſome place there, that may countervail the *Palatinate*; and Sir *Henry Mervin* to go with him: But I hear my Lady *Elizabeth* oppoſeth it, ſaying. That *ſhe will have none of her Sons to be Knights-errant*. There is now profeſſed actual Enmity 'twixt *France* and *Spain*, for there was a *Herald at Arms* ſent lately from *Paris*, to *Flanders*, who by ſound of Trumpet denounced and proclaimed open War againſt the King of *Spain* and all his Dominions, this Herald left and fixed up the Defiance in all the Towns as he paſſed: So that, whereas before, the War was but Collateral and Auxiliary; there is now proclaim'd Hoſtility between them, notwithſtanding that they have one anothers Siſters in their Beds every Night: What the reaſon of this War is, truly Madam I cannot tell, unleſs it be reaſon of State, to prevent the further Growth of the *Spaniſh* Monarchy: And there be multitude of Examples, how preventive Wars have been practis'd from all times. Howſoever it is too ſure, that abundance of Chriſtian Blood will be ſpilt. So I humbly take my leave, and reſt,

Madam,

Weſtm. 4 June, 1635. *Your Ladiſhip's moſt Obedient and faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XIX.

To the Earl of Leiceſter, *at* Penſhurſt.

My Lord,

I Am newly return'd out of *France*, from a flying Journey as far as *Orleans*, which I made at the requeſt of Mr. Secretary *Windebank*, and I hope I ſhall receive ſome fruits of it hereafter. There is yet a great reſentment in many places in *France*, for the Beheading of *Montmorency*, whom *Henry* the Fourth was us'd to ſay, *to be the better Gentleman than himſelf*; for in his Colours, he carry'd this Motto, *Diu ayde le premier Chevalier de* France; God help

help the first Knight of *France*. He dyed upon a Scaffold in *Tholouze*, in the flower of his Years, at 34, and hath left no Issue behind; so that Noble old Family extinguish'd in a Snuff: His Treason was very foul, having receiv'd particular Commissions from the King, to make an extraordinary Levy of Men and Monv, in *Languedoc*; which he turn'd afterwards directly against the K. against whose Person he appear'd arm'd in open Field, and in a Hostile posture, for fomenting of Monsieur's Rebellion.

The *Infanta* Cardinal is come to *Brussels*, at last thorough many difficulties: And some few days before, Monsieur made Semblance to go a Hawking, and so fled to *France*; but left his Mother behind, who since the Arch-Dutchess's Death, is not so well look'd on as formerly in that Country.

Touching our business in the Exchequer, Sir *Robert Pye* went with me this Morning of purpose to my Lord Treasurer about it, and told me with much earnestness and assurance, that there shall be a speedy Course taken for your Lordship's satisfaction.

I deliver'd my Lord of *Linsey* the Manuscript he lent your Lordship of his Father's Ambassie to *Denmark*: And herewith I present your Lordship with a compleat Diary, of your own late Legation, which hath cost me some Oyl and Labour. So I rest, always,

Your Lordship's, most humble and ready Servitor,

Westm. 19 June, 1635.

J. H.

XX.

To my Honoured Friend and Father, Mr. Ben. Johnson.

Fa. Ben.

BEing lately in *France*, and returning in a Coach from *Paris* to *Rouen*; I lighted upon the Society of a knowing Gentleman, who related unto me a choice Story; whereof peradventure you may make some use in your way.

Some Hundred and odd years since, there was in *France*, one Captain *Coucy*, a gallant Gentleman of an ancient Extraction, and Keeper of *Coucy* Castle, which is yet standing, and in good repair. He fell in Love with a young Gentlewoman, and Courted her for his Wife: There was reciprocal Love between them; but her Parents understanding of it, by way of prevention, they shuffled up a forced Match, 'twixt her and one Monsieur *Faiel* who was a great Heir: Captain *Coucy* hereupon quitted *France* in discontent, and went to the Wars in *Hungary* against the *Turk*; where he received a Mortal Wound, not far from *Buda*. Being carried to

his Lodging, he languiſhed ſome days; but a little before his Death, he ſpoke to an ancient Servant of his, that he had many proofs of his Fidelity, and Truth; but now he had a great buſineſs to intruſt him with, which he conjur'd him by all means to do, which was, That after his Death, he ſhould get his Body to be opened, and then to take his Heart out of his Breaſt, and put it in an Earthen Pot, to be bak'd to Powder; then to put the Powder into a handſome Box, with that Bracelet of Hair he had worn long about his left Wriſt, which was a Lock of *Madamoſelle Faiel*'s Hair, and put it amongſt the Powder, together with a little Note he had Written with his own Bloud to her; and after he had given him the Rites of Burial, to make all the ſpeed he could to *France*, and deliver the ſaid Box to *Madamoſelle Faiel*. The old Servant did as his Maſter had commanded him, and ſo went to *France*; and coming one day to Monſieur *Faiel*'s Houſe, he ſuddenly met with him, who examin'd him, becauſe he knew he was Captain *Coucy*'s Servant, and finding him timerous, and faltering in his Speech, he ſearch'd him, and found the ſaid Box in his Pocket, with the Note, which expreſſed what was therein. He diſmiſs'd the Bearer with Menaces, that he ſhould come no more near his Houſe: Monſieur *Faiel* going in, ſent for his Cook, and deliver'd him the Powder, charging him to make a little well-reliſh'd Diſh of it, without loſing a Jot of it, for it was a very coſtly thing; and commanded him to bring it in himſelf, after the laſt Courſe at Supper. The Cook bringing in the Diſh accordingly, Monſieur *Faiel* commanded all to void the Room, and began a ſerious Diſcourſe with his Wife, how ever ſince he had married her, he obſerv'd ſhe was always Melancholy, and he feared ſhe was inclining to a Conſumption; therefore, he had provided for her a very precious Cordial, which he was well aſſured would Cure her: Thereupon, he made her eat up the whole Diſh; and afterward, much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at laſt, ſhe had eaten *Coucy*'s Heart, and ſo drew the Box out of his Pocket, and ſhewed her the Note and Bracelet. In a ſudden exultation of Joy; ſhe with a far-fetch'd ſigh ſaid, *This is precious indeed*, and ſo lick'd the Diſh, ſaying, *It is ſo precious, that 'tis pitty to put ever any Meat upon't.* So ſhe went to Bed, and in the Morning ſhe was found Stone-dead.

This Gentleman told me, that this ſad Story is painted in *Coucy*-Caſtle, and remains freſh to this day.

In my opinion, which vails to yours, this is choice and rich Stuff for you to put upon your Loom, and make a Curious Web of.

I thank you for the laſt *Regalo* you gave me at your *Muſæum*, and for the good Company. I heard you cenſur'd lately at Court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir *Inigo*, and that you write with

with a *Porcupin*'s Quill dipped in too much Gall. Excuſe me that I am ſo free with you; it is becauſe I am in no common way of Friendſhip.

Yours,

Weſtm. 3 of *May*, J. H.

XXI.

To Captain Tho. Porter.

Noble Captain,

YOU are well returned from *Bruſſels*, from attending your Brother in that Noble Employment, of Congratulating the *Infante* Cardinal's coming thither. It was well Monſieur went a Hawking away before to *France*, for I think thoſe two young Spirits would not have agreed. A *Frenchman* told me lately, that was at your Audience, that he never ſaw ſo many Compleat Gentlemen in his Life, for the number, and in a neater Equipage. Before you go to Sea, I intend to wait on you, and give you a Frolick. So I am,

De todas mis entranas,
Yours to diſpoſe of,

J. H.

To this I'le add the Duke of *Oſſuna*'s Complement,

Quiſiere canque ſoy chico
Ser. enſerville Gigante.

Though of the talleſt I am none you ſee,
Yet to ſerve you, I would a Giant *be.*

Weſtm. 1 Novemb.

XXII.

To my Couſin, Captain Saintgeon.

Noble Couſin,

THE greateſt News about the Town, is of a mighty Prize that was taken lately by *Peter van Hymn*, of *Holland*, who had met ſome ſtrangling Ships of the Plate-Fleet, and brought them to the *Texel*: They ſpeak of a Million of Crowns. I could wiſh you had been there to have ſhared of the Booty, which was the greateſt in Mony that ever was taken.

One ſent me lately from *Holland*, this Diſtich of *Peter van Hymn*, which favours of a little profaneneſs.

Roma *ſui ſileat poſthac miracula* Petri,
Petrus *apud* Batavos *plura ſtupenda facit.*
Let Rome *no more, her* Peter's *Wonders tell;*
For Wonders, Holland's Peter *bears the Bell.*

To this *Diſtich,* was added the *Anagram,* which is a good one.

PETRUS HAINUS.
HISPANUS RUET.

So I reſt,

Weſtm. 10 July, *Totus, tuus,* Yours, whole, *James Howel.*

XXIII.

To my Lord Viſcount S.

My Lord,

HIS Majeſty is lately return'd from *Scotland,* having given that Nation ſatisfaction to their long deſires, to have him come thither to be Crown'd: I hear ſome mutter at Biſhop *Laud*'s Carriage there, that it was too haughty and Pontifical.

Since the death of the King of *Sweden,* a great many of *Scotch* Commanders are come over, and makes a ſhining ſhew at Court; what Trade they will take hereafter, I know not, having been ſo inur'd to the Wars: I pray God keep us from Commotions at home, 'twixt the two Kingdoms, to find them work. I here one Collonel *Leſly* is gone away diſcontented, becauſe the King would not Lord him.

The old rotten Duke of *Bavaria,* for he hath divers Iſſues about his Body, hath married one of the Emperour's Siſters, a young Lady little above Twenty, and he near upon Fourſcore: There's another remaining, who, they ſay, is intended for the King of *Poland,* notwithſtanding his pretences to the young Lady *Elizabeth*; about which, Prince *Razevill,* and other Ambaſſadors have been here lately; but that King being Electif muſt marry as the Eſtates will have him: His Mother was the Emperor's Siſter, therefore ſure he will not offer to marry his Couſin *German*: But 'tis no news for the Houſe of *Auſtria* to do ſo, to ſtrengthen their Race. And if the *Bavarian* hath Male-Iſſue of this young Lady, the Son is to ſucceed him in the Electorſhip, which may conduce much to ſtrengthen the Countenance of the Empire in the *Auſtrian* Family. So with a conſtant perſeverance of my hearty deſires to ſerve your Lordſhip, I reſt,

My Lord,

Weſtm. 7 Sept. *Your moſt humble Servitor,* J. H.

XXIV.

To my Couſin, Mr. Will. Saint-Geon, *at St.* Omer.

Couſin,

I Was lately in your Father's Company, and I found him much diſcontented at the Courſe you take; which he not only proteſts againſt, but he Vows never to give you his Bleſſing, if you perſevere in't: I would wiſh you to deſcend into your ſelf, and ſeriouſly ponder, what a Weight a Father's Bleſſing, or Curſe carries with it; for there is nothing conduceth more to the Happineſs, or Infelicity of the Child: Amongſt the Ten Commandments in the Decalog, that which enjoyns obedience from Children to Parents, hath only a Benediction (of Longævity) added to it. There be Clouds of Examples for this, but one I will Inſtance in: When I was in *Valentia*, in *Spain*, a Gentleman told me of a Miracle, which happen'd in that Town; which was, *That a proper young Man, under Twenty, was executed there for a Crime; and before he was taken down from off the Tree, there were many Gray and White Hairs, had Budded forth out of his Chin, as if he had been Sixty.* It ſtruck amazement in all Men; but this Interpretation was made of it, *That the ſaid young Man might have liv'd to ſuch an Age, if he had been dutiful to his Parents; unto whom he had been babarouſly diſobedient all his Life-time.*

There comes therewith a large *Letter* to you, from your Father; let me adviſe you to conform your Courſes to his Council, otherwiſe it is an eaſie matter to be a Prophet what misfortunes will inevitably befall you, which by a timely Obedience you may prevent; and I wiſh you may have Grace to do it accordingly. So I reſt,

Lond. 1 of *May*, 1634.

Your Loving, well-wiſhing Couſin, J. H.

XXV.

To the Lord Deputy of Ireland.

My Lord,

THE Earl of *Arundel*, is lately return'd from *Germany*; and his gallant Comportment in that Ambaſſie, deſerv'd to have had better ſucceſs: He found the Emperor conformable, but the old *Bavarian* froward; who will not part with any thing, till he have Monies reimburs'd which he ſpent in theſe Wars, and for which he hath the upper *Palatinate* in *depoſito*; inſomuch, that

in all probability all hopes are cut off of ever recovering that Country, but by the ſame means that it was taken away, which was by the Sword: Therefore they write from *Holland* of a new Army, which the Prince *Palatine* is like to have ſhortly, to go up to *Germany*, and puſh on his Fortune with the *Swedes*.

The *French* King hath taken *Nancy*, and almoſt all *Lorain* lately, but he was forc'd to put a Fox-Tail to the Lion's Skin, which his Cardinal helpt him to, before he could do the Work. The Quarrel is, that the Duke ſhould marry his Siſter to Monſieur, contrary to Promiſe, that he ſided with the Imperialiſts, againſt his Confederates in *Germany*, that he neglected to do Homage for the Dutchy of *Bar*.

My Lord Vicount *Savage* is lately dead, who is very much lamented by all that knew him: I could have wiſh'd, had it pleas'd God, that his Father-in-Law, who is riper for the other World, had gone before him. So I reſt,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble and ready
Weſtm. 6 Apr. *Servitor,* J. H.

XXVI.

To his Hon. Friend, Mrs. C. *at her Houſe in* Eſſex.

THere was no Sorrow ſunk deeper into me a great while, than that which I conceiv'd, upon the Death of my dear Friend your Husband: The laſt Office I could do him, was to put him in his Grave: And I am ſorry to have met others there, (who had better means to come in a Coach with ſix Horſes than I) in ſo mean Equipage, to perform the laſt Act of Reſpect to ſo worthy a Friend. I have ſent you herewith an Elegy, which my Melancholy Muſe hath breath'd out upon his Herſe; I ſhall be very careful about the Tomb you intend him, and will think upon an Epitaph. I pray preſent my reſpects to Mrs. *Anne Mayne*. So wiſhing you all Comfort and Contentment, I reſt

Yours, moſt ready to be commanded,
Lond. 5 Mar. J. H.

XXVII.

To Mr. James Howard, *upon his* Baniſhed Virgin, *Tranſlated out of* Italian.

Sir,

I Receiv'd the Manuſcript you ſent me, and being a little Curious to compare it with the Original, I find the Verſion to be very exact and faithful: So according to your friendly Requeſt, I have ſent you this *Decaſtich*. *Some*

Some hold Tranſlations not unlike to be,
The wrong-ſide of a Turky *Tapiſtry:*
Or Wine drawn off the Lees, which fill'd in Flask,
Loſe ſomewhat of their ſtrength, they had in Cask.
'Tis true, each Language hath an Idiom,
Which in another couch'd, comes not ſo home:
Yet I ne're ſaw a piece from Venice *come,*
Had fewer Torums, ſet on our Contrey Loom.
This Wine is ſtill one-ear'd, and briſk, though put
Out of Italian *Cask, in* Engliſh *Butt.*

Upon your *Eromena.*

Fair Eromena *in her* Toſcan *Tyre,*
I view'd, and lik'd the Faſhion wondrous well;
Cut in this Engliſh *Habit I admire,*
That ſtill in her that ſame good Grace ſhould dwell:
So I have ſeen trans-Alphin Cions *grow,*
And bear rare Fruit, remov'd to Thames *from* Po.

Your true Servitor, and Compatriot,

Lon. *6 October.* *J. H.*

XXVIII.

To Edward Noy *Eſq; at* Paris.

Sir,

I Receiv'd one of yours lately; and I am glad to find the Delight that Travel begins to inſtil into you.

My Lord Ambaſſador *Aſton* reckons upon you, that you will be one of his Train at his firſt Audience in *Madrid*; and to my knowledge he hath put by ſome Gentlemen of Quality: Therefore I pray let not that dirty Town of *Paris* detain you too long, from your intended Journey to *Spain*; for I make account my Lord *Aſton* will be there a matter of two Months hence. So I reſt,

Lond. 5 May, 1633. *Your moſt affectionate Servitor,* J. H.

XXIX.

To the Right Honourable Sir Peter Wicks, *L. Ambaſſadour, at* Conſtantinople.

My Lord,

IT ſeems there is ſome angry Star, that hath hung over this buſineſs of the *Palatinate*, from the beginning of theſe *German* Wars,

Wars to this very day, which will too evidently appear, if one ſhould mark and deduce matters from their firſt riſe.

You may remember how poorly *Prague* was loſt: The Biſhop of *Halverſtat*, and Count *Mansfelt* ſhuffled up and down a good while, and did great matters, but all came to nothing at laſt. You may remember how one of the Ships-Royal was caſt away, in carrying over the laſt; and the 12000 Men he had hence, periſh'd many of them very miſerably, and he himſelf as they write, died in a poor Hoſtrey with one Laquay, as he was going to *Venice*, to a Bank of Mony he had ſtor'd up there for a dead lift. Your Lordſhip knows what ſucceſs the King of *Denmark* had (and our 6000 Men under Sir *Charles Morgan*) for while he thought to make new Acqueſts, he was in hazard to loſe all that he had, had not he had favourable Propoſitions tendred him. There were never poor Chriſtians periſhed more lamentably, than thoſe 6000 we ſent under M. *Hamilton*, for the aſſiſtance of the King of *Sweden*, who did much, but you know what became of him at laſt: How diſaſtrouſly the Prince *Palatine* himſelf fell, and in what an ill Conjuncture of time, being upon the very point of being reſtor'd to his Country.

But now we have had as bad news as any we had yet; for the young Prince *Palatine*, and his Brother Prince *Rupert*, having got a jolly conſiderable Army in *Holland*, to try their Fortunes in *Germany* with the *Swedes*; they had advanc'd as far as *Munſterland*, and *Weſtphalia*; and having lain before *Lengua*, they were forc'd to raiſe the Siege; and one General *Hatzfield* purſuing them, there was a ſore Battel fought, wherein Prince *Rupert*, My Lord *Craven* and others, were taken Priſoners. The Prince *Palitine* himſelf, with Major *King*, thinking to get over the *Waſer* in a Coach, the Water being deep, and not fordable, he ſav'd himſelf by the help of a Willow, and ſo went a foot all the way to *Munden*, the Coach and the Coachman being drown'd in the River. There were near upon 2000 ſlain on the *Palſgrave*'s ſide, and ſcarce the Twentieth part ſo many on *Hatzfield*'s, Major *Gaut*, one of the chief Commanders was kill'd.

I am ſorry I muſt write unto you this ſad Story: Yet to countervail it ſomething, *Saxon Waymar* thrives well; and is like to get *Briſac* by help of the *French* Forces. All your Friends here are well, and remember your Lordſhip often, but none more oft than

Your moſt humble and ready
Servitor,

Lond. 5 June, 1635.

J. H.

XXX

XXX.

To Sir Sackvil C. *Knight.*

Sir,

I Was as glad that you have lighted upon ſo excellent a Lady, as if an Aſtronomer by his Opticks had found out a new Star; and if a Wife be the beſt or worſt Fortune of a Man, certainly you are one of the fortunat'ſt Men in this Iſland.

The greateſt news I can write unto you is, of a bloody Banquet, that was lately at *Liege*; where a great Faction was a fomenting 'twixt the *Imperialiſts*, and thoſe that were devoted to *France*; amongſt whom, one *Ruelle* a Popular Bourgue-Maſter was chief: The Count of *Warſuzee*, a Vaſſel of the King of *Spain*'s, having fled thither from *Flanders* for ſome Offence, to ingratiate himſelf again into the King of *Spain*'s favour, invited the ſaid *Ruelle* to a Feaſt, and after brought him into a private Chamber, where he had provided a Ghoſtly Father to Confeſs him, and ſo ſome of the Souldiers, whom he had provided before to Guard the Houſe, diſpatch'd the Bourgue-Maſter: The Town hearing this, broke into the Houſe, cut to pieces the ſaid Count, with ſome of his Souldiers, and dragg'd his Body up and down the Streets. You know ſuch a Fate befel *Walleſtein* in *Germany*, of late years, who having got all the Emperour's Forces into his Hands, was found to have Intelligence with the *Swede*, therefore the Emperial *Ban* was not only pronounc'd againſt him, but a reward promis'd to any that ſhould diſpatch him: Some of the Emperor's Souldiers at a great Wedding in *Egra*, of which Band of Souldiers Collonel *Butler* an *Iriſhman* was chief, broke into his Lodging when he was at dinner, kill'd him, with three Commanders more that were at Table with him, and threw his Body out at a Window into the Streets.

I hear *Butler* is made ſince Count of the Empire. So humbly kiſſing your Noble Ladies Hands, I reſt,

Lond. 5 June. *Your faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XXXI.

To Dr. Dupps, *L. B. of* Chicheſter, *His Highneſs*'s *Tutor, at St.* James's.

My Lord,

IT is a well-becoming, and very worthy Work you are about, not to ſuffer Mr. *Ben. Johnſon* to go ſo ſilently to his Grave, or Rot

Rot ſo ſuddenly. Being newly come to Town, and underſtanding that your *Johnſonus Verbius* was in the Preſs, upon the ſollicitation to Sir *Thomas Hawkins*, I ſuddenly fell upon the enſuing *Decaſtich*; which, if your Lordſhip pleaſe, may have room amongſt the reſt.

Upon my Honoured Friend, and Father, Mr *Ben. Johnſon.*

AND is thy Glaſs run out, is that Oyl ſpent,
Which Light to ſuch ſtrong Sinewy Labours lent?
Well, Ben, *I now perceive that all the* Nine,
Though they their utmoſt Forces ſhould Combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainſt Nights three Daughters; *but*
One ſtill muſt Spin, *one* Wind, *the other* Cut.
Yet in deſpight of Diſtaff, Clue *and* Knife,
Thou in thy ſtrenuous Lines hath got a Life,
Which like thy Bays, *ſhall flouriſh ev'ry Age,*
while Soc *or* Buskin *ſhall aſcend the Stage.*
——— *Sic vaticinatur* Hoellus.

So I reſt with many devoted Reſpects to your Lordſhip, as being

Lond. 1 of *May*, 1636.

Your very humble Servitor,
J. H.

XXXII.
To Sir Ed. B. *Knight.*

Sir,

I Receiv'd yours this *Maundy-Thurſday*: And whereas amongſt other paſſages, and high endearment of Love, you deſire to know what method I obſerve in the Exerciſe of my Devotions, I thank you for your requeſt, which I have reaſon to believe doth proceed from an extraordinary reſpect unto me; and I will deal with you herein, as one ſhould do with his Confeſſor.

'Tis true, though there be Rules and Rubricks in our *Liturgy* ſufficient to guide every one in the performance of all Holy Duties, yet I believe every one hath ſome Mode and Model or Formulary of his own, ſpecially for his private cubicular Devotions.

I will begin with the laſt day of the Week, and with the latter end of that day, I mean *Saturday*-Evening, on which I have faſted ever ſince I was a Youth in *Venice*, for being delivered from a very great danger: This Year I uſe ſome extraordinary Acts of Devotion, to uſher in the enſuing *Sunday*, in Hymns, and various

Prayers

Prayers of my own Penning, before I go to Bed. On *Sunday*-Morning, I riſe earlier than upon other days, to prepare my ſelf for the Sanctifying of it; nor do uſe Barber, Tailer, Shoo-maker, or any other Mechanick that Morning: And whatſoever diverſions, or lets, may hinder me the Week before, I never miſs, but in caſe of Sickneſs, to repair to God's Holy Houſe that day; where I come before Prayers begin, to make my ſelf fitter for the Work, by ſome previous Meditations, and take the whole Service along with me; nor do I love to mingle Speech with any in the Interim, about News or worldly Negotiations; in God's Holy Houſe I proſtrate my ſelf in the Humbleſt and Decent'ſt Way of Genuflection I can imagine; nor do I believe there can be any exceſs of exterior Humility in that place: therefore I do not like thoſe ſquatting unſeemly bold poſtures upon one's Tayl, or muffling the Face in the Hat, or thruſting it in ſome hole, or covering it with one's Hand; but with bended Knee, and an open confident Face, I fix my Eyes on the *Eaſt* part of the Church, and Heaven. I endeavour to apply every Tittle of the Service to my own Conſcience and Occaſions; and I believe the want of this, with the huddling up, and careleſs Reading of ſome Miniſters, with the commonneſs of it, is the greateſt cauſe that many do undervalue, and take a Surfeit of our Publick Service.

For the Reading and Singing Pſalms, whereas moſt of them are either Petitions or Euchariſtical Ejaculations, I liſten to them more attentively, and make them my own. When I ſtand at the Creed, I think upon the Cuſtom they have in *Poland*, and elſewhere, for Gentlemen to draw their Swords all the while, intimating thereby, that they will defend it with their Lives and Blood. And for the Decalogue, whereas others uſe to riſe and ſit, I ever kneel at it in the humbleſt and trembling'ſt poſture of all, to crave remiſſion for the breaches paſs'd of any of God's Holy Commandments, (eſpecially the Week before) and future Grace to obſerve them.

I love a Holy devout Sermon, that firſt checks, and then cheers the Conſcience, that begins with the Law, and ends with the Goſpel; but I never prejudicate or cenſure any Preacher, taking him as I find him.

And now that we are not only Adulted, but Ancient Chriſtians, I believe the moſt acceptable Sacrifice we can ſend up to Heaven, is Prayer and Praiſe; and that Sermons are not ſo eſſential as either of them, to the true Practice of Devotion. The reſt of the Holy Sabbath, I ſequeſter my Body and Mind as much as I can from worldly Affairs.

Upon *Munday* Morn, as ſoon as the *Cinque-Ports* are open, I have

a particular Prayer of Thanks, that I am reprieved to the beginning of that Week; and every day following, I knock thrice at Heavens-Gate, in the Morning, in the Evening, and at Night; beſides, Prayers at Meals, and ſome other occaſional Ejaculations, as upon the putting on of a clean Shirt, waſhing of my Hands, and at lighting of Candles, which becauſe they are ſudden, I do in the Third Perſon.

Tueſday Morning, I riſe Winter and Summer as ſoon as I awake, and ſend up a more particular Sacrifice for ſome Reaſons; and as I am diſpos'd, or have buſineſs, I go to Bed again.

Upon *Wedneſday* Night, I always Faſt, and perform alſo ſome extraordinary Acts of Devotion; as alſo upon *Friday* Night, and *Saturday* Morning, as ſoon as my Senſes are unlock'd, I get up. And in the Summer time, I am oftentimes abroad in ſome private Field, to attend the Sun-riſing. And as I pray Thrice every Day, ſo I faſt Thrice every Week, at leaſt I eat but one Meal upon *Wedneſdays*, *Frydays*, and *Saturdays*; in regard I am Jealous with my ſelf, to have more Infirmities to anſwer for, than other.

Before I go to Bed, I make a Scrutiny what peccant Humours have Reign'd in me that Day, and ſo I reconcile my ſelf to my Creatour, and ſtrike a Tally in the Exchequer of Heaven, for my *Quietus eſt*, e're I cloſe my Eyes, and leave no Burden upon my Conſcience.

Before I preſume to take the Holy Sacrament, I uſe ſome extraordinary Acts of Humiliation, to prepare my ſelf ſome days before, and by doing ſome Deeds of Charity: And commonly I Compoſe ſome new Prayers, and divers of them Written in my own Blood.

I uſe not to ruſh raſhly into Prayer, without a trembling precedent Meditation; and if any odd thoughts intervene, and grow upon me, I check my ſelf, and recommence; and this is incident to long Prayers, which are more ſubject to Man's Weakneſs, and the Devil's Malice.

I thank God I have this Fruit of my Foreign Travels, that I can pray unto him every day of the Week, in a ſeveral Language, and upon *Sunday* in Seven; which in Oriſons of my own, I punctually perform in my private Pomeridian Devotions.

Et ſix æternum contendo attingere vitam.

By theſe ſteps I ſtrive to climb up to Heaven, and my Soul prompts me I ſhall thither; for there is no Object in the World delights me more than to caſt up my Eyes that way, ſpecially in a Star-light-Night; and if my Mind be overcaſt with any odd Clouds of Melancholy, when I look up and behold that glorious Fabrick, which

which I hope ſhall be my Country hereafter, there are new Spirits begot in me preſently; which makes me ſcorn the World, and the Pleaſures thereof, conſidering the Vanity of the one, and the Inanity of the other.

Thus my Soul ſtill moves *Eaſt-ward*, as all the Heavenly Bodies do: But I muſt tell you, that as thoſe Bodies are over-maſter'd and ſnatch'd away to the *Weſt*, *raptu primi mobilis*, by the general Motion of the tenth Sphere; ſo by thoſe Epidemical Infirmities which are incident to Man, I am often ſnatch'd away a clean contrary Courſe; yet my Soul perſiſts ſtill in her own proper Motion. I am often at variance, and angry with my ſelf (nor do I hold this Anger to be any breach of Charity) when I conſider, That whereas my Creator intended this Body of mine, though a lump of Clay, to be a Temple of his Holy Spirit; my affections ſhould turn it often to a Brothel-Houſe, my paſſions to a Bedlam, and my exceſſes to an Hoſpital.

Being of a Lay-profeſſion, I humbly conform to the Conſtitutions of the Church, and my Spiritual Superiours, and I hold this Obedience to be an acceptible Sacrifice to God.

Difference in Opinion may work a Diſaffection in me, but not a Deteſtation. I rather pitty, than hate *Turk* or *Infidel*, for they are of the ſame Metal, and bear the ſame Stamp as I do, though the Inſcriptions differ: If I hate any, 'tis thoſe Schiſmaticks, that puzzle the ſweet Peace of our Church; ſo that I could be content, to ſee an *Anabaptiſt* go to Hell on a *Browniſt*'s back.

Noble Knight, Now that I have thus eviſcerated my ſelf, and dealt ſo clearly with you; I deſire by way of correſpondence that you would tell me, what Way you take in your Journey to Heaven: for if my Breaſt lie ſo open to you, 'tis not fitting yours ſhould be ſhut up to me: Therefore, I pray let me hear from you, when it may ſtand with your Convenience.

So I wiſh you your Heart's deſire here, and Heaven hereafter; becauſe I am

Yours, in no vulgar way of Friendſhip,

Lond. 25 July, 1635.

J. H.

XXXIII.

To Simon Digby *Eſquire, at* Moſco, *the Emperour of* Ruſſia's *Court.*

Sir,

I Receiv'd one of yours, by Mr. *Pickhurſt*; and I am glad to find that the rough Clime of *Ruſſia* agrees ſo well with you: So well

well as you write the Catholick Air of *Madrid*, or the Imperial Air of *Vienna*, where you had ſuch honourable employments.

The greateſt News we have here is, that we have a Biſhop Lord Treaſurer; and 'tis News indeed in theſe times, though 'twas no news you know in the times of old, to have a Biſhop Lord Treaſurer of *England*. I believe he was meerly *paſſive* in this buſineſs; the *active* Inſtrument that put the White Staff in his Hands, was the Metropolitan at *Lambeth*.

I have other News alſo to tell you: We have a brave new Ship a Royal *Galeon*, the like, they ſay, did never ſpread Sail upon Salt-water, take her true and well compacted Symmetry, with all dimenſions together: for her Burden, ſhe hath as many Tuns as there were years ſince the Incarnation, when ſhe was built, which are ſixteen hundred thirty and ſix; ſhe is in length one hundred twenty and ſeven foot; her greateſt breadth, with the Planks, is fourty ſix Foot, and ſix Inches; her depth from the breadth is nineteen Foot, and four Inches: She carrieth a hundred Pieces of Ordnance wanting four, whereof ſhe hath three Tyre: Half a ſcore men may ſtand in her Lantern: the charges His Majeſtie hath been at in the building of her, are computed to be fourſcore thouſand pounds, one whole years Ship-Money. Sir *Robert Manſel* launc'd her, and by His Majeſties Command, call'd her, *The Soveraign of the Sea*. Many would have had her to be nam'd the *Edgar*; who was one of the moſt Famous *Saxon* Kings this Iſland had, and the moſt Potent at Sea. *Ranulphus Ceſtrenſis* writes, That he had four hundred Ships, which every year after *Eaſter*, went out in four Fleets to ſcour the Coaſts. Another Author writes, That he had four Kings to row him once upon the *Dee*. But the Title he gave himſelf was a very lofty one, which was this, *Altitonantis Dei largiflua clementia qui eſt Rex Regum, Ego* Edgardus *Anglorum Baſilius, omnium Regum, Inſularum, Oceanique Britanniam circumjacentis, cunctarumque Nationum quæ infra eam includuntur, Imperator & Dominus*, &c. I do not think your grand Emperour of *Ruſſia* hath a loftier Title: I confeſs the Sophy of *Perſia* hath a higher one, though prophane and rediculous, in compariſon of this; For he calls himſelf, *The Star High and Mighty, whoſe Head is cover'd with the Sun, whoſe Motion is comparable to the Æthereal Firmament, Lord of the Mountains*, Caucaſus, *and* Taurus; *of the four Rivers*, Euphrates, Tygris, Araxis, *and* Indus; *Bud of Honour, Mirrour of Vertue, Roſe of Delight, and Nutmeg of Comfort*. It is a huge deſcent, methinks, to begin with a Star, and end in a Nutmeg.

All your Friends here in Court and City, are well, and often mindful of you, with a World of good wiſhes; and you cannot be ſaid to be out of *England*, as long as you live in ſo many Noble

ble Memories. Touching mine, you have a large Room in it, for you are one of the chief Inmates. So with my humble Service to your Lady, I reſt

Lond. 1 July, 1635. *Your moſt faithful Servitor, while* J. H.

XXXIV.

To Dr. Tho. Pritchard.

Dear Doctor,

I Have now had too long a Superſedeas from Employment, having engag'd my ſelf to a Fatal Man at Court (by his own ſeeking) who I hoped, and had reaſon to expect (for I wav'd all other ways) that he would have been a Scale towards my Riſing; but he hath rather prov'd an Inſtrument to my Ruine: It may be he will proſper accordingly.

I am ſhortly bound for *Ireland*; and it may be the Stars will caſt a more benign Aſpect upon me in the *Weſt*: you know who got the *Perſian* Empire, by looking that way for the firſt Beams of the Sun-riſing, rather than towards the *Eaſt*.

My Lord Deputy, hath made often Profeſſions to do me a Pleaſure, and I intend now to put him upon't.

I purpoſe to paſs by the *Bath*, for a pain I have in my Arm, proceeding from a Deflu&ction of Rheum: And then I will take *Brecknock* in my way, to comfort my Siſter *Penry*, who I think hath loſt one of the beſt Husbands in all the thirteen Shires of *Wales*.

So with apprecation of all Happineſs to you, I reſt

Lond. 10 Feb. 1637. *Yours, while* J. H.

XXXV.

To Sir Kenelme Digby, *Knight. From* Bath.

Sir,

YOur being then in the Country, when I began my Journey for *Ireland*, was the cauſe I could not kiſs your Hands; therefore I ſhall do now from *Bath*, what I ſhould have done from *London*.

Being here for a Diſtillation of Rheum, that pains me in one of my Arms, and having had about three thouſand ſtroaks of a Pump upon me in the Queen's *Bath*; and having been here now divers days, and view'd the ſeveral Qualities of theſe Waters; I fell to Contemplate a little, what ſhould be the reaſon of ſuch extraordinary Actual Heat, and Medicinal Vertue in them. I have ſeen and

read of divers *Baths* abroad, as those of *Cadanel* and *Avininian* in *Iagro Senensi*, the *Grotta* in *Vicerbio*, those between *Naples* and *Puteolum* in *Campania*; and I have been a little curious to know the reason of those rare Lymphatical properties in them above other Waters. I find that some impute it to Wind, or Air, or some Exhalations shut up in the Bowels of the Earth, which either by their own nature, or by their violent motion and agitation, or attrition upon Rocks, and narrow passages, do gather heat, and so impart it to the Waters.

Others attribute this *Balneal* Heat unto the Sun, whose all-searching Beams penetrating the Pores of the Earth, do heat the Waters.

Others think this heat to proceed from quick Lime, which by common experience we find to heat any Waters cast upon't, and also to kindle any combustible substance put upon it.

Lastly, there are some that ascribe this heat to a Subterranean Fire kindled in the Bowels of the Earth, upon Sulphury and Bituminous matter.

'Tis true, all these may be general concurring Causes; but not the adæquat, proper and peculiar reason of *Balneal* heats: And herein truly our learned Countrey-man, Dr. *Forden*, hath got the Start of any that ever writ of this Subject, and goes to Work like a solid Philosopher: for having treated of the Generation of Minerals, he finds that they have their Seminaries in the Womb of the Earth, replenish'd with active Spirits; which meeting with apt Matter, and adjuvant Causes, do proceed to the Generation of several Species, according to the nature of the Efficient, and fitness of the Matter. In this Work of Generation, as there is *Generatio unius*, so there is *Corruptio alterius*; and this cannot be done without a Superior Power, which by moisture dilating it self, works upon the Matter like a leav'ning and ferment, to bring it to its own purpose.

This Motion 'twixt the agent Spirit, and patient Matter, produceth an actual Heat: *For Motion is the Fountain of Heat*, which serves as an Instrument to advance the Work; for as Cold dulls, so Heat quickneth all things. Now for the nature of this Heat, it is not a destructive violent Heat, as that of Fire; but a Generative gentle Heat joyn'd with Moisture, nor needs it Air for eventilation. This natural Heat, is dayly observ'd by digging in the Mines; so then while Minerals are thus engendring, and in *solutis principiis*, in their liquid Forms, and not consolidated into hard Bodies, (for when they have not that Vertue) they impart Heat to the neighbouring Waters. So then it may be concluded, that this Soil about the *Bath* is a Mineral Vein of Earth, and the fermenting gentle temper of generative Heat, that goes to

the

the production of the ſaid Minerals, doth impart and actually communicate this *Balneal* Vertue, and Medicinal Heat to theſe Waters.

This Subject of Mineral-Waters, would afford an Ocean of matter, were one to Compile a ſolid Diſcourſe of it: And I pray excuſe me, that I have preſum'd, in ſo narrow a Compaſs as a *Letter*, to comprehend ſo much; which is nothing, I think, in compariſon of what you know already of this matter.

So I take my leave, and humbly kiſs your Hands, being always

Your Lordſhip's moſt faithful and ready Servant,

From the Bath, 3 July, 1638.

J. H.

XXXVI.

From Dublin. *To Sir* Ed. Savage *Kt. at* Tower-Hill.

Sir,

I Am come ſafely to *Dublin*, over an angry boyſterous Sea; whether 'twas my Voyage on Salt-water, or change of Air, being now under another Clime, which was the cauſe of it, I know not, but I am ſuddenly freed of the pain in my Arm; when neither *Bath*, nor Plaiſters, and other Remedies could do me no good.

I deliver'd your *Letter* to Mr. *James Dillon*, but nothing can be done in that buſineſs, till your Brother *Pain* comes to Town. I meet here with divers of my *Northern* Friends, whom I knew at *York*. Here is a moſt ſplendid Court kept at the Caſtle, and except that of the Vice-Roy of *Naples*, I have not ſeen the like in Chriſtendom; and in one point of *Grandeza*, the Lord Deputy here goes beyond him, for he can conſer Honours, and dub Knights, which that Vice-Roy cannot, or any other I know of. Trafick increaſeth here wonderfully, with all kind of Bravery and Building.

I made an humble Motion to my Lord, that in regard buſineſſes of all ſorts did multiply here daily, and that there was but one Clerk of the Council (Sir *Paul Davis*) who was able to diſpatch buſineſs, (Sir *Will. Uſher* his Collegue being very Aged and Bed-rid) his Lordſhip would pleaſe to think of me: My Lord gave me an Anſwer, full of good Reſpect, to ſucceed Sir *William* after his Death.

No more now, but with my moſt affectionate reſpects unto you, I reſt

Dublin, 3 May, 1639.

Your faithful Servitor,

J. H.

XXXVII.

To Doctor Usher, *Lord Primate of* Ireland.

MAY it please your Grace, to accept of my most humble Acknowledgment, for those Noble Favors I receiv'd at *Drogheda*; and that you pleas'd to communicate unto me those rare Manuscripts, in so many Languages, and divers choice Authors in your Library.

Your learned Work, *De primordiis, Ecclesiarum, Britanicarum*, which you pleas'd to send me, I have sent to *England*; and so it shall be convey'd to *Jesus-colledge* in *Oxford*, as a Gift from your Grace.

I hear that Cardinal *Barberino*, one of the Pope's Nephews, is setting forth the Works of *Fastidius*, a *Brittish* Bishop, call'd *Devita Christiana*. It was Written 300 Years after our Saviour; and *Hoistenius* hath the care of the Impression.

I was lately looking for a Word in *Suidus*, and I lighted upon a strange passage in the Name 'Ιησους: That in the Reign of *Justinian*, the Emperor, one *Theodosius* a *Jew*, a man of great Authority liv'd in *Jerusalem*; with whom a rich Goldsmith, who was a *Christian*, was in much favour, and very familiar: The Goldsmith, in private Discourse, told him one day, That *he wondred, he being a Man of such a great Understanding, did not turn* Christian; *considering, how he found all the Prophecies of the Law, so evidently accomplish'd in our Saviour; and our Saviour's Prophesies accomplish'd since. Theodosius* answered, *That it did not stand with his Security, and continuance in Authority, to turn* Christian; *but he had a long time a good Opinion of that Religion; and he would discover a Secret unto him, which was not yet come to the Knowledge of any* Christian. It was, *That when the Temple was founded in* Jerusalem, *there were 22 Priests, according to the number of the* Hebrew *Letters, to officiate the* Temple; *and when any was Chosen, his Name, with his Father and Mother's, were used to be Registred in a fair Book. In the time of Christ, a Priest died, and he was chosen in his place; but when his Name was to be Entred, his Father* Joseph *being Dead, his Mother was sent for, who being asked who was his Father?* She answered, *That she never knew Man, but that she conceiv'd by an Angel: So his Name was Registred in these Words:* JESUS CHRIST *THE SON OF* GOD, *AND OF THE VIRGIN* MARY. This Record, at the Destruction of the *Temple* was preserved, and is to be seen in *Tiberias* to this Day. I humbly desire your Graces Opinion hereof in your next.

They write to me from *England*, of rare News in *France*, which

it

is, That the Queen is delivered of a Daulphin; the wonderfull'ſt thing of this kind, that any Story can parallel! for this is the Three and Twentieth year ſince ſhe was Married, and hath continued Childleſs all this while: So that now Monſieur's Cake is Dough, and I believe he will be more quier hereafter. So I reſt

Dublin, 1 March, 1639. *Your Graces moſt devoted Servitor*, J. H.

XXXVIII.

To my Lord Clifford. *From* Edenburgh.

My Lord,

I Have ſeen now all the King of Great *Britain*'s Dominions; and he is a good Traveller that hath ſeen all his Dominions. I was Born in *Wales*, I have been in all the Four Corners of *England*, I have traverſed the Diameter of *France* more than once, and now I am come through *Ireland*, into this Kingdom of *Scotland*. This Town of *Edenburgh*, is one of the faireſt Streets that ever I ſaw, (excepting that of *Palermo* in *Sicily*) it is about a Mile long, comeing ſloping down, from the Caſtle (call'd of old, *The Caſtle of Virgins*, and by *Pliny*, *Caſtrum alatum*) to Holy-Rood-Houſe, now the Royal Palace; and theſe two begin and terminate the Town. I am come hither in a very convenient time, for here's a *National Aſſembly*, and a *Parliament*, My Lord *Traquair* being his Majeſties Commiſſioner. The Biſhops are all gone to wrack, and they have had but a ſorry Funeral; the very Name is grown ſo contemptible, that a Black Dog, if he hath any white Marks about him, is call'd Biſhop. Our Lord of *Canterbury* is grown here ſo odious, that they call him commonly in the Pulpit, *The Prieſt of* Baal, *and the Son of* Belial.

I'll tell your Lordſhip of a paſſage which happen'd lately in my Lodging, which is a Tavern: I had ſent for a Shoo-maker to make me a pair of Boots, and my Landlord, who is a pert ſmart Man, brought up a Chopin of White-wine (and for this particular, there are better *French*-Wines here than in *England*, and cheaper; for they are but a Groat a Quart; and it is a Crime of a high nature, to mingle or ſophiſticate any Wine here.) Over this Chopin of White-wine, my Vintner and Shoo-maker fell into a hot Diſpute about Biſhops: The Shoo-maker grew very furious, and call'd them *The Firebrands of Hell, the Panders of the Whore of* Babylon, *and the Inſtrument of the Devil, and that they were of his Inſtitution, not of Gods*. My Vintner took him up ſmartly and ſaid, *Hold Neighbour, there; Do you know as well as I, that* Titus *and* Tim. *were Biſhops? that our Saviour is Intitled*, The Biſhop of our Souls? *that the word*

Biſhop, *is as frequently mentioned in Scripture, as the Name* Paſtor, Elder, *or* Deacon ? *then why do you inveigh ſo bitterly againſt them ?* The Shoo-maker Anſwered, *I know the Name and Office to be good ; but they have abuſed it.* My *Vintner* replies, *Well then, you are a* Shoo-maker *by your Profeſſion ; imagine that you, or a Hundred, or a Thouſand, or a Hundred Thouſand of your Trade, ſhould play the Knaves, and Sell* Calf-skin-Leather *Boots, for* Neats-Leather, *or do other Cheats ; muſt we therefore go Barefoot ? muſt the Gentle-Craft of* Shoo-makers *fall therefore to the Ground ? It is the fault of the Men, not of the Calling.* The *Shoo-maker* was ſo gravell'd at this, that he was put to his *Laſt* ; for he had not a Word more to ſay : So my *Vintner* got the Day.

There is a fair Parliament-Houſe built here lately ; and 'twas hoped, His Majeſty would have ta'ne the Maiden-Head of it, and come hither to Sit in Perſon : And they did ill, who adviſ'd him otherwiſe.

I am to go hence ſhortly, back to *Dublin*, and ſo to *London*, where I hope to find your Lordſhip ; that according to my accuſtomed boldneſs, I may attend you. In the Interim I reſt

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servitor,

Edenburgh, 1639.

J. H.

XXXIX.

To Sir Kenelme Digby, *Knight.*

Sir,

I Thank you for the good Opinion, you pleaſe to have of my Fancy of Trees : It is a Maiden one, and not blown upon by any one yet. But for the Merits, you pleaſe to aſcribe unto the Author, I utterly diſclaim any ; ſpecially in the proportion you pleaſe to give them me. 'Tis you that have parts enough to Compleat a whole Jury of Men. Thoſe ſmall Perquiſits that I have, are thruſt up into a little narrow Lobby : But thoſe Perfections that beautifie your Noble Soul, have a ſpacious Palace to walk in ; more ſumptuous than either the *Louvre, Seraglio,* or *Eſcurial.* So I moſt affectionately kiſs your Hands, being always

Your moſt faithful Servitor,

Weſtm. 3 Decem. 1639.

J. H.

XL.

To Sir Sackvil Crow, *His Majesties Ambassador, at the Port of* Constantinople.

Right Honourable Sir,

THE greatest News we have hear now, is a notable Naval Fight, that was lately 'twixt the *Spaniard* and *Hollander*, in the Downs: But to make it more Intelligible, I will deduce the business from the beginning.

The King of *Spain* had provided a great Fleet of Galeons; whereof the Vice-Admirals of *Naples* and *Portugal* were Two, (whereof he had sent Advice to *England* long before.) The Design was to meet with the *French*-Fleet, under the Command of the Arch-Bishop of *Bourdeux*; and in default of that, to Land some Treasure at *Dunkirk*, with a recruit of *Spaniards*, which were grown very thin in *Flanders*. These Recruits were got by an odd Trick: for some of the Fleet being at St. *Anderas*, a Report was blown up of purpose, that the *French* were upon the Coasts. Hereupon all the young Men of the Country came to the Sea-side; and so a great number of them were tumbled a Shipboard, and so they set Sail towards the Coast of *France*: But the Arch-Bishop it seems had drawn in his Fleet. Then striking into the Narrow Seas, they met with a Fleet of about sixteen *Hollanders*; whereof they sunk and took two, and the rest got away to *Holland*, to give an Alarm to the States; who in less than a Month, got together a Fleet of about one Hundred Sail; and the Wind being a long time *Easterly*, they came into the Downs; where *Don Antonio d' Oquendo*, the *Spanish* Admiral had stayed for them all the while. Sir *John Pennington*, was then abroad with Seven of his Majesties Ships. And *Don Antonio* being daily warn'd what Forces were preparing in *Zealand* and *Holland*, and so advis'd to get over to the *Flemish* Coasts; in the Interim with a haughty Spirit, he answer'd, *Tengo de quedarme aqui para castigar estos Rebeldes: I will stay here to Chastise these Rebels.* There were Ten more of His Majesties Ships, appointed to go joyn with Sir *John Pennington*, to observe the Motions of those Fleets; but the Wind continuing still *East*, they could not get out of the River.

The *Spanish* Fleet, had Fresh-Waters, Victuals, and other necessaries from our Coasts, for their Mony, according to the Capitulations of Peace, all this while: At last, being half surprized by a Cloud of *Hollanders*, consisting of one Hundred and Fourteen Ships, they launc'd out from our Coasts, and a most furious Fight began, our Ships, having retir'd hard by all the while; The Vice-

Admiral of *Portugal*, a Famous Sea-Captain, *Don Lope de Hozes*, was engag'd in cloſe Fight, with the Vice-Admiral of *Holland*; and after many tough Rancounters, they were both blown up, and burnt together. At laſt, Night came and parted the reſt: But Six *Spaniſh* Ships were taken; and about Twenty of the *Hollanders* periſh'd: *Oqnendo* then croſs'd over to *Nardic*, and ſo back to *Spain*; where he dyed before he came to the Court: And 'tis thought, had he liv'd, he had been queſtion'd for ſome Miſcarriages: For if he had ſuffer'd the *Dunkirkers*, who are nimbler and more fit for Fight, to have had the Van, and dealt with the *Hollander*, 'tis thought matters might have gone better with him: But his Ambition was, that the great *Spaniſh* Galeons, ſhould get the Glory of the Day.

The *Spaniards* give out, that they had the better, in regard they did the main Work: For *Oquendo* had conveyed all his Recruits, and Treaſure to *Flanders*, while he lay hovering on our Coaſts.

One thing is herein very obſervable, what a mighty Navigable Power the *Hollander* is come to; that in ſo ſhort a Compaſs of time, he could appear with ſuch a numerous Fleet, of One Hundred and Fourteen Sails of Men of War, in ſuch a perfect Equipage.

The times afford no more at preſent; therefore with a tender of my moſt Humble Service to my Noble Lady, and my thankful acknowledgment for thoſe great Favours, which my Brother *Edward* writes to me, he hath receiv'd from your Lordſhip in ſo ſingular a manner, at that Port, deſiring you would ſtill oblige me with a continuance of them; I reſt, amongſt thoſe multitudes you have left behind you, in *England*,

Your Lordſhip's moſt faithful
Lond. 3 Aug. 1639. *Servitor*, J. H.

XLI.

To Sir J. M. *Knight.*

Sir,

I Hear that you begin to *blow the Cole*, and offer Sacrifice to *Demogorgon*, the God of Minerals; be well adviſ'd before you engage your ſelf too deep: *Chymiſtry* I know, by a little experience, is wonderful pleaſing, for the Tryal of ſo many rare Concluſions it carries with it; but withal 'tis Coſtly, and an Enchanting kind of Thing; for it hath melted many a fair Mannor in Cruſibles, and turn'd them to Smoak. One preſented *Sixtus Quintus* (*Sictcinq*, as Queen *Elizabeth* call'd him) with a Book of *Chymiſtry*, and the Pope gave him an empty Purſe for a reward.

There

There be few whom *Mercury* the Father of Miracles doth favour. The Queen of *Sheba*, and the King Crown'd with Fire, are not propitious to many. He that hath the Water turn'd to Aſhes, hath the Magiſtery, and the true Philoſophers Stone; there be few of thoſe: There be ſome that commit Fornication in *Chimiſtry*, by Hecerogeneous and Sophiſtical Citrinations; but they never come to the *Phœnix* Neſt.

I know you have your ſhare of Wiſdom; therefore I confeſs it a preſumption in me, to give you Counſel: So I reſt

Weſtmin. 1 Feb. 1638. *Your faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XLII.

To Simon Digby *Eſq*; *at the Grand* Moſco *in* Ruſſia

Sir,

I Return you many thanks for your laſt of the firſt of *June*, and that you acquaint me with the State of things in that Country.

I doubt not, but you have heard long ſince of the Revolt of *Catalaunia*, from the King of *Spain*; it ſeems the Sparkles of thoſe Fires are flown to *Portugal*, and put that Country alſo in Combuſtion. The Duke of *Braganza*, whom you may well remember about the Court of *Spain*, is now King of *Portugal*, by the Name of *El Rey Don Juan*, and he is as generally obey'd, and quietly ſettled, as if he had been King theſe twenty Years there; for the whole Country fell ſuddenly to him, not one Town ſtanding out. When the King of *Spain* told *Olivares* of it firſt, he ſlighted it, ſaying, *That he was but Rey de Havas, a Beancake King.* But it ſeems ſtrange to me, and ſo ſtrange, that it transforms me to wonder, that the *Spaniard*, being accounted ſo politic a Nation, and ſo full of precaution, could not foreſee this; eſpecially, there being divers Intelligences given, and evident Symptoms of the general diſcontentment of that Kingdom (becauſe they could not be protected againſt the *Hollander* in *Braſil*) and of ſome Deſigns a Year before, when this Duke of *Braganza* was at *Madrid*. I wonder, I ſay, they did not ſecure his Perſon by engaging him in ſome Employment out of the way: Truly I thought the *Spaniard* was better ſighted, and could ſee further off than ſo. You know what a huge Limb the Crown of *Portugal* was to the *Spaniſh* Monarchy, by the Iſlands in the *Atlantic* Sea, the Towns in *Afric*, and all the *Eaſt-Indies*, inſomuch, that the *Spaniard* hath nothing now left beyond the *Line*.

There is no *Offenſive* War yet made by *Spain* againſt King *John*, ſhe

the only ſtands upon the *Defenſive* part, untill the *Catalan* be reduc'd; and I believe, that will be a long-winded buſineſs: for this *French* Cardinal ſtirs all the Devils of Hell againſt *Spain*, inſomuch, that moſt Men ſay, that theſe formidable Fires which are now raging in both the Countries, were kindled at firſt by a Granado hurl'd from his Brain: Nay, ſome will not ſtick to ſay, that this Breach 'twixt us and *Scotland*, is a Reach of his.

There was a ruthful diſaſter happen'd lately at Sea, which makes our Merchants upon the *Exchange*, hang down their heads very ſadly. The Ship *Swan*, whereof one *Limery* was Maſter, having been four Years abroad about the *Streights*, was Sailing home with a *Cargazon* valued at Eight Hundred Thouſand Pounds, whereof four Hundred and Fifty Thouſand was in Money; the reſt in Jewels and Merchandiſe; but being in ſight of Shore, ſhe ſprung a Leak, and being ballaſted with Salt, it choak'd the Pump, ſo that the *Swan* could ſwim no longer: Some ſixteen were drown'd, and ſome of them with Ropes of Pearl about their Necks, the reſt were ſav'd by an *Hamburgher* not far off. The King of *Spain* loſeth little by it (only his Affairs in *Flanders* may ſuffer) for his Money was inſur'd, and few of the *Principals*, but the *Inſurers* only, who were moſt of them *Genoways*, and *Hollanders*. A moſt infortunate Chance! for had ſhe come to ſafe Port, ſhe had been the richeſt Ship that ever came into the *Thames*; ſo that *Neptune* never had ſuch a morſel at one bit.

All your Friends here are Well, as you will underſtand more particularly by thoſe *Letters* that go herewith. So I wiſh you all Health and Comfort in that cold Country, and deſire that your Love may continue ſtill in the ſame degree of heat towards

London 5 Mar. 1639. *Your faithful Servitor*, J. H.

XLIII.

To Sir K. D. *Knight.*

Sir,

IT was my fortune to be in a late Communication, where a Gentleman ſpoke of a hideous thing that happen'd in *High-Holborn*; how one *John Pennant* a young man of 21, being diſſected after his Death, there was a kind of Serpent with divers Tails found in the left Ventricle of his Heart, which you know is the moſt defended part being thrice thicker than the right, and in the Cell which holds the pureſt and moſt illuſtrious Liquor, the Arterial-bloud, and the vital Spirits. This Serpent was it ſeems three Years ingendring, for ſo long time he found him-

himself indispos'd in the Breast; and it was observ'd, that his Eye in the interim grew more sharp and fiery, like the Eye of a Cock, which is next to a Serpents Eye in redness: so that the symptom of his inward Disease might have been told by certain exterior Rays and Signatures.

God preserve us from publick Calamities; for Serpentine Monsters have been often ill-favour'd presages. I remember in the *Roman* Story, to have read, how when Snakes or Serpents were found near the Statues of their Gods, as one time about *Jupiter*'s Neck, another time about *Minerva*'s Thigh, there follow'd bloudy Civil Wars after it.

I remember also, few years since, to have read the Relation and Deposition of the Carrier of *Towxbury*, who, with divers of his Servants, passing a little before the dawn of the day with their Packs over *Cots*-Hill, saw most sensibly, and very perspicuously in the Air, Muskitiers, harnessed men, and Horse-men, moving in Battle-Array, and assaulting one another in divers furious Postures. I doubt not, but that you have heard of those Fiery Meteors and Thunderbolts that have fallen upon sundry of our Churches, and done hurt. Unless God be pleas'd to make up these Ruptures 'twixt us and *Scotland*, we are like to have ill days. The Archbishop of *Canterbury* was lately outrag'd in his House by a pack of common People: and Captain *Mahun* was pitifully massacred by his own Men lately; so that the common People, it seems, have strange Principles infus'd into them, which may prove dangerous: for I am not of that Lord's mind, who said, *That they who fear any popular Insurrection in* England, *are like Boys and Women, that are afraid of a Turnip, cut like a Deaths Head, with a Candle in't.*

I am shortly for *France*, and I will receive your Commands before I go. So I am

London, 2 May. 1640. *Your most humble Servitor,* J. H.

XLIV.

To my Lord Herbert *of* Cherberry, *from* Paris.

My Lord,

I Send herewith *Dodonas* Grove couch'd in *French*, and in the newest *French*: for though the main Version be mine, yet I got one of the *Academie des beaux Esprits* here to run it over, to correct and refine his Language, and reduce it to the most modern Dialect. It took so here, that the new Academy of Wits have given a publick and far higher *Elogium* of it, than it deserves. I was brought

brought to the Cardinal at *Ruelle*, where I was a good while with him, in his private Garden; and it were a vanity in me, to infer here what Propoſitions he made me. There be ſome Sycophants here, that Idolize him; and I bluſh to read what prophane Hyperboles are printed up, and of him: I will inſtance in a few,

Cedite Richel'o *mortales, cedite Divi,*
Ille homines vincit, vincit & ille Deos.

Then

Et ſic nous faiſons des ghirlandes,
C'eſt pour en couronner un Dieu,
Qui ſoubs le nom de Richelieu,
Reſoit nos vœus & nos offrandes.

Then

Richelii *aventu* Rupellæ *porta pateſcit,*
Chriſto Infirnales ut patuere fores.

Certainly, he is a rare Man, and of a tranſcendent Reach, and they are rather Miracles than Exploits that he hath done, though thoſe Miracles be of a ſanguine Dy (the colour of his Habit) ſteep'd in Bloud; which makes the *Spaniard* call him the gran *Caga-fuego* of *Chriſtendom*. Divers of the Scientificall'ſt, and moſt famous Wits here, have ſpoken of your Lordſhip with Admiration, and of your great Work *De veritate*: & were thoſe excellent Notions & Theorical Precepts, actually apply'd to any particular Science, it would be an infinite advantage to the Common-Wealth of Learning all the World over. So I humbly kiſs your hands, and reſt

Paris, April 1. 1641. *Your Lordſhip's moſt faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XLV.

To the R. Hon. Mrs. Eliz. Altham, *now Lady* Digby.

Madam,

THere be many ſad Hearts for the loſs of my L. *Robert Digby*; but the greateſt weight of Sorrow falls upon your Ladyſhip. Among other excellent Vertues, which the World admires you for, I know your Ladyſhip to have that meaſure of high diſcretion that will check your paſſions: I know alſo, that your patience hath been often exercis'd, and put to tryal in this kind. For beſides the Baron your Father, and Sir *James*, you loſt your Brother, Maſter *Richard Altham*, in the verdent'ſt time of his Age, a Gentleman of rare hopes, and I believe this ſunk deep into your hearts; you loſt Sir *Francis Aſtley* ſince, a worthy Vertuous Gentle-

Gentleman: And you have loſt a Noble Lord. We all owe Nature a Debt, which is payable ſome time or other whenſoever ſhe demands it; nor doth Dame *Nature* uſe to ſeal Indentures, or paſs over either Leaſe or Patent for a ſet-term of years to any. For my part, I have ſeen ſo much of the World, that if ſhe offer'd me a Leaſe, I would give her but a ſmall Fine for't; 'ſpecially now, that the Times are grown ſo naught, that People are become more than half mad. But, Madam, as long as there are Men, there muſt be malignant Humours; there muſt be Vices, and Viciſſitudes of things, as long as the World wheels round; there muſt be Toſſings, and Tumblings, Diſtractions, and Troubles; and bad times muſt be recompenc'd with better. So I humbly kiſs your Ladyſhips hands, and reſt,

Madam,

York, 1 Aug. 1642. *Your conſtant Servant*, J. H.

XLVI.

To the Honourable, Sir P. M. *in* Dublin.

Sir,

I Am newly return'd from *France*, and now, that Sir *Edw. Nicholas* is made Secretary of State, I am put in fair hopes, or rather aſſurances, to ſucceed him in the Clerkſhip of the Council.

The Duke *de la Valette*, is lately fled hither for Sanctuary, having had ill luck in *Fonta-rabia*; they ſay his Proces was made, and that he was executed in Effigie in *Paris*. 'Tis true, he could never ſquare well with his Eminency, the Cardinal (for this is a peculiar Title he got long ſince from *Rome*, to diſtinguiſh him from all other) nor his Father neither; the Title, Old Duke of *Eſpernon*, the ancient'ſt Souldier in the World, for he wants but one Year of a Hundred.

When I was laſt in *Paris*, I heard of a facetious paſſage 'twixt him, and the Arch-biſhop of *Bourdeaux*, who in effect, is High Lord Admiral of *France*, and 'twas thus: *The Arch-biſhop was to go Admiral of a great Fleet, and the Duke came to his Houſe in* Bourdeaux, *one Morning to Viſit him:* The Arch-biſhop ſent ſome of his Gentlemen to deſire him to have a little patience, *for he was diſpatching away ſome Sea-Commanders*; and that he would wait on him preſently: The little Duke took a pett at it, and went away to his Houſe at *Cadillac*, ſome fifteen miles off: The next Morning the Arch-biſhop came to pay him the Viſit, and to Apologize for himſelf. Being come in, and the Duke told of it, he ſent his Chaplain to tell him, That he was newly fallen upon a Chapter of St. *Auſtin's*

Auſtins's *de Civitate Dei*, and when he had read that Chapter, he would come to him.

Some years before, I was told he was at *Paris*, and *Richelieu* came to viſit; him he having notice of it, *Richelieu* found him in a Cardinals Cap, kneeling at a Table Altar-wiſe, with his Book and Beads in his Hand, and Candles burning before him.

I hear the Earl of *Leiceſter* is to come ſhortly over, and ſo over to *Ireland*, to be your Deputy. No more now, but that I am

London, Sept. 7. 1641. *Your moſt faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XLVII.

To the Earl of B. *from the* Fleet.

My Lord,

I Was lately come to *London* upon ſome Occaſions of mine own, and I had been divers times in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where I conver'd with many Parliament Men of my Acquaintance; but one Morning betimes, there ruſh'd into my Chamber, Five Armed Men, with Swords, Piſtols, and Bills, and told me they had a Warrant from the Parliament for me: I deſir'd to ſee their Warrant, they denied it; I deſir'd to ſee the Date of it, they denied it; I deſired to ſee my Name in the Warrant, they denied all: At laſt, one of them pull'd out a greaſie Paper out of his Pocket, and ſhew'd me only three or Four Names ſubſcrib'd, and no more; ſo they ruſh'd preſently into my Cloſet, and ſeiz'd on all my *Papers*, and *Letters*, and any thing that was Manuſcrip, and many Printed Books they took alſo, and hurl'd all into a great Hair Trunk, which they carried away with them. I had taken a little Phyſick that Morning, and with very much ado, they ſuffer'd me to ſtay in my Chamber with two Guards upon me, till the Evening; at which time they brought me before the Committee for Examination, where I confeſs I found good reſpect, and being brought up to the cloſe Committee, I was order'd to be forth-coming, till ſome Papers of mine were perus'd, and Mr. *Corbet* was appointed to do it. Some days after, I came to Mr. *Corbet*, and he told me de had perus'd them, and could find nothing that might give Offence. Hereunto, I deſir'd him to make a Report to the Houſe, according to which (as I was told) he did very fairly; yet, ſuch was my hard hap, that I was committed to the *Fleet*, where I am now under cloſe reſtraint; and as far as I ſee, I muſt lie at dead Anchor in this *Fleet*, a long time, unleſs ſome gentle Gale blow thence to make

me

me Launch out. Gods Will be done, and amend the times, and make up these Ruptures which threaten so much Calamity. So I am

Fleet, Nov. 20. 1643.

Your Lordship's most faithful (though now afflicted) Servitor, J. H.

XLVIII.

To Sir Bevis Thelwall *Knight*, (Petri ad vincula) at Peter House in *London.*

Sir,

THough we are not in the same Prison, yet we are in the same Predicament of Sufferance; therefore I presume you a Subject to the like Fits of Melancholly as I: *The Fruition of Liberty is not pleasing, as a conceit of the want of it is irksom*, 'specially to one of such free-born Thoughts as you. Melancholly is a black noxious Humour, and much annoys the whole inward Man; if you would know what Cordial I use against it in this my sad condition, I'le tell you: I pore sometimes on a Book, and so I make the *Dead my Companions*, and this is one of my chiefest Solaces. If the humour work upon me stronger, I rouse my Spirits, and raise them up towards Heaven, my future Country; and one may be on his Journey thither, though shut up in Prison, happily go a streighter way, than if he were abroad. I consider, that my Soul, while she is coop'd within these Walls of Flesh, is but in a kind of perpetual Prison. And now my Body correspends with her in the same condition; my Body is the Prison of the one, and these Brick-Walls the Prison of the other. And let the *English* People flatter themselves as long as they will, that they are free, yet, are they in effect but Prisoners, as all other Islanders are; for being surrounded, and clos'd about with Salt-water (as I am with these Walls) they cannot go where they list, unless they ask the Winds leave first, and *Neptune* must give them a pass.

God Almighty amend the Times, and compose these woful divisions, which menace nothing but publick Ruine, the thoughts whereof drown in me the sence of mine own private Affliction.

So wishing you Courage (whereof you have enough, if you put it in practice) and patience in this sad condition, I rest

From the Fleet, *Aug.* 2. 1643.

Your true Servant and Compatriot, J. H.

XLIX.

To Mr. E. P.

Sir,

I Saw such prodigious things daily done these few years, that I had resolv'd with my self to give over wondring at any thing; yet a passage happen'd this Week, that forc'd me to wonder once more, because it is without parallel. It was, that some odd Fellows went skulking up and down *London*-streets, and with Figs and Raisons allur'd little Children, and so purloyn'd them away from their Parents, and carried them a Ship-board, for beyond Sea; where by cutting their Hair, and other Devices, they so disguis'd them, that their Parents could not know them. This made me think upon that miraculous passage in *Hamelen*, a Town in *Germany*, which I hope to have pass'd through, when I was in *Hamburgh*, had we return'd by *Holland*; which was thus: (nor would I relate it unto you, were there not some ground of Truth for it) The said Town of *Hamelen* was annoyed with Rats and Mice: and it chanc'd that a Pied-coated Piper came thither, who covenanted with the Chief Burgers for such a Reward, if he could free them quite from the said Vermin; nor would he demand it till a Twelve Month and a Day after: The agreement being made, he began to play on his Pipes, and all the Rats and Mice followed him to a Lough hard by, where they all perish'd: so the Town was infected no more. At the end of the Year, the Pied-Piper return'd for his Reward: The Burgers put him off with Slightings, and Neglect, offering him some small Matter, which he refusing, and staying some days in the Town, on *Sunday*-Morning at High Mass, when most People were at Church, he fell to play on his Pipes, and all the Children up and down, follow'd him out of the Town, to a great Hill not far off, which rent in two, and opened, and let him and the Children in, and so clos'd up again. This happened a matter of Two Hundred and Fifty Years since; and in that Town, they date their Bills and Bonds, and other Instruments in Law, to this Day, from the Year of the going out of their Children: Besides, there is a great Pillar of Stone at the Foot of the said Hill, whereon this Story is Ingraven.

No more now; for this is enough in Conscience for one time. So I am

Fleet, 1 Octob. 1643

Your most Affectionate Servitor. J. H.

L. *To*

I.

To my Lord G. D.

My Lord,

THere be two weighty Sayings in *Seneca*, *Nihil eſt infelicius eo, cui nil unquam contigit adverſi: There is nothing more unhappy, than he who never felt any Adverſity.* The other is, *Nullum eſtimajus malum, quam non poſſeferre malum: There is no greater Croſs, than not to be able to bear a Croſs.* Touching the firſt, I am not capable of that kind of unhappineſs; for I have had my ſhare of Adverſity, I have been hammer'd, and *dilated upon the Anvil*, as our Country-man *Breakſpear* (*Adrian* the fourth) ſaid of himſelf; *I have been ſtrain'd through the Limbic of Affliction.* Touching the ſecond, I am alſo free of that Croſs; for, I thank God for it, I have that Portion of Grace, and ſo much Philoſophy, as to be able to endure, and confront any Miſery: 'Tis not ſo tedious to me, as to others, to be thus immur'd, becauſe I have been inur'd, and habituated to Troubles: That which ſinks deepeſt in me, is, the Senſe I have of the common Calamities of this Nation. There is a ſtrange Spirit hath got in amongſt us, which make the Idea of Holineſs, the Formality of Good; and the very faculty of Reaſon, to be quite differing from what it was. I remember to have read a Tale of the Ape in *Paris*, who having got a Child out of the Cradle, and carried him up to the top of the Tiles, and there ſat with him upon the Ridg. The Parents beholding this ruthful Spectacle, gave the Ape fair and ſmooth Langurge, ſo he gently brought the Child down again, & replac'd him in the Cradle. Our Country is in the ſame Caſe this Child was in, and I hope there will be ſweet and gentle means us'd to preſerve it from precipitation.

The City of *London* ſticks conſtantly to the Parliament, and the Common-Council ſways much; inſomuch, that I believe, if the Lord Chancellor *Egerton* were now living, he would not be ſo pleaſant with them, as he was once to a new Recorder of *London*, whom he had invited to a Dinner, to give him joy of his Office; and having a great Wood-cock-Pye ſerv'd in about the end of the Repaſt, which had been ſent him from *Cheſhire*, He ſaid, *Now Maſter Recorder, you are welcome to a Common-Councel.*

There be many diſcreet brave Patriots in the City, and I hope they will think upon ſome means to preſerve us and themſelves from Ruine. Such are the Prayers, early and late, of

Fleet, 2 Jan. 1643. *Your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servitor,* J. H.

LI.

To Sir Alex. R. *Knight.*

Sir,

SUrely, God Almighty is angry with *England*, and 'tis more ſure, that God is never angry without Cauſe: How to know this Cauſe, the beſt way, is, for every one to lay his hand on his Breaſt, and examine himſelf throughly, to ſummon his Thoughts, and winnow them; and ſo call to remembrance how far he hath offended Heaven; and then it will be found, that God is not angry with *England*, but with Engliſh-men. When that doleful Change was pronounc'd againſt *Iſrael*, *Perditio ex te* Iſrael, It was meant of the *Concret*, (not the *Abſtract*;) *Oh Iſraelites, your Ruin comes from your ſelves!* When I make this Scrutiny within my ſelf, and enter into the cloſeſt Cabinet of my Soul. I find (God help me) that I have contributed as much to the drawing down of theſe Judgments on *England*, as any other. When I ranſack the three Cells of my Brain, I find that my Imagination hath been vain and extravagant: My Memory hath kept the Bad, and let go the Good, like a wide Sieve that retains the Bran, and parts with the Flour: My Underſtanding hath been full of Errour and Obliquities: My Will hath been a Rebel to Reaſon: My Reaſon a Rebel to Faith, (which I thank God I have the Grace to quel preſently with this Caution.

Succumbat Ratio Fidei, & captive quieſcat.

When I deſcend to my Heart, the Center of all my Affections, I find it hath ſwell'd often with Tympanies of Vanity, and Tumours of Wrath. When I take my whole ſelf into a lump, I find that I am nought elſe but a Cargazon of malignant Humours, a Rabble of unruly Paſſions; amongſt which my poor Soul is daily Crucified, as 'twixt ſo many Thieves. Therefore, as I pray in general, that God would pleaſe not to puniſh this Iſland, for the Sins of the People; ſo more particularly I pray, that ſhe ſuffer not for me in particular; who, if one would by way of Induction, would make one of the chiefeſt Inſtances of the Argument: And as I am thus conſcious to my ſelf, of my own Demerits; ſo I hold it to be the Duty of every one, to compleat himſelf this way, and to remember the ſaying of a Noble Engliſh Captain; who when the Town of *Calis* was loſt (which was the laſt Footing we had in *France*) being geer'd by a *French-man*, and ask'd, Now *Engliſh-man*, When will you come back to *France?* Anſwered, *Oh Sir, mock not, when the Sins of* France *are greater than the Sins of* England; *the* Engliſh-men *will come again to* France.

Be-

Before the Sac of *Troy*, 'twas ſaid and ſung up and down the Streets,

Iliacos *intra muros peccatur & extra.*

The Verſe is as true for Senſe and Feet,

Intra Londini *muros peccator & extra.*

Without, and eke within
The Walls of *London* there is Sin.

The way to better the Times, is, for every one, to mend one. I will conclude with this ſerious Invocation. I pray God Avert thoſe further Judgments (of Famine and Peſtilence) which are hovering over this Populous, and once Flouriſhing City; and diſpoſe of the Brains and Hearts of this People, to ſeek and ſerve him Aright.

I thank you for your laſt Viſit, and for the Poem you ſent me Since. So I am

Your moſt faithful Servitor,

Fleet, 3 Jun. J. H.

LII.

To Mr. John Batty *Merchant.*

Sir,

I Receiv'd the printed Diſcourſe, you pleas'd to ſend me, call'd the *Merchants Remonſtrance*; for which I return you due and deſerved thanks.

Truly Sir, It is one of the moſt material and ſolid Pieces I have read of this kind: And I diſcover therein two things; firſt, the Affection you bear to your Country, with the Reſentment you have of theſe woful Diſtractions: then the Judgment and choice Experience you have purchaſed by your Negotiations in *Spain* and *Germany*. In you may be verified the Tenet they hold in *Italy*, That the Merchant bred abroad, is the beſt Common-wealths Man, being properly applied: For my part, I do not know any Profeſſion of Life (ſpecially in an Iſland) more to be Cheriſh'd and Countenanc'd with honourable Employments, than the Merchant Adventurer; (I do not mean only the Staplers of *Hamborough* and *Rotterdam*) for if Valiant and Dangerous Actions do ennoble a Man, and make him merit; ſurely the Merchant-Adventurer deſerves more Honour than any; for he is to Encounter, not only with

Men of all Tempers and Humours, (as a *French* Councellour hath it) but he conteſts and tugs oft-times with all the *Elements*: Nor do I ſee how ſome of our Country Squires, who ſells Calves, and Runts, and their Wives perhaps Cheeſe and Apples, ſhould be held more gentile than the Noble Merchant-Adventurer, who ſells Silks and Sattins, Tiſſues and Cloath of Gold; Diamond and Pearls, with Silver and Gold.

In your Diſcourſe, you foretel the ſudden Calamities which are like to befal this poor Iſland, if Trade decay, and that this decay is inevitable, if theſe commotions laſt: Herein you are prov'd half a Prophet already, and I fear your Propheſie will be fully accompliſh'd, if Matters hold thus. Good Lord! was there ever people ſo active to draw their own Ruine? which is ſo viſible, that a purblind Man may take a proſpect of it. We all ſee this apparently, and hear it told us every minute; but we are fallen to the condition of that fooliſh People the Prophet ſpeaks of, *Who had Eyes, but would not ſee, and Ears, but would not hear.* All men know there is nothing imports this Iſland more than Trade; it is that wheel of Induſtry, which ſets all other a going; it is that which preſerves the chiefeſt Caſtles and Walls of this Kingdom, I mean the Ships; and how theſe are impair'd within this four years, I believe other Nations (which owe us an invaſion) obſerve and know better than we: For truly, I believe a Million, (I mean of Crowns) and I ſpeak within compaſs, will not put the Navy-Royal in that Strength as it was four years ſince, beſides the decay of Merchant-Ships. A little before *Athens* was o'recome, the Oracle told one of the Areopagitæ, that *Athens had ſeen her beſt days, For her Woodden Walls* (meaning her Ships) *were decayed.* As I told you before, there is a Nation or two that owe us an Invaſion.

No more now, but that with my moſt kind and friendly Reſpects unto you, I reſt always

Yours to diſpoſe of,

Fleet, 4 May.
1644.

J. H.

LIII.

To my Honoured Friend, Mr. E. P.

Sir,

THE Times are ſo Tickliſh, that I dare not adventure to ſend you any *London*-intelligence, ſhe being now a Garriſon Town, and

and you know as well as I, what danger I may incur; but for Forren, indifferent News, you ſhall underſtand, That Pope *Urban* the Eighth is Dead, having ſat in the Chair above Twenty Years, a rare thing; for it is obſerv'd, that no Pope yet arriv'd to the Years of St. *Peter*, who, they ſay, was Biſhop of *Rome* Twenty and Five. Cardinal *Pamfilio* a *Roman* born, a knowing Man, and a great Lawyer, is created Pope by Aſſumption of the Name of *Innocent* the Tenth. There was rough Canvaſions for Voices, and a great *Contraſto* in the *Conclave*, 'twixt the *Spaniſh* and *French* Faction, who with the *Barberino*, ſtood for *Sachetti*, but he was excluded, as alſo another *Dominican*. By theſe Excluſions, the *Spaniſh* Party, whereof the Cardianal of *Florence* was Chief, brought about *Barberino* to joyn with them for *Pamfilio*, as being alſo a Creature of the deceaſed Pope. He had been *Nuncio* in *Spain* Eight Years, ſo that it is conceiv'd he is much devoted to that Crown, as his Predeceſſor was to the *French*, who had been Legate there, near upon Twenty Years, and was Godfather to the laſt King, which made him to be *Fleurdelize*, to be Flowerdeluc'd all over. This new Pope hath already paſs'd that number of Years, which the Prophet Aſſigns to Man, for he goes upon ſeventy one, and is of a ſtrong promiſing Conſtitution to live ſome Years longer. He hath but one Nephew, who is but Eighteen, and ſo not capable of buſineſs; He hath therefore made choice of ſome Cardinals more to be his Coadjutors: *Pancirellio* is his prime Confident, and lodg'd in Saint *Peters*. 'Tis thought he will preſently ſet all Wheels agoing to mediate an Univerſal Peace. They write of one good Augury amongſt the reſt; that part of his Arms is a Dove, which hath been always held for an emblem of Peace, but I believe it prove one of the knottieſt, and difficulc'ſt Tasks that ever was attempted, as the Caſe ſtands 'twixt the Houſe of *Auſtria* and *France*, and the rougheſt and hardeſt knot I hold to be that of *Portugal*; for it cannot yet enter into any mans Imagination, how that may be accommodated, Though many Politicians have beaten their Brains about it. God Almighty grant, that the appeaſing of our Civil Wars prove not ſo intricate a Work, and that we may at laſt take warning by the Devaſtations of other Countries, before our own be paſt Cure.

They write from *Paris*, that Sir *Kenelm Digby* is to be imployed to *Rome* from Her Majeſty, in Quality of a high *Meſſenger of Honour*, to congratulate the new *Pope*, not of an *Ambaſſador*, as the vulgar give out; for none can give that Character to any, but a Soveraign independent Prince; and all the World knows, that Her Majeſty is under *Covert Baron*, notwithſtanding, that ſome cry her up for *Queen Regent of England*, as her Siſter is of *France*. The Lord *Aubeny* hath an Abbacy of One Thouſand Five Hundred

Piſtols a Year, given him yearly there, and is fair for a Cardinals Hat.

I continue ſtill under this heavy preſſure of cloſe Reſtraint, nor do I ſee any hopes (God help me) of getting forth, till the Wind ſhift out of his unlucky Hole: Howſoever, I am reſolved, That if *Innocence* cannot free my Body; yet *Patience* ſhall preſerve my Mind ſtill in its free-born Thoughts: Nor ſhall this Storm ſlacken a whit, that firm league of Love, wherein I am eternally tied unto you. I will conclude with a Diſtich, which I found amongſt thoſe excellent Poems of the late Pope.

Quem valide ſtrixit præſtanti pollice virtus,
Neſcius eſt ſolvi nodus Amicitiæ.

Your conſtant Servitor,

Fleet, 1 Jan. 1644. J. H.

LIV.

To the Lord Biſhop of London, *late Lord Treaſurer of* England.

My Lord,

YOU are one of the Miracles of theſe Times, the greateſt Miror of Moderation our Age Affords: And as heretofore, when you carried the white Staff, with ſuch clean incorrupted hands, yet, the *Croſier* was ſtill your chief Care: nor was it perceiv'd that that high all-obliging Office did alter you a jot, or alienate you from your ſelf; but the ſame Candor, and Countenance of Meekneſs appeared ſtill in you, as whoſoever had occaſion to make their Addreſs to your Gates; went away contented whether they ſped in their Buſineſs, or not (a gift your Predeceſſor was ſaid to want.) So ſince the turbulency of theſe Times, the ſame Moderation ſhines in you; notwithſtanding, that the Miter is ſo trampled upon, and that there be ſuch violent Factions a Foot, inſomuch, that you live not only ſecure from Outrages, but honour'd by all Parties. 'Tis true, one thing fell out to your advantage, that you did not ſubſcribe to that Petition which prov'd ſo fatal to Prelacy; but the chief ground of the conſtant eſteem the diſtracted World hath ſtill of you, is, your Wiſdom and Moderation, paſs'd and preſent: This put me in mind of one of your Predeceſſors (in your late Office) Marq. *Powet*, who it ſeems ſail'd by the ſame Compaſs; for there being divers Bandings

ings, and Factions at Court in his time, yet was he belov'd by all Parties; and being ask'd how he ſtood ſo right in the Opinion of all, he anſwer'd: *By being a Willow, and not an Oak.*

I have many thanks to give your Lordſhip for the late Viſits I had; and when this Cloud is ſcatter'd, that I may reſpire free Air, one of my firſt Journeys ſhall be to kiſs your Lordſhip's hands. In the interim, I reſt

Your moſt devoted and ready
Servitor,

Fleet, 3 Sept. 1644.

J. H.

LV.

To Sir E. S. *Knight.*

Sir,

THough I never had the leaſt Umbrage of your Love, or doubted of the reality thereof, yet ſince I fell into this plunge, it hath been much confirm'd unto me. It is a true Obſervation, that amongſt other effects of Affliction, one is to try a Friend; for thoſe proofs that are made in the fawnings, and dazling Sunſhine of proſperity, are not ſo clear, as thoſe which break out, and tranſpeer through the dark Clouds of Adverſity. You know the difference the Philoſophers make 'twixt the two extream colours Black and White, that the one is *Congregativum*, the other *Diſgregativum viſus*: Black doth congregate, unite and fortifie the Sight; the other doth diſgregate, ſcatter, and enfeeble it, when it fixeth upon any Object: So, through the Sable Clouds of adverſe Fortune, one may make a truer inſpection into the Breaſt of a Friend. Beſides this, Affliction produceth another far more excellent Effect; it brings us to a better, and a more clear knowledge of our Creator: For as the riſing and ſetting Sun, appears bigger unto us, than when he is in the *Meridian*, (though the diſtance be ſtill the ſame) the Cauſe whereof is aſcrib'd to the interpoſition of Miſts, which lie 'twixt our Eyes and him; ſo through the thick Fog of Adverſity (which in this point are as pellucid and diaphanous, as any Chriſtal) we come to ſee God, and the Immenſity of his Love in a fuller Proportion. There cannot be clearer Evidences of his Care, then his Corrections: When he makes the World to Frown, then he Smiles moſt upon us, though it be through a Mask: Beſides, it is always his method, to ſtroke them, whom he ſtrikes. We have an ordinary ſalute in *Engliſh*, *God bleſs you*; and though the Verb be radically deriv'd from the *Dutch* word, yet it would bear good ſenſe, and be very pertinent to this purpoſe; if we would fetch it from the

French word *Bleſſer*, which is to *hurt*. This ſpeculation raiſeth my Spirits to great height of Comfort and Patience, that notwithſtanding they have been a long time weigh'd down and quaſh'd, yet I ſhall at laſt o'recome all theſe Preſſures, ſurvive my Debts, and ſurmount my Enemies.

God pardon them, and preſerve you, and take it not ill, that in this my Concluſion, I place you ſo near my Enemies: Whatſoever Fortune light on me, come fair or foul Weather, I ſhall be ſtill.

Your conſtant Servitor,

Fleet, 5 Aug. 1644. J. H.

LVI.

To Tho. Ham, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

There is no ſuch Treaſure as a true Friend; It is a Treaſure far above that of Saint *Marks* in *Venice*, a Treaſure that is not liable to thoſe Caſualties, which others are liable unto, as to Plundering and Burglary, to Bankrupts and ill Debtors, to Firing and Shipwracks; for when one hath loſt his Fortunes by any of theſe Diſaſters, he may recover them all in a true Friend, who is always a ſure and ſtaple Commodity. This is verified in you who have ſtuck ſo cloſe unto me in theſe my Preſſures, like a Glow-worm (the old emblem of true Friendſhip) you have ſhin'd unto me in the dark: Nor could you do Offices good to any that wiſheth you better, for I always lov'd you for the freedom of your Genius, for theſe choice Parts and Fancies I found in you, which I confeſs, hath made me more covetous of your Friendſhip, than I uſe to be of others; And to deal clearly with you, one of my prime Arrands to this Town (when this Diſaſter fell upon me) was to ſee you.

God put a ſpeedy period to theſe ſad Diſtempers; but this wiſh as I was writing it, did vaniſh in the impoſſibility of the thing, for I fear they are of a long Continuance. So I pray God keep you, and comfort me, who am

Your true Friend to ſerve you,

The Fleet, May 5 1643. J. H.

LVII.

LVII.

To Phil. Warwick, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

THE Earth doth not always produce Roſes and Lillies, but ſhe brings forth alſo Nettles and Thiſtles: So the World affords us not always Contentments and Pleaſures, but ſometimes Afflictions and Troubles: *Ut illa tribulos, ſic iſte tribulationes producit:* The Sea is not more ſubject to contrary Blaſts, nor the Surges thereof to Toſſings and Tumblings, as the Actions of Men are to Incumbrances and Croſſes; the Air is not fuller of Meteors, than Man's Life is of Miſeries: But as we find that it is not a clear Skie, but the Clouds that drop Fatneſs, as the Holy Text tells us; ſo Adverſity is far more Fertile than Proſperity, it uſeth to water and mollifie the Heart, which is the *Centre* of all our Affections, and makes it produce excellent Fruit; whereas the glaring Sunſhine, of a continual Proſperity, would enharden and dry it up, and ſo make it Barren.

There is not a greater Evidence of God's Care and Love to his Creature, then Affliction: For as a *French* Author doth illuſtrate it, by a familiar Example; If two Boys ſhould be ſeen to Fight in the Streets, and a Ring of People about them, one of the ſtanders by parting them, lets the one go untouch'd, but he falls a Correcting the other; whereby, the Beholders will infer, that he is his Child, or at leaſt one whom he wiſheth well unto: So that the ſtroaks of Adverſity which fall upon us from Heaven, ſhew that God is our Father, as well as our Creator. This makes this bitter Cup of Affliction become *Nectar*, and the Bread of Carefulneſs, I now eat, to be true *Ambroſia* unto me. This makes me eſteem theſe Walls, wherein I have been Immur'd theſe Thirty Months, to be no other then a Colledge of Inſtruction unto me; and whereas *Varro* ſaid, That the great World was but the Houſe of a little Man, I hold this Fleet to be one of the beſt Lodgings in that Houſe.

There is a People in *Spain*, call'd *Los Patuecos* who ſome Sixty and odd Years ſince, were diſcover'd by the Flight of a Hawk, of the Duke of *Alva*'s; this People, then all Savage (though they dwelt in the Centre of *Spain*, not far from *Toledo*, and are yet held to be a part of thoſe *Aborogines* that *Tubal Cain* brought in) being Hemm'd in, and Impriſon'd, as it were by a multitude of Craggy huge Mountains, thought that behind thoſe Mountains there was no more Earth I have been ſo habituated to this Priſon, and accuſtomed to the Walls thereof ſo long, that I might well be

be brought, to think, that there is no other World behind them. And in my extravagant Imaginations, I often compare this *Fleet*, to *Noah's Ark*, ſurrounded with a vaſt Sea, and a huge Deluge of Calamities, which hath overwhelm'd this poor Iſland. Nor although I have been ſo long aboard here, was I yet under Hatches; for I have a Cabin upon the upper Deck, whence I breath the beſt Air the Place affords: Add hereunto, that the Society of Mr. *Hopkins*, the Warden, is an advantage to me; who is one of the knowingeſt, and civileſt Gentleman, that I have convers'd withal. Moreover, there are here ſome choice Gentlemen, who are my Co-Martyrs; for a Priſoner, and a Martyr are the ſame thing; ſave, *that the one is buried before his Death, and the other after.*

God Almighty amend theſe times, that make Impriſonment to be preferr'd before Liberty; it being more ſafe, and deſirable by ſome, though not by

Your Affectionate Servitor,

From the Fleet, *Nov.* 3, 1643. J. H.

LVIII.

To Sir Ed. Sa. *Knight.*

Sir,

WEre there a Phyſitian that could Cure the Maladies of the Mind, as well as thoſe of the Body, he needed not to wiſh the Lord Mayor, or the Pope for his Uncle, for he ſhould have Patients without number: It is true that there be ſome Diſtempers of the Mind, that proceed from thoſe of the Body, and ſo are Curable by Drugs and Dyets: But there are others that are quite abſtracted from all Corporeal Impreſſions, and are meerly Mental: Theſe kind of Agonies, are the more violent of the two; for as the one uſe to drive us into Fevers, the other precipitate us oftentimes into Frenſies. And this is the ground I believe, which made the Philoſopher think, that the Rational Soul was Infus'd into Man, partly for his Puniſhment, and the Underſtanding for his Executioner, unleſs Wiſdom ſit at the Helm, and ſteer the Motions of his Will.

I thank God I have felt both (for I am not made of Stone or Steel) having had ſince I was ſhut in here, a ſhrewd Fit of the new Diſeaſe: And for the other, you muſt needs think that thirty one Months cloſe reſtraint, and the barbarouſneſs of the times, muſt diſcompoſe and torture the Imagination, ſometimes with Gripings

Gripings of Diſcontent and Anguiſh; not as much for my own ſad Condition, as for my poor Country and Friends, who have a great ſhare in my Nativity, and particularly for your ſelf, whoſe gallant Worth I highly Honour; and who have not been the leaſt Sufferer.

The Moraliſt tells us, That a Quadrate ſolid Wiſe Man, ſhould Involve and Tackle himſelf within his own Vertue, and ſlight all Accidents that are incident to Man; and be ſtill the ſame *Etiam ſi fractus illabatur Orbis:* There may be ſo much Vertue and Valour in you; but I profeſs to have neither of them in that proportion. The Philoſophers, preſcribe us Rules, that they themſelves, nor any Fleſh and Blood can obſerve: I am no Statue, but I muſt reſent the Calamities of the time, and the deſperate Caſe of this Nation; who ſeem to have fallen quite from the very Faculty of Reaſon, and to be poſſeſs'd with a pure Lycanthropy, with a Wolviſh kind of Diſpoſition, to tear one another in this manner; inſomuch, that if ever the O'd Saying was Verified, *Homo homini Lupus*, it is certainly now: I will conclude with this Diſtich.

They Err, who Write, no Wolves *in* England *Range*;
Her Men *are all turn'd* Wolves: *O monſtrous Change.*

No more, but that I wiſh you Patience; which is a Flower that grows not in ev'ry Garden,

Your faithful Servitor,

From the Fleet,
Decemb. 1.
1644.

J. H.

LIX.

To my Noble Friend, Mr. E. P.

Sir,

I Have no other News to write to you hence, but that *Leuantanſe los muladares, y abaxanſe los adarues: The World is turn'd Topſey Turvey.*

From the Fleet, *Jan.* 2.
1644.

Yours,

J. H.

LX.

LX.

To Tho. Young, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

I Receiv'd yours of the Fifth of *March*, and 'twas as welcome to me, as Flowers in *May*; which are now coming on apace. You ſeem to marvel I do not marry all this while, conſidering that I am paſt the *Meridian* of my Age; and that to your knowledge there have been overtures made me, of Parties above my Degree. Truly in this point, I will deal with you, as one ſhould do with his Confeſſor: Had I been diſpos'd to have Married for Wealth, without Affection, or for Affection without Wealth, I had been in Bonds before now: But I did never caſt my Eyes upon any yet, that I thought I was born for, where both theſe Concurr'd. 'Tis the Cuſtom of ſome (and 'tis a common Cuſtom) to chuſe Wives by the Weight, that is, by their Wealth. Others fall in Love with Light Wives, I do not mean *Venerean* lightneſs, but in reference to Portion. The Late Earl of *Salisbury*, gives a Caveat for this, *That Beauty without a Dowry*, (without that *Unguentum Indicum*) *is as a Gilded Shell without a Kernel*, therefore he warns his Son, to be ſure to have ſomething with his Wife, and his Reaſon is, *Becauſe nothing can be bought in the Market, without Money*. Indeed, 'tis very fitting that *Hee* or *Shee*, ſhould have wherewith to ſupport both, according to their Quality, at leaſt to keep the Wolf from the Door, otherwiſe 'twere a meer madneſs to marry: But he who hath enough of his own to maintain a Wife, and Marrieth only for Mony, diſcovereth a poor ſordid Diſpoſition. There is nothing that my Nature diſdains more, than to be a Slave to Silver or Gold; for though they both carry the King's Face, yet they ſhall never Reign over me: And I would I were free from all other Infirmities, as I am from this: I am none of thoſe Mammoniſts who adore White and Red Earth, and make their Prince's Picture their Idol that way: Such may be ſaid to be under a perpetual Eclipſe, for the Earth ſtands always 'twixt them, and the fair Face of Heaven. Yet my Genius prompts me, that I was born under a Planet, not to die in a *Lazeretto*. At my Nativity my Aſcendant was that hot Conſtellation of *Cancer*, about the midſt of the Dog-Days, as my *Ephemerides* tells me: *Mars* was the predominant. Of all the Elements *Fire* ſways moſt in me; I have many Aſpiring, and Airy odd thoughts ſwell often in me; I have many to the Quality of the Ground whereon I was born, which was the Belly of a huge Hill, Scituated *South-Eaſt*; ſo that the Houſe I came from (beſides

ſides my Father and Mother's Coat) muſt needs be Illuſtrious, being more obvious to the Sun-beams than ordinary. I have upon occaſion of ſudden Diſtemper, ſometimes a mad Man, ſometimes a Fool, ſometimes a Melancholy odd Fellow to deal withal; I mean my ſelf, for I have the Humors within me, that belongs to all three, therefore who would caſt her-ſelf away, upon ſuch a one? Beſides, I came tumbling out into the World a pure *Cadet*, a true *Coſmopolite*; nor Born to Land, Leaſe, Houſe or Office; 'tis true, I have purchas'd ſince, a ſmall Spot of Ground upon *Parnaſſus*, which I hold in Fee of the *Muſes*, and I have endeavoured to Manure it as well as I could, though I confeſs it hath yielded me little Fruit hitherto: And what Woman world be ſo Mad, as to take that only for her Joynture?

But to come to the point of *Wiving*, I would have you know, that I have, though never Married, divers Children already; ſome *French*, ſome *Latin*, one *Italian*, and many *Engliſh*; and though they be but poor Brats of the Brain, yet are they Legitimate, and *Apollo* himſelf vouchſafed to Co-operate in their Production, I have expos'd them to the wide World, to try their Fortunes; and ſome (out of Complement) would make me believe they are Long-liv'd.

But to come at laſt to your kind of *Wiving*, I acknowledge that Marriage is an Honourable Condition; nor dare I think otherwiſe without Prophaneneſs; for it is the Epithete the Holy Text gives it: Therefore it was a wild Speech of the Philoſopher to ſay, That *if our Converſation could be without Women, Angels would come down and dwell amongſt us.* And a wilder Speech it was of the *Cynick*, when paſſing by a Tree, where a Maid had made her ſelf away; wiſh'd, *That all Trees might bear ſuch Fruit.* But to paſs from theſe Moth-eaten Philoſophers, to a Modern Phyſician of our own, it was a moſt Unmanly thing in him, while he diſplays his own Religion, to wiſh, That there were a way to propagate the World, otherwiſe, than by Conjunction with Women, (and *Paracelſus* undertakes to ſhew him the way (whereby he ſeems to Repine) though I underſtand he was Wiv'd a little after) at the Honourable Degree of Marriage, which I hold to be the prime Link of Humane Society, the chiefeſt Happineſs of Mortals, and wherein Heaven hath a ſpecial Hand.

But I wonder why you Write to me of *Wiving*; when you know I have much ado to Man or maintain my ſelf, as I told you before; yet notwithſtanding that the better part of my days are already thredded upon the String of *Time*; I will not deſpair, but I may have a Wife at laſt, that may perhaps enable me to Build Hoſpitals; for although Nine long Luſtres of Years, have long paſs'd o're my Head, and ſome Winters more, (for all my Life, con-

conſidering the few Sun-ſhines I have had, may be call'd nothing but Winters; yet, I thank God for't, I find no Symptom of Decay, either in Body, Senſes, or Intellectuals. But Writing thus extravagantly, methinks I hear you ſay, That this *Letter* ſhews I begin to Dote, and grow Idle, therefore I will diſplay my ſelf no further unto you, at this time.

To tell you the naked Truth, my dear *Tom*; the higheſt Pitch of my Aim is, that by ſome Condition or other, I may be enabled at laſt (though I be put to Sow, the time that others uſe to Reap) to quit Scores with the World, but never to cancel that precious Obligation, wherein I am indiſſolubly bound to live and die

Your true conſtant Friend,

From the Fleet, 28 *of* April, 1645. J. H.

Ad Librum:

——— *Sine me, Liber, ibis in* Aulam,
Hei mihi, quod Domino non licet ire tuo. Ovid.

To his Book:

Thou *may'ſt to Court, and Progreſs to and fro,*
Oh, that thy Captiv'd Maſter could do ſo.

The first Edition in 1645 ends here

THE

THE *SECOND VOLUME* OF Familiar LETTERS.

I.

To Mr. Thomas Adams.

Sir,

I Pray ſtir nimbly in the Buſineſs you imparted to me laſt, and let it not languiſh; you know how much it concerns your Credit, and the conveniency of a Friend, who deſerves ſo well of you: I fear you will meet with divers Obſtacles in the Way, which if you cannot remove, you muſt overcome. A Luke-warm irreſolute Man did never any thing well, every thought entangles him; therefore you muſt purſue the Point of your Deſign with Heat, and ſet all Wheels a going. 'Tis a true Badge of a Generous Nature, being once embark'd in a Buſineſs, to hoiſe up, and ſpread every Sail, *Main miſen, ſpritt,* and Top-Sail, by that means he will ſooner arrive at his Port: If the Winds be ſo croſs, and that there be ſuch a Fate in the Thing, that it can take no effect; yet you ſhall have wherewith to ſatisfie an honeſt Mind, that you left nothing unattempted to compaſs it; for in the Conduct of Human Affairs, 'tis a Rule, That a good Conſcience hath always within Doors, enough to reward it ſelf; though the Succeſs fall not out according to the Merit of the Endeavour.

I was according to your deſire, to Viſit the Late new Married Couple, more than once; and to tell you true, I never ſaw ſuch a Diſparity between two, that were made one Fleſh, in all my Life: He Handſom outwardly but of odd Conditions; ſhe excellently Qualified, but hard Favour'd: So that the one may be com-

compar'd to a Cloth of Tiſſue Dublet, cut upon courſe Canvas; the other to a Buckram Petticoat lin'd with Sattin: I think *Clotho* had her Fingers ſmutted in ſnuffing of the Candle, when ſhe began to Spin the Thread of her Life; and *Lacheſis* frown'd in twiſting it up; but *Aglaia*, with the reſt of the *Graces*, were in a good Humour, when they form'd her inward Parts: A blind Man is fitteſt to hear her Sing; one would take Delight to ſee her Dance if maſk'd; and it would pleaſe you to Diſcourſe with her in the Dark, for their ſhe is beſt Company, if your Imagination can forbear to run upon her Face: When you marry I wiſh you ſuch an inſide of a Wife, but from ſuch an outward Phiſnomy, the Lord deliver you, and

Weſtm. 25 of *Aug.* 1633. *Your faithful Friend to ſerve you,* J. H.

Ben Jonson

II.

To Mr. B. J.

FAther *Ben*. The Fangs of a Bear, and the Tusks of a wild Bore, do not bite worſe, and make a deeper Gaſh than a Gooſe-Quill ſometimes; no not the Badger himſelf, who is ſaid to be ſo tenacious of his Bite, that he will not give over his hold, till he feels his Teeth meet, and his Bones crack. Your Quill hath prov'd ſo to Mr. *Jo. Jones*; but the Pen wherewith you have ſo gaſh'd him, it ſeems was made rather of a *Porcupine*, than a *Gooſe*-Quill, it is ſo keen and firm: You know

Anſer Apis, Vitulus, populus & Regna gubernant.

The Gooſe, the Bee, and the Calf (meaning Wax, Parchment, and Pen) rule the World, but of the three, the Pen is moſt predominant: I know you have a commanding one, but you muſt not let it Tyrannize in that manner, as you have done lately; ſome give out there was a Hair in't, or that your Ink was too thick with Gall, elſe it would not have ſo beſpattered and ſhaken the Reputation of a Royal Architect; for Reputation, you know is like a Fair Structure long time a Rearing, but quickly Ruin'd: If your Spirit will not let you Retract, yet you ſhould do well to repreſs any more Copies of the Satyr; for to deal plainly with you, you have loſt ſome ground at Court by it, and as I hear from a good Hand, the King who hath ſo great a Judgment in Poetry (as in all other things elſe) is not well pleaſed therewith. Diſpenſe with this Freedom, of

Your Reſpectful Son, and Servitor, J H.

Weſtm. 3 July, 1635.

III.

III.

To D. C. *Esquire.*

Sir,

IN my last, I writ to you that *C. Mor.* was dead, (I meant in a *Moral* sense.) He is now alive again, for he hath abjur'd that Club, which was used to knock him in the head so often, and drown him commonly once a day: I discover divers Symptoms of Regeneration in him, for he rails bitterly against *Bacchus*, and swears there's a Devil in every Berry of his Grape; therefore he resolves hereafter, though he may dabble a little sometimes, he will be never drown'd again. You know *Kit* hath a Poetic fancy, and no unhappy one, as you find by his Compositions; you know also, that Poets have large Souls, they have sociable free generous Spirits, and there are few who use to drink of *Helicon*'s Waters, but they love to mingle it with some of *Lyæus*'s Liquor, to heighten their Spirits. There's no Creature that's kneaded of Clay, but hath his Frailties, Extravagancies, and Excesses some way or other: for you must not think that Man can be better out of Paradise, than he was within't: *Nemo sine crimine.* He that censures the good Fellow, commonly makes no Conscience of Gluttony, and Gormondising at home; and I believe more men do dig their Graves with their Teeth, than with the Tankard. They who tax others of Vanity and Pride, have commonly that sordid Vice of Covetousness attends them; and he who traduceth others of being a Servant to Ladies, doth base things. We are no Angels upon Earth, but we are transported with some infirmity or other, and 'twill be so while these frail, flexible humours Reign within us; while we have Sluces of warm Bloud running through our Veins, there must be oftimes some irregular Motions in us.

This, as I conceive, is the *Black-bean*, which the *Turks* Alchoran speaks of; when they feign, that *Mohomet* being asleep among the Mountains of the Moon, two Angels descended, and ripping his breast, they took his heart and washed it in Snow, and after pull'd out a black Bean, which was the Portion of the Devil; and so replac'd the Heart.

In your next, you shall do well to congratulate his Resurrection, or Regeneration, or rather Emergency from that Course he was plunged in formerly; you know it as well as I; and truly I believe he will grow newer and newer every day: We find that a stumble makes one take firmer footing; and the bad Suds which Vice useth to leave behind it, makes Vertue afterwards far more Gustful; no Knowledge is like that of Contraries. *Kit* hath now

overcome himſelf, therefore I think he will be too hard for the Devil hereafter. I pray hold on your Reſolution to be here the next Term, that we may Tattle a little of *Tom Thumb*, mine Hoſt of *Andover*, or ſome ſuch matters: So I am

Weſtm. 15 Aug. 1636. *Your moſt affectionate Servitor,* J. H.

IV.

To T. D. *Eſquire.*

Sir,

I Had yours lately by a ſafe Hand; wherein I find you open unto me all the Boxes of your Breaſt: I perceive you are ſore hurt, and whereas all other Creatures run away from the Inſtrument and Hand that wounds them, you ſeem to make more and more towards both: I confeſs ſuch is the nature of *Love*, and which is worſe, the nature of Women is ſuch, that like ſhadows the more you follow them, the faſter they flie from you. Nay ſome Females are of that odd humor, that to feed their Pride, they will famiſh Affection, they will ſtarve thoſe natural Paſſions, which are owing from them to man; I confeſs Coyneſs becomes ſome Beauties, if handſomely acted, a Frown from ſome Faces penetrates more, and makes deeper Impreſſion, than the Fawning, and ſoft Glances of a mincing Smile, yet if this Coyneſs, and theſe Frowns, ſavor of Pride, they are odious; and 'tis a Rule, that where this kind of Pride Inhabits, Honour ſits not long Porter at the Gate. There are ſome Beauties ſo ſtrong, that they are Leaguer-proof, they are ſo Barricadoed, that no Battery, no Petard, or any kind of Engine, Sapping or Mining, can do good upon them: There are others that are tenable a good while, and will endure the brunt of a Siege, but will incline to Parley at laſt; and you know that Fort and Female which begins to Parley, is half won: For my part, I think of Beauties, as *Philip* King of *Macedon* thought of Cities, there is none ſo inexpugnable, but an Aſs laden with Gold may enter into them; you know what the *Spaniard* ſaith, *Dadivos quebrant anpenas, preſents can rend rocks:* Pearl and Golden Bullets may do much upon the Impregnableſt Beauty that is: It muſt be partly your way. I remember a great Lord of this Land ſent a Puppy with a rich Collar of Diamonds, to a rare *French* Lady, Madam St. *L.* that had come over hither with an Ambaſſador, ſhe took the Dog, but return'd the Collar: I will not tell you what effect it wrought afterwards. 'Tis a powerful Sex, they were too ſtrong for the *Firſt*, the *Strongeſt*, and *Wiſeſt* Man that was; they muſt needs be ſtrong, when *one Hair of a Woman can draw more then a Hundred pair of Oxen*

Oxen; yet for all their ſtrength, in point of value, if you will believe the *Italian*, *A Man of Straw, is worth a Woman of Gold*: Therefore if you find the thing perverſe, rather than to undervalue your Sex (your Manhood) retire handſomely; for there is as much Honour to be Won, at an handſome Retreat, as at a hot On-ſet, it being the difficulteſt piece of War: By this Retreat you will get a greater Victory than you are aware of, for thereby you will overcome your ſelf, which is the greateſt Conqueſt that can be. Without ſeeking abroad, we have Enemies enough within Doors to practice our Valour upon, we have Tumultuary and Rebellious Paſſions, with whole Hoſts of Humours within us: He who can diſcomfit them is the greateſt Captain, and may defie the Devil: I pray recollect your ſelf, and think on this Advice of your true and moſt affectionate Servitor,

Weſtm. 4 Decemb. J. H.
1637.

V.

To G. G. *Eſquire, at* Rome.

Sir,

I Have more thanks to give you than can be folded up in this narrow Paper, thô it were all Writ in the cloſeſt kind of Stegonography, for the rich and accurate Account you pleaſe to give me of that renowned City wherein you now ſojourn. I find you have moſt judiciouſly pryed into all matters, both Civil, and Clerical, eſpecially the latter, by obſerving the Poverty and Penances of the Fryer, the Policy and Power of the Jeſuit, the Pomp of the Prelate and Cardinal: Had it not been for the two firſt, I believe the two laſt, and that See had been at a low Ebb by this time; for the Learning, the Prudential State, Knowledge and Auſterity of the one, and the Venerable Opinion the People have of the abſtemious and rigid Condition of the other, ſpecially of the *Mendicants*, ſeem to make ſome Compenſation for the Lux and Magnificence of the two laſt, beſides they are more beholding to the *Proteſtant*, than they are aware of, for unleſs he had riſen up about the latter end of this laſt Century of years, which made them more circumſpect and wary of their Ways, Life, and Actions, to what an intolerable high exceſs that Court had come to by this time, you may eaſily Conjecture. But out of my ſmall Reading, I have obſerved that no Age ever ſince *Gregory* the Great hath paſſed, wherein ſome or other hath not repin'd and murmur'd at the Pontifical Pomp of that Court, yet for my part I have been always ſo Charitable, as to think that the Religion of *Rome*; and

the Court of *Rome* were different Things. The Counterbuff that happen'd 'twixt *Leo* the Tenth, and *Francis* the Firſt of *France*, is very remarkable, who being both met at *Bolonia*; the King ſeem'd to give a light touch at the Pope's Pomp, ſaying, *'Twas not uſed to be ſo in former time. It may be ſo*, ſaid *Leo*, *but it was then when Kings kept Sheep*; (as we read in the Old Teſtament) *No*, the King replyed, *I ſpeak of times under the Goſpel.* Then rejoyn'd the Pope, *'Twas then when Kings did viſit Hoſpitals:* hinting by thoſe words at St. *Lewis*, who uſed oft to do ſo. It is memorable what is recorded in the Life of *Robert Groſted* Biſhop of *Lincoln*, who liv'd in the time of one of the *Leo*'s, That he fear'd the ſame Sin would overthrow *Leo*, as overthrew *Lucifer*.

For News hence, I know none of your Friends, but are as well as you left them, *Hombres y Hembras:* You are freſh and very frequent in their Memory, and mentioned with a thouſand good Wiſhes and Benedictions. Amongſt others you have a large Room in the Memory of my Lady *Elizabeth Cary*; and I do not think all *Rome* can afford you a fairer Lodging. I pray be cautious of your Carriage under that Meridian; it is a ſearching (Inquiſitive) Air: You have two Eyes, and two Ears, but one Tongue; you know my meaning. This laſt you muſt impriſon, (as Nature hath already done with a double Fence of Teeth and Lips) or elſe ſhe may impriſon you, according to our Country-man Mr. *Hoskins*'s Advice, when he was in the Tower.

Vincula da linguæ, vel tibi lingua dabit.

Have a care of your Health, take heed of the Syren's, of exceſs in Fruit, and be ſure to mingle your Wine well with Water. No more now, but that in the large Catalogue of Friends you have left behind here; there's none who is more mindful of you then

Your moſt Affectionate, and faithful
Servitor, J. H.

VI.

To Dr. T. P.

Sir,

I Had yours of the Tenth Current, wherein you write me Tidings of our Friend *T. D.* and what his deſires tend unto. In my Opinion they are ſomewhat extravagant. I have read of one, that loving Honey more than ordinary, ſeem'd to complain againſt Nature, that ſhe made not a *Bee* as big as a *Bull*, that we might have it in greater plenty; another who was much given to Fruit, wiſh'd that Pears and Plums were as big as Pumpions. Theſe were but

but ſilly vulgar Wiſhes; for if a *Bee* were as big as a *Bull*, it muſt have a Sting proportionable; and what miſchiefs do you think ſuch Stings would do, when we can hardly endure the Sting of that ſmall inſected animal, as now it is? And if Pears and Plums were as big as Pumpions, 'twere dangerous walking in an Orchard about the Autumnal Equinoctial; at which time they are in their full maturity, for fear of being knocked in the Head. Nature the Hand-maid of God Almighty doth nothing, but with good Advice, if we make reſearches into the true reaſon of things; you know what anſwer the Fox gave the Ape, when he would have borrowed part of his Tail to cover his Poſteriors.

The Wiſhes you writ that *T. D.* lately made, were almoſt as extravagant in civil Matters, as the aforementioned were in Natural; for if he were partaker of them, they would draw more inconveniences upon him than Benefit, being nothing ſortable either to his diſpoſition or breeding; and for other reaſons beſides, which I will reſerve till my coming up; and I pray let him know ſo much from me, with my Commendations. So I reſt,

Weſtmin. 6 Sept. 1640. *Yours in the perfect'ſt degree of Friendſhip,* J. H.

VII.

To Mr. T. B. *Merchant in* Sevil.

Sir,

THough I have my ſhare of Infirmities as much as another Man; yet I like my own Nature in one thing, that requitals to me are as ſweet as revenges to an *Italian.** I thank my Stars, I find my ſelf far proner to return a Courteſie, than to reſent an injury: This made me moſt gladly apprehend the late occaſion of ſerving you, (notwithſtanding the hard meaſure I have received from your Brother) and to make you ſome returns of thoſe frequent favours I received from you in *Spain*, I have ta'ue away (as you may perceive by the incloſed Papers) the *Weights* that hung to that great buſineſs in this Court; it concerns you now to put *Wings* unto it in that, and I believe you will quickly obtain, what uſeth to be firſt in intention, tho' laſt in Execution; I mean your main end: I heartily wiſh the thing may be proſperous unto you, and that you may take as much pleaſure in the fruition of it, as I did in following of it for you, becauſe I love you dearly well; and deſire you ſo much Happineſs, that you will have nothing but Heaven to wiſh for: In which deſires I reſt

White-Hall, 3 May, 1633. *Your conſtant true Friend to ſerve you,* J. H.

VIII.

To Doctor B.

Sir,

WHereas upon the large Theorical Diſcourſe, and bandings of Opinions we had lately at *Greſham* Colledge; you deſired I ſhould couch in Writing, what I obſerv'd abroad of the Extent and Amplitude of the Chriſtian Common-Wealth, in reference to other Religions: I obtained leave of my ſelf to put Pen to Paper, rather to Obey you, than Oblige you with any thing that may add to your Judgment, or enrich that rare Knowledge, I find you have already treaſured up; but I muſt begin with the fulfilling of your deſire in a preambular way, for the Subject admits it.

'Tis a Principle all the Earth over, except amongſt Atheiſts, that *omne verum eſt a Deo, omne falſum eſt a Diabolo, & omnis error ab hoc vine*; All Truth is from God, all Falſhood from the Devil, and all Error from Man; the laſt goes always under the Viſard of the firſt, but the ſecond confronts Truth to the Face, and ſtands in open Defiance of her, *Error* and *Sin* are Contemporary, when one crept firſt in at the Fore-door, the other came in at the Poſtern. This made *Triſmegiſtus*, one of the great Lords of Reaſon, to give this Character of Man, *homo eſt imaginatio quædam, & imaginatio eſt ſupremum mendacium*; Man is nought elſe but a kind of imagination, and imagination is the greateſt lie; *Error* therefore entring into the World with Sin among us poor Adamites, may be ſaid to ſpring from the Tree of Knowledge it ſelf, and from the rotten Kernels of that fatal Apple. This, beſides the Infirmities that attend the Body, hath brought in perverſity of Will, depravation of Mind, and hath caſt a kind of Cloud upon all our Intellectuals that they cannot diſcern the true Eſſence of things with that Clearneſs as the Protoplaſt our firſt Parent could, but we are involved in a Miſt, and grope as it were ever ſince in the dark, as if Truth were got into ſome Dungeon; or as the old *Wizard* ſaid, into ſome deep Pit, which the ſhallow Apprehenſion of Men could not Fathom. Hence comes it, that the Earth is Rent into ſo many Religions, and thoſe Religions torn into ſo many Schiſms, and various forms of Devotion, as if the Heavenly Majeſty were delighted as much in Diverſities of Worſhip, as in Diverſities of Works.

The firſt Religion that ever was reduced to exact Rules and Ritual Obſervances was that of the *Hebrews*, the ancient People of God, called afterwards *Judaiſm*, the ſecond *Chriſtianity*, the third *Mahometiſm*, which is the youngeſt of all Religions: Touching *Paganiſm*, and heatheniſh Idolatry, they ſcarce deſerve the Name of

of Religion: But for the former three, there is this Analogy between them, that they all agree in the first Person of the Trinity, and all his Attributes. What kind of Religion there was before the Flood, it is in vain to make any Researches, there having been no Monuments at all left, (besides that little we find in *Moses* and the Phœnician Story) but *Seth*'s Pillars, and those so defac'd, that nothing was legible upon them, tho *Josephus* saith, That one was Extant in his days: As also the Oak under which *Abraham* feasted God Almighty, which was 2000 Years after. The Religion (or Cabal) of the *Hebrews* was transferred from the Patriarchs to *Moses*, and from him to the Prophets. It was honoured with the Appearance, and Promulgations of God himself, especially the better part of it; I mean the Decalogue containing the Ten Commandments, which being most of them Moral and agreeing with the common Notions of Man, are in force all the World over. The *Jews* at this day are divided into three Sects; the first, which is the greatest, are call'd the *Talmudists*, in regard that besides the holy Scriptures, they embrace the *Talmud*, which is stuff'd with the Traditions of their Rabbins and Chacams. The second receive the Scripture alone. The third the Pentateuch only, *viz.* The five Books of *Moses* which are called *Samaritans*. Now touching what part of the Earth is possessed by *Jews*, I cannot find they have any at all peculiar to themselves, but in regard their murmurings, their frequent Idolatries, Defections, and that they Crucified the Lord of Life, this once Select Nation of God, and the Inhabitants of the Land flowing with Milk and Honey, is become now a scorned squandred People all the Earth over, being ever since incapable of any Coalition or Reducement into one Body Politic. There where they are most without mixture, is *Tiberias* in *Palestine*, which *Amurath* gave *Mendez* the *Jew*, whither, and to *Jerusalem*, upon any conveniency; they convey the Bones of their dead Friends from all places to be reinterred. They are to be found in all Merchantile *Towns*, and great Marts, both in *Afric*, *Asia*, and *Europe*, the Dominions of *England*, of the *Spaniard* and *French* excepted; and as their Persons, so their Profession is despicable, being for the most part but Brokers every where. Among other Places, they are allowed to be in *Rome* her self near St. *Peter*'s Chair, for they advance Trade wheresoever they come, with the Banks of Money, and so are permitted as necessary Evils: But put case the whole Nation of the *Jews* now living, were united into one Collective Body, yet according to the best Conjecture, and exactest Computation that I could hear made by the knowingest Men, they would not be able to People a Country bigger than the Seventeen Provinces. Those that are dispersed now in *Christendom*, and *Turkey*, are the Remnants only of the Tribes of

Juda,, and *Benjamin*, with ſome *Levites* which returned from *Babylon*, with *Zerubbabel*. The common Opinion is, that the other Ten are utterly loſt; but they themſelves fancy that they are in *India* a mighty Nation, environ'd with ſtony Rivers, which always ceaſe to run their Courſe on their Sabbath, from whence they expect their *Meſſias*, who ſhall in the fulneſs of time o'rerun the World with Fire and Sword, and re-eſtabliſh them in a temporal glorious Eſtate: But this Opinion ſways moſt among the *Oriental* Jews, whereas they of the *Weſt* attend the coming of their *Meſſias* from *Portugal*; which Language is more common among them, than any other. And thus much in brief of the *Jews*, as much as I could digeſt, and comprehend within the compaſs of this Paper-ſheet; and let it ſerve for the accompliſhment of the firſt part of your deſire. In my next I ſhall give you the beſt ſatisfaction I can concerning the extent of *Chriſtianity* up and down the Globe of the Earth, which I ſhall ſpeedily ſend; for now that I have undertaken ſuch a Task, my Pen ſhall not reſt till I have finiſhed it. So I am

Your moſt Affectionate ready

Weſtmin. 1 Aug. 1635. *Servitor,*

J. H.

IX.

To Doctor B.

Sir,

HAving in my laſt ſent you ſomething touching the State of *Judaiſm* up and down the World, in this you ſhall receive what extent *Chriſtianity* hath, which is the ſecond Religion in Succeſſion of Time and Truth; A Religion *that makes not ſenſe ſo much ſubject to Reaſon, as Reaſon ſuccumbent to Faith.* There is no Religion ſo harſh and difficult to Fleſh and Blood, in regard of divers Myſterious Poſitions it conſiſts of, as the Incarnation, Reſurrection, the Trinity, *&c.* which, as one ſaid, *are Bones to Philoſophy, but Milk to Faith.* There is no Religion ſo purely Spiritual, and abſtracted from common natural Idea's, and ſenſual happineſs, as the Chriſtian. No Religion that excites man more to the Love and practice of Vertue, and hatred of Vice; or that preſcribes greater Rewards for the one, and Puniſhments for the other: A Religion that in a moſt miraculous manner did expand her ſelf, and propagate by ſimplicity, humbleneſs, and by a meer paſſive way of fortitude, growing up like the Palm-tree under the heavy weight of Perſecution, for never any Religion had more powerful Oppoſition, by various kinds of Puniſhments, Oppreſſions and Tortures, which may be ſaid to have deck'd her with *Rubies* in her very Cradle;

Cradle; insomuch, that it is granted by her very Enemies, that the *Christian* in point of passive Valour, hath exceeded all other Nations upon Earth. And 'tis a thing of wonderment, how at her very first growth she flew over the heads of so many interjacent vast Regions into this remote Isle so soon, that her Rays should shine upon the Crown of a British King first of any; I mean King *Lucius*, the true Proto-*Christian*, King in the days of *Eleutherius*, at which time she received her *Propagation:* But for her *Plantation*, she had it long before, by some of the Apostles themselves. Now, as Christian Religion hath the purest and most abstracted, the hardest and highest spiritual Notions; so it hath been most subject to differences of Opinions, and distractions of Conscience; the purer the Wheat is, the more subject 'tis to Tares, and the most precious gems to Flaws. The first Bone that the Devil flung, was into the *Eastern* Churches, then 'twixt the *Greek* and the *Roman*; but it was rather for Jurisdiction and Power, than for the Fundamentals of Faith; and lately 'twixt *Rome* and the *North-West* Churches. Now the extent of the *Eastern* Church is larger far than that of the *Roman*, (excluding *America*) which makes some accuse her as well of Uncharitableness, as of Arrogance, that she should positively damn so many Millions of Christian Souls, who have the same common Symbol of Faith with her, because they are not within the close of her Fold.

Of those *Eastern*, and *South-East* Churches; there are no less than Eleven Sects, whereof the three Principallest are the *Grecian*, the *Jacobite*, and the *Nestorian*, with whom the rest have some dependence or conformity; and they acknowledge Canonical Obedience, either to the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, of *Alexandria*, of *Jerusalem*, or *Antioch*: They concur with the *Western* Reformed Churches, in divers Positions against *Rome*, as in denial of Purgatory; in rejecting extream Unction, and celebrating the Sacrament under both Kinds; in admitting their Clergy to marry; in abhorring the use of Massie Statues, and celebrating their Liturgy in the vulgar Language: Among these, the *Russe* and the *Habassin* Emperors are the greatest, but the latter is a *Jew* also, from the Girdle downward, for he is both *Circumcised* and *Christned*, having received the one from *Solomon*, and the other from the Apostle Saint *Thomas*. They observe other Rites of the Levitical Law; they have the *Cross* in that esteem, that they imprint the sign of it upon some part of the Childs Body, when he is Baptized; that day they take the holy Sacrament, they spit not till after Sun-set; And the Emperor in his Progress, as soon as he comes to the sight of a Church, lights off his Camel, and foots it all along, till he loseth the sight of it.

Now touching that proportion of Ground that the *Christians* have

have on the habitable Earth, (which is the main of our Task) I find that all *Europe*, with her adjacent Isles, is peopled with Christians, except that ruthful Country of *Lapland*, where Idolaters yet inhabit; towards the *East* also, that Religion which lieth 'twixt *Tanais* and *Boristhenes* the ancient Country of the *Goths*, is possessed by Mahumetan *Tartars*; but in these Territories which the *Turk* hath 'twixt the *Danube* and the Sea, and 'twixt *Ragusa* and *Buda*, Christians are intermixt with *Mahometans*; yet in this Cohabitation, Christians are computed to make two third Parts at least, for here and elsewhere; all the while they pay the *Turk* the quarter of their Encrease, and a *Sultany* for every Poll, and speak nothing in derogation of the *Alchoran*; they are permitted to enjoy both their Religion and Lives securely. In *Constantinople* her self under the *Gran Signior*'s Nose, they have Twenty Churches, in *Saloniche* (or *Thessalonica*) 30. There are 150 Churches under the Metropolitan of *Philippi*, as many under him of *Athens*, and he of *Corinth*, hath about an Hundred Suffragan Bishops under him.

But in *Afric*, (a thing which cannot be too much lamented) that huge Extent of Land, which Christianity possessed of old, 'twixt the *Mediterranean* Sea, and the Mountain *Atlas*, yea, as far as *Ægypt*, with the large Region of *Nubin*, the *Turks* have overmastered. We read of 200 Bishops met in Synods in those Parts, and in that Province where old *Carthage* stood, there were 164 Bishops under one *Metropolitan*; but *Mahometism* hath now overspread all thereabout, only the King of *Spain* hath a few Maritim Towns under Christian Subjection, as *Septa*, *Tonger*, *Oran* and others. But through all the huge continent of *Afric*, which is estimated to be thrice bigger than *Europe*; there is not one *Region* entirely Christian, but *Habassia* or *Ethiopia*: Besides, there is in *Egypt* a considerable number of them yet sojourning. Now *Habassia* according to the Itineraries of the observingst Travellers in those Parts, is thought to be in respective Magnitude, as big as *Germany*, *Spain*, *France*, and *Italy* conjunctly; an Estimate which comes nearer Truth than that which some make by stretching it from one *Tropic* to the other, *viz.* from the Red Sea to the Western Ocean: There are also divers Isles upon the Coast of *Afric*, that are coloniz'd with Christians, as the *Madera*, the *Canaries*, *Cape*, *Verd*, and Saint *Thomas*'s; but on the *East*-side, there's none but *Zocotora*.

In *Asia*, there's the Empire of *Russia* that's purely Christian, and the Mountain *Libanus* in *Syria*; in other parts they are mingled with *Mahometans*, who exceed them one day more than another in numbers, 'specially in those Provinces (the more's the pity) where the Gospel was first preached, as *Anatolia*, *Armenia*, *Syria*, *Mesopotamia*, *Palestina*, *Chaldea*, *Assyria*, *Persia*, the North of *Arabia*, and South

South of *India.* In ſome of theſe Parts, I ſay, 'ſpecially in the four firſt, Chriſtians are thick mixt with *Mahometans*, as alſo in *East-India*, ſince the *Portugals* diſcovery of the paſſage by the *Cape* of good *Hope*, Chriſtians by Gods *Goodneſs* have multiplied in conſiderable Numbers, as likewiſe in *Goa*, ſince it was made an Archbiſhoprick, and a Court of a *Vice-Roy:* They ſpeak alſo of a Chriſtian Church in *Quinſay* in *China*, the greateſt of all Earthly Cities; but in the Iſlands thereabouts called the *Philippinas*, which they ſay are above 1100 in number, in Thirty whereof the *Spaniard* hath taken firm footing; Chriſtianity hath made a good Progreſs, as alſo in *Japonia*. In the North Eaſt part of *Aſia*, ſome 400 Years ſince, Chriſtianity had taken deep Root under the King of *Tenduc*, but he was utterly overthrown by *Chingis* one of his own Vaſſals, who came thereby to be the firſt Founder of the *Tartarian* Empire: This King of *Tenduc* was the true *Preſter John*, not the *Ethiopian* King of the *Habaſſines*, as *Scaliger* would have it, whoſe Opinion is as far diſtant from Truth in this point, as the Southerneſt part of *Aſric*, from the North Eaſt part of *Aſia*; or as a *Jacobite* is from a *Neſtorian*. Thus far did Chriſtianity find Entertainment in the old World; touching the New, I mean *America*, which is conjectured to equal, well near the other three parts in Magnitude. The *Spaniſh* Authors and Merchants (with whom I have converſed) make a Report of a marvelous Growth that Chriſtianity hath made in the Kingdoms of *Mexico, Peru, Braſil, & Caſtilia deloro*, as alſo in the greater Iſlands adjoyning, as *Hiſpaniola, Cuba, Portorico*, and others, inſomuch, that they write of one ancient Prieſt, who had Chriſtned himſelf, 700 *Savages* ſome years after the firſt diſcovery; but there are ſome who ſeeming to be no Friends to *Spain*, Report that they did not *Baptize* half ſo many as they *Butchered*.

Thus have you as compendiouſly as an Epiſtle could make it, an Account of that Extenſion of Ground which Chriſtians poſſeſs upon Earth. My next ſhall be one of the *Mahometan*, wherein I could wiſh I had not occaſion to be ſo large as I muſt be. So I am, Sir,

Your Reſpectful and humble Servant,

Weſtmin. 9 Aug. 1635. J. H.

X.

To Doctor B.

Sir,

MY two former were of *Judaism* and *Christianity*: I come now to the *Mahometans*, the modernſt of all Religions, and the moſt miſchievous, and deſtructive to the Church of Chriſt; for this fatal Sect hath juſtled her out of divers large Regions in *Afric*, in *Tartary*, and other places, and attenuated their Number in *Aſia*, which they do whereſoever they come, having a more politic and pernicious way to do it, than by Fire and Fagot; for they having underſtood well, that the Duſt of Martyrs were the thrivingſt Seeds of Chriſtianity; and obſerv'd, that there reigns naturally in mankind, being compos'd all of a lump, and carrying the ſame Stamp; a general kind of Compaſſion and Sympathy, which appears moſt towards them, who lay down their Lives, and poſtpoſe all worldly things, for the preſervation of their Conſciences; (and never any died ſo, but he drew followers after him) therefore the *Turk* goes a more cunning way to work; He meddles not with Life, and Limb, to prevent the ſenſe of Compaſſion, which may ariſe that way; but he grinds their Faces with Taxes, and makes them incapable of any Offices, either of Authority, Profit, or Honour; by which means he renders them deſpicable to others, and makes their Lives irkſome to themſelves. Yet the *Turks* have a high Opinion of Chriſt, *That he was a greater Prophet than* Moſes: *That he was the Son of a Virgin, who conceived by the ſmell of a Roſe preſented to her by* Gabriel *the Angel*; *they believe he never ſinn'd, nay, in their Alchoran they term him the Breath and Word of God*; *they puniſh all that Blaſpheme him, and no* Jew *is capable to be a* Turk, *but he muſt be firſt an* ABDULLA, a Chriſtian: He muſt eat Hogs Fleſh, and do other things for three days, then he is made a *Mahometan*, but by abjuring of Chriſt to be a greater Prophet than *Mahomet*.

It is the *Alfange* that uſhers in the Faith of *Mahomet* every where, nor can it grow in any place, unleſs it be planted and ſown with Gunpowder intermixt; when planted, there are divers ways of policy to preſerve it: They have their *Alchoran* in one only Language, which is the *Arabic*, the Mother-Tongue of their Prophet. 'Tis as bad as Death for any to raiſe ſcruples of the *Alchoran*; Thereupon there is a reſtraint of the Study of Philoſophy, and other Learning, becauſe the Impoſters of it may not be diſcern'd. The *Muſti* is in as great Reverence amongſt them, as the *Pope* is among the *Romaniſts*; For they hold it to be a true Principle in Divinity, *That no one thing preſerves and improves Religion more*

than

than a Venerable, High, Pious Eſteem of the chiefeſt Miniſters. They have no other Guide or Law both for Temporal and Church-Affairs, than the *Alcoran*, which they hold to be the *Rule of civil Juſtice, as well as the Divine Charter, of their Salvation:* So that their Judges are but Expoſitors of that only; nor do they trouble themſelves, or puzle the Plantiff with any Moth-eaten Records, or precedents to entangle the Buſineſs; but they immediately determine it, according to the freſh Circumſtances of the Action, *& ſecundum allegata, & probata* by Witneſſes; They have one extraordinary piece of humanity to be ſo tender of the rational Soul, as not to put *Chriſtian, Jew, Greek*, or any other to his Oath, in regard that if for ſome advantage of gain or occaſion of Inconvenience and Puniſhment, any ſhould forſwear himſelf; they hold the Impoſers of the Oath to be as Acceſſary to the Damnation of the perjur'd Man; by theſe and divers other Reaches of Policy (beſides their Arms) not practic'd elſewhere; they conſerve that huge bulk of the *Ottoman* Empire, which extends without interruption (the *Helleſpont* only between) in one continued piece of Earth, two and thirty Hundred Miles from *Buda*, in *Hungary*, to a good way into *Perſia*; by theſe means they keep alſo their Religion from diſtracting Opinions, from every vulgar Fancy and Schiſms in their Church, for there's no where fewer than here; the difference that is, is only with the *Perſian*, and that not in Fundamentals of Faith, but for priority of Government, in matters of Religion. This ſo Univerſal Conformity in their Religion, is aſcrib'd as to other politic Inſtitutions, ſo 'ſpecially to the rigorous Inhibition they have of raiſing Scruples and Diſputes of the *Alcoran* under pain of Death; 'ſpecially among the Laity and common People, whoſe zeal *commonly is ſtronger than their Judgment.*

That part of the World where *Mahomet* hath furtheſt expanded himſelf, is *Aſia*; which, as I ſaid before, exceeds *Afric* in greatneſs, and much more in People: He hath firm footing in *Perſia, Tartary*, (upon the latter of which the *Muſulman* Empire is entail'd) in *Turcomania* it ſelf, and *Arabia*, four mighty Kingdoms; the laſt of theſe was the Neſt where that Cocatrice Egg was Hatched, which hath diffus'd its Poyſon ſo far and near, through the Veins of ſo many Regions; all the Southerly Coaſts of *Aſia*, from the *Arabian* Bay to the River *Indus*, is infected therewith, the vaſt Kingdom of *Cambaia* and *Bengala*, and about the *South*-part of the Inhabitants of *Malabar* have drank of this Poyſon, inſomuch that by no wrong Computation it may well be ſaid, that *Mahometiſm* hath diſperſed it ſelf over almoſt one half of the huge continent of *Aſia*, who beſides thoſe multitudes of Iſles, 'ſpecially ſeven, *Moldavia, Ceyſan*, the Sea Coaſt of *Sumatra, Java, Sunda*, the Ports of *Benda, Borneo*, with divers others whereof there are Thouſands about *Aſia*, who have

have entertain'd the *Alchoran:* In *Europe*, the *Mahometans* poſſeſs all the Region 'twixt *Don* and *Weper*, call'd of old *Tanais* and *Boriſthenes*, being about the twentieth part of *Europe*; the King of *Poland* diſpenceth with ſome of them in *Lithuania*: Touching *Greece*, *Macedon*, *Thracia*, *Bulgaria*, *Servia*, *Boſnia*, *Epire*, the greateſt part of *Hungary* and *Dalmatia*, although they be wholly under *Turks* Obedience, yet *Mahometans* ſcarce make the third part of the Inhabitants. In *Afric* this Contagion is further ſpread; It hath intoxicated all the ſhore of *Ethiopia* as far as *Moſumbic*, which lyeth oppoſite to the mid'ſt of *Madagaſcar*. 'Tis worſe with firm Land of *Afric* on the North and Weſt parts. For from the *Miditerranean* Sea to the great River *Niper*, and along the Banks of *Nile*; all *Egypt* and *Barbary*, with *Libia* and the *Negro's* Country, are tainted and tann'd with this black Religion.

The vaſt Propagation of this unhappy Sect may be aſcrib'd firſt to the Sword, for the *Conſcience commonly is apt to follow the Conqueror*, then to the looſe Reins it gives to all ſenſual Liberty, as to have Eight Wives, and as many Concubines as one can maintain, with the aſſurance of Venerean Delights in a far higher degree to ſucceed after Death, to the religious obſervers of it, as the fruition of the beautiful Damſels, with large rouling Eyes, whoſe Virginity ſhall renew after every Act; their Youth ſhall laſt always with their Luſt, and Love ſhall be ſatiated with only one, where it ſhall remain inalienable. They concur with the Chriſtian, but only in the acknowledgment of one God, and in his Attributes: With the *Jew* they ſymbolize in many things more, as in Circumciſion, in refraining from Swines Fleſh, in deteſtation of Images, and ſomewhat in the Quality of future Happineſs, which as was ſaid before, they place in Venerean pleaſure, as the *Jews* doth in Feaſting and Banquetings, ſo that neither of their Laws have Puniſhment enough to deter mankind from Wickedneſs and Vice, nor do they promiſe adæquat Rewards for Vertue and Piety; for in the whole *Alcboran*, and through all the Writings of *Moſes*, there's not a word of Angelical Joys and Eternity: And herein Chriſtianity far excels both theſe Religions, for ſhe placeth future happineſs in Spiritual, everlaſting and unconceivable Bliſs, abſtracted from the fading and faint groſneſs of Senſe. The *Jew* and *Turk* alſo agree in their Opinion of Women, whom they hold to be of an inferior Creation to Man, which makes the one to exclude them from the *Moſcoes*, and the other from his Synagogues.

Thus far have I rambled through the vaſt *Ottaman* Empire, and taken a curſory ſurvey of *Mahomets's* Religion. In my next I ſhall take the beſt view I can of Pagans and Idolaters, with thoſe who go for Atheiſts; and in this particular, this Earth may be ſaid to be worſe than Hell it ſelf, and the Kingdom of the Devil, in regard

gard there are no Atheiſts there, for the very Damned Souls find and feel in the midſt of their Tortures, that there is a God by his Juſtice and Puniſhments; nay, the Prince of Darkneſs himſelf, and all the Cacodæmons by an Hiſtorical Faith, believe there is a God, whereunto the Poet alludes very Divinely:

Nullus in Inferno eſt Atheos, ante fuit.

So I very Affectionately kiſs your hand, and reſt,

Weſtmin. 14 Aug. 1635. *Your faithful ready Servitor,* J. H.

XI.

To Doctor B.

Sir,

HAving in my three former *Letters* waſhed my hands of the *Mahometan* and the *Jew*, and attended *Chriſtianity* up and down the Earth; I come now to the *Pagan Idolater*, or *Heathen*, who (the more to be lamented) make the greateſt part of mankind: *Europe* her ſelf, though the Beams of the Croſs have ſhin'd upon her above this ſixteen Ages, is not free of them; for they poſſeſs to this day *Lappia*, *Corelia*, *Biarmia*, *Scrifinnia*, and the North parts of *Finmark*; there are alſo ſome ſhreds of them to be found in divers places of *Lithuania*, and *Somogitia*, which make a Region nine hundred Miles in Compaſs

But in *Afric*, their Number is incredible; for from *Cape-blanc*, the moſt Weſterly Point of *Afric* all Southward to the *Cape of good Hope*, and thence turning by the back of *Afric* to the Cape of *Mozambric*, all theſe Coaſts being about the one half of the Circumference of *Afric*, is Peopled by Idolaters, though in ſome places interminxt with *Mahometans* and *Chriſtians*, as in the Kingdom of *Cong*, and *Angola*; but if we ſurvey the inland Territories of *Afric*, between the River of *Nile*, and the Weſt Sea of *Ethiopia*; even all that Country from about the North parallel of Ten Degrees, to the South parallel of Six Degrees, all is held by Idolaters; beſides, the Kingdom of *Borno*, and a great part of *Nubia* and *Lybia*, continue ſtill in their old Paganiſm, ſo that by this Account above one half of that immenſe continent of *Afric* is Peopled by Idolaters. But in *Aſia*, which is far more ſpatious, and more populous then *Afric*; Pagans, Idolaters, and Gentiles, ſwarm in great Numbers; for from the River *Pechora* Eaſtward to the Ocean, and thence Southward to the Cape of *Cencapura*, and

and from that point returning *West*-ward by the *South* Coasts to the Out-lets of the River *Indus*; all that maritime tract which makes a good deal more than half the Circumference of *Asia*, is inhabited by *Idolaters*; so are the In-land parts. There are two mighty Mountains that traverse all *Asia*, *Taurus* and *Imaus*; the first runs from the *West* to *East*, the other from *North* to *South*, and so quarter and cut that huge Mass of Earth into equal parts; this side those Mountains, most of the People are *Mahometans*, t'other side, they are all *Idolaters*: And as on the firm continent *Paganism* thus Reigns, so in many thousand Islands that lye squandred in the vast Ocean; on the *East* and *South-East* of *Asia*, Idolatry o'respreads all, except in some few Islands that are possess'd by *Spaniards* and *Arabs*.

Lastly, if one take a survey of *America*, (as none hath done yet exactly) which is estimated to be as big as all the old Earth; *Idolaters* there, possess four parts of five: 'Tis true, some years after the first Navigation thither, they were converted daily in great Multitudes; but afterwards observing the licentious Lives of the *Christians*, their greediness for Gold and their Cruelty, they came not in so fast: which made an *Indian* answer a *Spanish* Fryer, who was discoursing with him, of the Joys of Heaven, and how all *Spaniards* went thither after this Life. Then said the *Pagan*, *I do not desire to go thither, if* Spaniards *be there*; *I had rather go to Hell, to be free of their Company*. *America* differs from the rest of the Earth in this, that she hath neither *Jew* nor *Mahometan* in her, but *Christians* and *Gentiles* only. There are besides all those Religions, and People before mentioned, an irregular confus'd Nation in *Europe*, call'd the *Morduits*; which occupy the middle confines betwixt the *Tartars* and the *Russe*, that are mingled in Rites of Religion, with all those that have been fore-spoken; for from the privy Members upwards, they are *Christians*, in regard they admit of Baptism; from the Navel downward, they are *Mahometans* or *Jews*, for they Circumcis'd; and besides, they are given to the Adoration of Heathenish Idols. In *Asia* there are the *Cardi* which inhabit the Mountainous Country about *Mozal*, between *Armenia* and *Mesopotamia*, and the *Drusi* in *Syria*, who are demi *Mahometans* and *Christians*.

Now concerning *Pagans* and Heathenish *Idolaters*, whereof there are innumerable sorts up and down the surface of the Earth, in my Opinion, those are the excusablest kind who adore the *Sun* and *Moon*, with the Host of Heaven. And in *Ireland*, the *Kerns* of the Mountains, with some of the *Scotch* Isles, use a fashion of adoring the new *Moon* to this very day, praying she would leave them in as good Health as she found them; this is not so gross an *Idolatry*, as that of other Heathens, (for the Adoration of those glorious

glorious Celestial Bodies is more excusable than that of Garlick and Onions, with the *Ægyptian*, who think with the *Sacinian* [illegible] was the ancientest Idolater upon Earth, which he makes thrice older than we do: for *Diadorus Siculus* reports, That the *Ægyptian* had a Religion, and Kings Eighteen Thousand Years since: yet, for matter of Philosophy and Science, He had it from the *Chaldean*. He from the *Gymnotophists* and *Brachmans* of *India*, which Country, as she is the next Neighbour to the rising Sun, in reference to this side of the Hemisphear; so the Beams of Learning did first enlighten her. *Ægypt* was the Nurse of that famous *Hermes Trismagistus*, who having no other Scale, but that of Natural Reason, mounted very high towards Heaven, for he hath very many Divine sayings, whereof I think it not impertinent to insert here a few. 1. He saith, *That all Humane Sins are Venial with the Gods, Impiety excepted.* 2. *That Goodness belongs to the Gods; Piety to Men; Revenge and Wickedness to the Devils.* 3. *That the Word is* lucens Dei filius, *The bright Son of God*, &c.

From *Ægypt*, Theorical Knowledge came down the *Nile*, and Landed at some of the *Greek* Islands, where 'twixt the 33, 34, and the 35 Century of Years after the Creation, there Flourished all those Renowned Philosophers that sway now in our Schools; *Plato* flew highest in Divine Notions; for some call him another *Moses* speaking *Athenian*. In one of his *Letters* to a Friend of his, He writes thus: *When I seriously salute thee, I begin my* Letter *with one God: when otherwise, with many.* His Scholar *Aristotle* commended himself at his Death, to the *Being of Beings:* And *Socrates* may be said to be a Martyr, for the first Person of the *Trinity*. These great Secretaries of Nature, by studying the vast Volume of the World, came by main Strength of Reason, to the knowledge of one Deity, or *primus motor*; and of his Attributes, they found by undeniable Consequences, That he was *Infinite, Eternal, Ubiquitary, Omnipotent, and not capable of a Definition*; which made the Philosopher, being commanded by his King to Define God, to ask the respire of a day to meditate thereon, then two, then four: At last, he ingeniously confessed, that the more he thought to dive into this Mistery, the more he was *ingulph'd in the Speculation of it*: for the Quiddity and Essence of the incomprehensible Creator, cannot imprint any formal Conception upon the Finite Intellect of the Creature. To this I might refer the Altar which Saint *Paul* found among the *Greeks*, with this Inscription, τῷ ἀγνώστῳ θεῷ *To the unknown God.*

From the *Greek* Isles, Philosophy came to *Italy*; thence to this Western World among the *Druides*, whereof those of this Isle were most Celebrous, for we read that the *Gauls* (now the *French*) came to *Brittany* in great Numbers, to be instructed by them. The

Romans were mighty great Zealots in their *Idolatry*, and their beſt Authors affirm, That they extended their Monarchy ſo far and near, by a particular Reference they had of their Gods, (which the *Spaniard* ſeems now to imitate) though thoſe Gods of theirs were made of Men, and of good Fellows at firſt; Beſides, in the Courſe of their Conqueſt, they adopted any ſtrange Gods to the Society of theirs; and brought them ſolemnly to *Rome*, and the reaſon one ſaith, was, That they believed, the more Gods they had, the ſafer they were, a few being not ſufficient to Conſerve, and Protect ſo great an Empire. The *Roman Gentiles* had their Altars and Sacrifices, their Arch-flamins, and Veſtal Nuns: And it ſeems the ſame Genius Reigns ſtill in them, for in the Primitive Church, that which the *Pagans* miſliked moſt in Chriſtianity, was, That it had not the Face and Form of a Religion, in regard it had no Oblations, Altars, and Images, which may be a good reaſon why the Sacrifice of the Maſs and other Ceremonies were firſt inſtituted to allure the *Gentiles* to Chriſtianity. But to return a little further to our former Subject, in the Condition that Mankind ſtands now, if the Globe of the Earth were divided to Thirty parts, 'tis thought that *Idolaters* (with horror I ſpeak it) having as I ſaid before, the one half of *Aſia* and *Afric*, both for the In-land Country, and Maritime Coaſts, with four parts of five in *America*, inhabit twenty parts of thoſe Regions that are already found out upon Earth; beſides, in the Opinion of the knowing and moſt Inquiſitive Mathematicians, there is toward the *Southern* Clime as much Land yet undiſcovered, as may equal in dimenſion the late new World, in regard, as they hold there muſt be of neceſſity ſuch a portion of Earth to ballance the Centre on all ſides, and 'tis more than probable, that the Inhabitants there muſt be *Pagans*. Of all kind of *Idolaters*, thoſe are the horrideſt, who adore the Devil, whom they call *Tantara*, who appears often unto them, 'ſpecially in a *Haraucane*, though he be not viſible to others; In ſome places they Worſhip both God and the Devil: the one, that he may do them good; the other, that he may do them no hurt; the firſt they call *Tantum*, the other *Squantum*. 'Twere preſumption beyond that of *Lucifer*'s or *Adam*'s, for Man to cenſure the Juſtice of the Creator in this particular, why he makes daily ſuch innumerable Veſſels of Diſhonour. It is a wiſer and ſafer Courſe far to ſit down in an humble Admiration, and cry out, Oh the profound inſcrutable Judgments of God! his ways are paſt finding out, and ſo to acknowledge with the Devine Philoſopher, *Quod oculus vespertilionis ad ſolem, idem eſt omnis intellectus humanus & Deum*: What the Eye of a Bat is to the Sun, the ſame is all Humane Underſtanding to God-wards.

Now to draw to a concluſion, touching the reſpective largeneſs

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of Christianity and Mahometism upon the Earth: I find the first to exceed, taking the new World with the old, considering the spacious Plantations of the *Spaniard* in *America*, the Colonies the *English* have there in *Virginia*, *New-England*, and *Charibbi* Islands; with those of the *French* in *Canada*, and of the *Hollander* in *East-India*: Nor do I find that there is any Region purely *Mahometan*, without intermixtures, as Christianity hath many, which makes me to be of a differing Opinion to that Gentleman, who held, That Christianity added little to the general Religion of *Mankind*.

Now touching the Latitude of Christian Faith in reference to the differing Professors thereof, as in my former I shew'd that the *Eastern* Churches were more spacious than the *Latine* or *Roman* (excepting the two *Indies*.) So they who have fallen off from her, in the *Western* parts, are not so far inferiour to her in *Europe*, as some would make one believe, which will appear, if we cast them in Counterballance.

Among the *Roman Catholicks*, there is the Emperor, and in him the King of *Hungary*; the three Kings of *Spain*, *France*, and *Poland*; *Italy*, the Dukes of *Savoy*, *Bavaria*, and *Lorain*, the three Spiritual Electors, with some few more: Touching them who have renounc'd all Obedience to *Rome*; there are the three Kings of Great *Britain*, *Denmark* and *Swethland*, the Duke of *Saxon*, *Holstein*, and *Wittemberg*; the Marquis of *Brandenburgh*, and *Baden*, the Landgrave of *Hesse*, most of the *Hanseatic* Towns, which are 88 in Number, some whereof are equal to Republiques, the (almost) Seven Provinces the *Hollander* hath; the five Cantons of *Swiß* and *Genova*. They of *France*, who are reputed the fifth part of the Kingdom, the Prince of *Transylvania*; They of *Hungary*, and of the large Kingdom of *Bohemia*, of the Marchiats of *Lusatia*, *Moravia*, and the Dukedom of *Silesia*; As also they have the huge Kingdom of *Poland*, wherein Protestants are diffus'd through all quarters in great Numbers, having in every Province their publick Churches and Congregations, orderly severed and bounded with Dioceses; whence are sent some of the chiefest and most principle Men of worth, unto their general Synods: For although there are divers sorts of these *Polonian Protestants*, some embracing the *Waldensian*, or the *Bohemic*, others the *Augustane*, and some the *Helvitian* Confession; yet they all concur in opposition to the *Roman* Church, as also they of the *Anglican*, *Scotican*, *Gallic*, *Argentine*, *Saxonick*, *Wirtenbergick*, *Palatin*, and *Belgick* Confessions: They also harmoniously symbolize in the principal Articles of Faith, and which mainly concern Eternal Salvation, as in the infallible Verity and full sufficiency of the Scriptures, Devine Essence, and Unity of the Everlasting God-Head; the sacred Trinity of the Three Glorious Persons, the Blessed Incarnation of Christ, the Omnipotent Pro-

vidence of God, the Abſolute Supream Head of the Church, Chriſt himſelf, Juſtification by Faith through his Merits; and touching the nature of lively faith, repentance, regeneration, and ſanctification, the difference between the Law and the Goſpel, touching free-will, ſin, and good works, the Sacraments, their number, uſe and efficacy, the marks of the Church, the Reſurrection and ſtate of Souls deceaſed; it may ſeem a rambling wild ſpeech at firſt view, of one who ſaid, *That to make one a complete Chriſtian, he muſt have the works of a Papiſt, the words of a Puritan, and the Faith of a Proteſtant*; yet this wiſh if well expounded may bear a good ſenſe, which were unfitting for me to give, you being better able to put a gloſs upon it your ſelf.

Thus learned Sir, have I exercis'd my pen, according to my ſmall proportion of knowledge and converſation with books, men, and maps, to obey your deſire, though in compariſon of your ſpacious literature, I have held all this while but a candle to the Sun, yet by the light of this ſmall candle, you may ſee how ready I am to ſhew my ſelf

Your very humble and affectionate Servitor,

Weſtmin. 25 Aug. 1635.

J. H.

XII.

To Mr. T. W.

Sir,

I Am heartily glad you have prevail'd ſo far with my Lady your Mother, as to have leave to Travel a while; and now that you are bound for *France* and *Italy*, let me give you this Caution, *To take heed of a ſpeedy Friend in the firſt, and of a ſlow Enemy in the ſecond.* The Courteſies of an *Italian*, if you ſuſpect him jealous of you, are dangerous, and ſo are his Complements; he will tell you, that he kiſſeth your Hand a thouſand times over, when he wiſheth them both cut off.

The *French* are a free and debonnaire acoſtable People, both Men and Women: Among the one, at firſt entrance, one may have Acquaintance; and at firſt Acquaintance, one may have Entrance: For the other, whereas the old Rule was, That there could be no true Friendſhip without Commeſſation of a Buſhel of Salt; one may have enough there, before he eat a ſpoonful with them. I like that Friendſhip, which by ſoft gentle Pauſes, ſteals upon the Affection, and grows Mellow with Time, by reciprocal Offices and Trials of Love, that Friendſhip is like to laſt long, and never ſhrink in the Wetting.

So

So hoping to enjoy you before you go, and to give you a Friendly Foy, I reſt

Your moſt Affectionate
Weſtmin. 28 Feb. *Servitor,*
1634. J. H.

XIII.

To Sir Tho. Hawk, *Knight.*

Sir,

I Was invited yeſternight, to a ſolemn Supper, by *B. J.* where you were deeply remembred; there was good Company, excellent Chear, choice Wines, and jovial welcome; one thing interven'd, which almoſt ſpoil'd the Reliſh of the reſt, that *B.* began to engroſs all the Diſcourſe, to Vapour extreamly of himſelf, and by villifying others to magnifie his own *Muſe*. *T. C.* buz'd me in the Ear, that though *B* had barrell'd up a great deal of Knowledge; yet, it ſeems, he had not read the *Ethiques*, which among other Precepts of Morality forbid ſelf-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favour'd Soleciſm in good manners. It made me think upon the Lady, (not very young) who having a good while given her Gueſts near Entertainment; a Capon being brought upon the Table, inſtead of a Spoon, ſhe took a mouthful of Claret, and ſpouted it into the Poop of the hollow Bird; ſuch an accident happen'd in this Entertainment, you know ——— *Propria laus ſordet in ore*; *Be a Mans Breath never ſo ſweet, yet it makes ones Praiſes ſlink, if he makes his own Mouth the Conduit-Pipe of it:* But for my part, I am content to diſpence with the *Roman* Infirmity of *B.* now that time hath ſnowed upon his *Pericranium*. You know *Ovid*, and (your) *Horace* were ſubject to his Humour, the firſt burſting out into.

Famq; opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.

The other into,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

As alſo *Cicero*, while he forc'd himſelf into this Exameter, *O fortunatum natam me conſule Romam!* There is another reaſon that excuſeth *B.* which is, That if one be allowed to love the Natural Iſſue of his Body, why not that of the Brain, which is of a ſpiritual, and more noble Extraction? I preſerve your Manuſcripts ſafe for you, till you return to *London*. What News the Times afford, this Bearer will impart unto you. So I am,

Sir,

Weſtmin. 5 Apr. *Your very humble, and moſt*
1636. *faithful Servitor,* J. H.

XIV.

To my Couſin Mr. J. P. *at* Graveſerd.

Couſin,

GOD ſend you a good Paſſage to *Holland*, and the World to your Mind, when you are there: Now that you intend to trail a Pike, and make profeſſion of Arms, let me give you this Caveat, that nothing muſt be more precious to you than your Reputation; As I know you have a Spirit not to receive wrong, ſo you muſt be careful not to offer any, for the one is as baſe as the other; your Pulſe will be quickly felt, and trial made what mettle you are made of, after your coming; If you get but once handſomly off, you are made ever after; for you will be free from all Baffles and Affronts *He that hath once got the Fame of an early riſer, may ſleep till Noon:* Therefore be wondrous wary of your firſt Comportments, get once a good Name, and be very tender of it afterwards, for 'tis like *Venice-Glaſs quickly crack'd, never to be mended, patch'd it may be*; To this purpoſe take along with you this Fable: It happen'd that *Fire*, *Water*, and *Fame*, went to Travel together (as you are gowing now) they conſulted, that if they loſt one another, how they might be retreev'd and met again; *Fire* ſaid, *Where you ſee Smoak, there you ſhall find me*; *Water* ſaid, *Where you ſee Marſh and Mooriſh low Ground, there you ſhall find me*; but *Fame* ſaid, *Take heed how you loſe me, for if you do, you will run a great hazzard never to meet me again, there's no retreeving of me.*

It imports you alſo to conform your ſelf to your Commanders, and ſo you may more confidently demand Obedience, when you come to Command your ſelf, as I doubt not but you may do in a ſmall time. The *Hoghen Moghen* are very exact in their Polemical Government; their Pay is ſure, though ſmall, 4 s. *a week being too little a Hire*, as one ſaid, *to kill Men.* At your return I hope you will give a better Account of your Doings, than he who being ask'd what Exploits he had done in the *Low-Countries*, anſwered, That he had cut off a *Spaniard*'s Legs. Reply being made, That that was no great Matter, it had been ſomething if he had cut off his Head: *O*, ſaid he, *You muſt conſider his Head was off before.* Excuſe me that I take my leave of you ſo pleaſantly, but I know you will take any thing in good part from him, who is ſo much

Weſtmin. 3 Aug. 1634. *Your truly Affectionate Couſin,* J. H.

XV. *To*

XV.

To Capt. B.

Much endeared Sir,

THere is a true ſaying, That the Spectator oft-times ſees more than the Gameſter; I find that you have a very hazardous Game in hand, therefore give it up, and do not vie a Farthing upon't: Though you be already imbarqu'd, yet there's time enough to ſtrike Sail, and make again to the Port, otherwiſe, 'tis no hard matter to be a Prophet, what will become of you; there be ſo many ill-favoured Quickſands, and Rocks in the way, (as I have it from a good hand) that one may eaſily take a Proſpect of your Shipwrack, if you go on; therefore deſiſt as you regard your own ſafety, and the ſeaſonable Advice of your

Weſtmin. 1 May. 1635. J. H.

XVI.

To Mr. T. W. *at his Chamber in the* Temple.

Sir,

YOU have much ſtrengthned that Knot of Love which hath been ſo long tied between us, by thoſe choice Manuſcripts you ſent me lately, amongſt which I find divers rare Pieces, but that which afforded me moſt entertainment in thoſe Miſcellanies, was, Doctor *Henry King*'s Poems, wherein I find not only Heat and Strength, but alſo an exact Concinnity and Evenneſs of Fancy: They are a choice Race of Brothers, and it ſeems the ſame Genius diffuſeth it ſelf alſo among the Siſters. It was my hap to be lately where Mrs. *A. K.* was, and having a Paper of Verſes in her hand, I got it from her, they were an Epitaph, and an Anagram of her own Compoſure and Writing, which took me ſo far, that the next Morning before I was up, my rambling Fancy fell upon theſe Lines:

For the admitting of Miſtreſs *Ann King*
to be the Tenth Muſe.

Ladies of Helicon, *do not repine,*
I add one more unto your number nine,
To make it even, I among you bring,
No meaner than the Daughter of a King.

Fair Basil-Ana, *quickly pass your Voice,* Βασιλ-Α.
I know Apollo *will approve the Choice,* Anna
And gladly her install, for I could name, King.
Some of less merit, Goddesses became.

F. C. soares higher and higher every day in pursuance of his Platonic Love, but *T. Man* is out with his, you know whom, he is fallen to that Averseness to her; that he swears he had rather see a Basilisk than her. This shews, that the sweetest Wines may turn to the tartest Vinegar. No more till we meet,

Westmin 3 Feb. 1637. *Yours inviolably,* J. H.

XVII.

To the Lord C.

My Lord,

THere are two sayings, which are father'd upon Secretary *Walsingham*, and Secretary *Cecil*, a pair of the best weighed Statesmen this Island hath bred; one was used to say at the Council Table, *My Lords, stay a little, and we shall make an end the sooner*; the other would oft-times speak of himself, *it shall never be said of me, that I will defer till to morrow, what I can do to day*: At first view, these sayings seem'd to clash with one another, and to be diametrically opposite, but being rightly understood, they may be very well reconciled. Touching the first, 'Tis true, *that hast and choler are Enemies to all great Actions*; for as it is a principle in Chymistry, that *Omni festinatio est a Diabulo*, all hast comes from Hell: So in the Consultations, Contrivings, and Conduct of any Business of State, all Rashness and Precipitation comes from an ill Spirit. There cannot be a better Pattern for a grave and considerate way of deliberation, than the ancient Course of our High Court of Parliament, who when a Law is to be made, which concerns the welfare of so many thousands of Men, after a mature debate and long discussion of the point before-hand, cause the Bill to be read solemnly three times in the House e're it be transmitted to the Lords, and there also 'tis so many times canvas'd, and then presented to the Prince. That which must stand for Law, must be long stood upon, because it imposeth an Universal Obedience, and is like to be everlasting, according to the *Ciceronian* maxim, *Deliberandum est diu quod statuendum est semel*: such a kind of cunctation, advisedness, and procrastination is allowable also, in all Councels of State and War; for the day following may be able commonly to be a Master to the day passed; such a World of contingencies

gencies Humane Actions are subject unto: yet, under favour, I believe this first saying to be meant of Matters, while they are in Agitation and upon the Anvil: but when they have receiv'd form, and are resolv'd upon, I believe then nothing is so advantageous as speed. And at this, I am of Opinion, the second saying aims at: For when the Weights that use to hang to all great Businesses, are taken away; 'tis good then, to put Wings unto them, and to take the Ball before the Bound, for Expedition is the Life of Action, otherwise time may shew his bald *Occiput*, and shake his posteriors at them in derision. Among other Nations the *Spaniard* is observ'd to have much phlegm, and to be most dilatory in his proceedings; yet they who have pryed narrowly into the sequel and success of his Actions, do find that this gravity, reservedness, and tergiversations of his, have turn'd rather to his prejudice than advantage, take one time with another. The two last matrimonial Treaties we had with him, continued long, the first 'twixt *Ferdinand* and *Henry* the Seventh for *Catherine* of *Aragon* seven Years. That 'twixt King *James*, and the now *Philip* the Fourth for *Mary* of *Austria*, lasted Eleven Years (and Seven and Eleven's Eighteen) the first took effect for Prince *Arthur*; the latter miscarried for Prince *Charles*, and the *Spaniard* may thank himself, and his own slow pace for it; for had he mended his pace to perfect the work, I believe his Monarchy had not received so many ill-favour'd shocks since. The late revolt of *Portugal* was foreseen, and might have been prevented, if the *Spaniard* had not been too slow in his purpose to have sent the Duke of *Braganza* out of the way upon some employment as was projected.

Now will I reconcile the former sayings of those two Renowned Secretaries, with the gallant Comparison of *Charles* the Emperor, (and he was of a more temperate Mould than a *Spaniard*, being a *Flemin* born) he was us'd to say, That while any great business of State was yet in Consultation, we should observe the motion of *Saturn*, which is plumbeous, long and heavy; but when it is once absolutely resolved upon, then we should observe the motion of *Mercury* the nimblest of all the Planets, *Ubi desinit Saturnus, ibi incipiat Mercurius*, Whereunto I will add, that we should imitate the Mulberry, who of all Trees casts out her Buds latest, for she doth it not till all the cold Weather be passed, and then she is sure they cannot be nipped, but then she shoots them all out in one Night; so though she be one way the slowest, she is another way the nimblest of all Trees.

Quo. cum Strepitu. As *Pliny* saith.

Thus have I obeyed your Lordship's Command in expounding the Sense of these two sayings, According to my mean apprehension; but this Exposition relates only to public Affairs, and Political

cal Negotiations, wherein your Lordſhip is ſo excellently Verſed, I ſhall moſt willingly conform to any other Injunctions of your Lordſhips, and eſteem them always as Favours, while I am

Weſtmin. 5 Sept. 1633. J. H.

XVIII.

To Sir J. Brown, *Knight.*

Sir,

ONE would think that the utter falling off of *Catalonia*, and *Portugal* in ſo ſhort a compaſs of time, ſhould much leſſen the *Spaniard*, the People of both theſe Kingdoms being from Subjects become Enemies againſt him, and in actual Hoſtility: without doubt it hath done ſo, yet not ſo much as the World imagines. 'Tis true in point of Regal Power, and divers brave ſubordinate Commands for his Servants, he is a great deal leſſened thereby, but though he be leſs powerful, he is not a Penny poorer rhereby, for there comes not a Farthing leſs every year into his Exchequer, in regard that thoſe Countries were rather a Charge than Benefit unto him, all their Revenue being drunk up in Penſions, and Payments of Officers and Gariſons; for if the King of *Spain* had loſt all except the *Weſt-Indies*, and all *Spain*, except *Caſtile* her ſelf, it would little diminiſh his Treaſury; touching *Catalonia* and *Portugal*, 'ſpecially the latter, 'tis true, they were mighty Members of the *Caſtilian* Monarchy, but I believe they will ſooner want *Caſtile*, than *Caſtile* them, becauſe ſhe fill'd them with Treaſure; now that *Barcelona* and *Lisbon* hath ſhaken hands with *Sevill*, I do not think that either of them hath the Tithe of that Treaſure they had before; in regard the one was the *Scale* whereby the King of *Spain* ſent his Money to *Italy*; the other becauſe all her *Eaſt-India* Commodities were batter'd commonly in *Andaluzia* and elſewhere for *Bullion*; *Catalonia* is fed with Mony from *France*, but for *Portugal* ſhe hath little or none; therefore I do not ſee how ſhe could ſupport a War long to any purpoſe, if *Caſtile* were quiet, unleſs Souldiers would be contented to take *Cloves and Pepper-corns for Pattacons and Piſtols*. You know Mony is the Sinew and Soul of War: This makes me think on that blunt Anſwer which Captain *Talbot* return'd *Hen.* the 8. from *Calais*, who having received ſpecial Command from the King to erect a new Fort at the Water-Gate, and to ſee the Town well Fortified, ſent him word, *That he could neither Fortifie nor Fiftifie without Mony*. There is no News at all ſtirring here now, and I am of the *Italian*'s Mind, that ſaid, *Nulla*

nuova,

nuova, buona nuova; No News, good News. But it were great News to ſee you here, whence you have been an Alien ſo long to.

Holbourn, 3 June, 1640. *Your moſt Affectionate Friend*, J. H.

XIX.

To Captain C. Price.

Couſin,

YOU have put me upon ſuch an old intricate piece of buſineſs, that I think there was never the like of it. I am more puzled and entangled with it, than oft-times I uſe to be with my Band-ſtrings, when I go haſtily to Bed, and want ſuch a fair Femal hand as you have to unty them. I muſt impute all this to be the peeviſh humour of the People I deal withal. I find it true now, that one of the greateſt Tortures that can be in the Negotiation of the World is, To have to do with perverſe irrational half-wittied Men, and to be worded to Death by Non-ſence; beſides, as much Brain as they have, is as full of Scruples, as a Bur is of Prickles, which is a quality incipent to all thoſe, that have their Heads lightly ballaſted, for they are like Buys in a barr'd Port, weaving perpetually up and down. The Father is ſcrupulous of the Son, the Son of the Siſters, and all three of me, to whoſe award they referr'd the buſineſs three ſeveral times: It is as hard a task to reconcile the Fanes of St. *Sepulchers* Steeple, which never look'd all four upon one point of the Heavens, as to reduce them to any conformity of Reaſon; I never remember to have met with Father and Children, or Children among themſelves of a more differing Genius and Contrariety of Humours, inſomuch, that there cannot be a more pregnant inſtance to prove that humane Souls come not Extraduce, and by ſeminal Production from the Parents. For my part, I intend to ſpend my Breath no longer upon them, but to waſh my Hands quite of the buſineſs, and ſo I would wiſh you to do, unleſs you love to walk in a Laberinth of Bryars; ſo expecting with impatience your return to *London*, I reſt

Your moſt faithful Servitor,

Weſtmin. 27 Apr. 1632. J. H.

XX. *To*

XX.

To my Couſin Mr. J. P. *at* Lincolns-Inn.

Couſin,

THE laſt week you ſent me word, that you were ſo cramp'd with Buſineſs, that you could not put Pen to Paper: If you write not this week, I ſhall fear you are not only cramp'd but cripled; at leaſt I ſhall think you are cramp'd in your Affection rather than your Fingers, and that you have forgot how once it was my good Fortune to preſerve you from drowning, when the cramp took you in St. *John*'s Pool at *Oxford*. The Cramp, as I take it, is a ſudden Convulſion of the Nerves. For my part, the Ligaments and Sinews of my Love to you, have been ſo ſtrong, that they were never yet ſubject to ſuch ſpaſmatical Shrinkings and Convulſions. Now, *Letters* are the very Nerves and Arteries of Friendſhip; Nay, they are the Vital Spirits and Elixar of Love, which in caſe of diſtance and long abſence, would be in hazard to languiſh, and quite moulder away without them. Amongſt the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, 'tis held one of the greateſt Soleciſms that can be in good manners, not to anſwer a *Letter* with like Civility, by this they uſe to diſtinguiſh a Gentleman from a Clown; beſides, they hold it one of the moſt Vertuous ways to employ time. I am the more covetous of a punctual Correſpondence with you in this point, becauſe I commonly gain by your *Letters*; your Stile is ſo Polite, your Expreſſions ſo Gallant, and your Lines interſpers'd with ſuch dainty Flowers of Poetry and Philoſophy. I underſtand there is a very able Doctor that reads the Anatomy Lecture this Term; if *Ployden* will diſpence with you, you cannot ſpend your hours better than to hear him. So I end for this time, being cramp'd for want of more matter, and reſt

Weſtmin. 3 July, 1631. *Your moſt Affectionate loving Couſin*, J. H.

XXI.

To my Nephew J. P. *at St.* Johns *in* Oxford.

Nephew,

I Had from you lately, two *Letters*, the laſt was well freighted with very good Stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not ſo; There was as much difference between them, as 'twixt a *Scotch-Pedlar*'s Pack in *Poland*, and the Magazine of an *Engliſh* Merchant in *Naples*; the one being uſually full of Taffity, Silks,

Silks, and Sattins; the other of Callicoes, Thred-Ribbands, and ſuch Poldavy Ware: I perceive you have good Commodities to Vent, if you take the pains: Your Trifles and Bagatels are ill beſtowed upon me, therefore hereafter, I pray let me have of your beſt ſort of Wares: I am glad to find that you have ſtor'd up ſo much already; you are in the beſt Mart in the World to improve them; which I hope you daily do, and I doubt not when the time of your Apprentiſhip there, is expir'd, but you will find a good Market to expoſe them for your own and the publick benefit abroad. I have ſent you the Philoſophy Books you write to me for; any thing that you want of this kind for the advancement of your Studies, do but write, and I ſhall furniſh you: When I was a Student as you are, my Practice was to borrow, rather than buy ſome ſorts of Books, and to be always punctual in reſtoring them upon the day aſſign'd, and in the interim to ſwallow of them, as much as made for my turn; this oblig'd me to read them thorow with more haſt to keep my word, whereas I had not been ſo careful to peruſe them, had they been my own Books, which I knew were always ready at my diſpoſe. I thank you heartily for your laſt *Letter*, in regard I found it ſmelt of the Lamp, I pray let your next do ſo, and the Oyl and Labour ſhall not be loſt, which you expend upon

Your aſſured loving Uncle,

Weſtmin. 1 Aug. 1633. J. H.

XXII.

To Sir Tho. Haw.

Sir,

I Thank you a thouſand times for the choice Stanza's you pleas'd to ſend me lately: I find that you were throughly heated, that you were inſpir'd with a true Enthuſiaſm, when you compos'd them; And whereas others uſe to flutter in the lower Region, your Muſe ſoars up to the upper, and tranſcending that too, takes her flight among the Celeſtial Bodies to find a Fancy: Your deſires, I ſhould do ſomething upon the ſame Subject, I have obeyed, though I fear not ſatisfied in the following Numbers.

1. *Could I but catch thoſe beamy Rays,*
Which Phœbus *at high Noon diſplays,*
I'd ſet them on a Loom, and frame
A Scarf for Delia *of the ſame.*

2. *Could*

2. *Could I that wondrous Black come near,*
Which Cynthia, *when Eclips'd, doth wear;*
Of a new Faſhion I would trace
A Maſk thereof for Delia's *Face.*

3. *Could I but reach that Green and Blue,*
Which Iris *decks in various Hue.*
From her moiſt Bow I'd drag them down,
And make my Delia *a Summer Gown.*

4. *Could I thoſe whitely Stars go nigh,*
which make the milkly ways in Skie.
I'de poach them, and at Moon-ſhine dreſs,
To make my Delia *a curious Meſs.*

5. *Thus would I Diet, thus Attire,*
My Delia *Queen of Hearts and Fire;*
She ſhould have every thing Divine,
That would befit a Seraphin.
And 'cauſe ungirt unbleſs'd we find,
One of the Zones *her Waſt ſhould bind.*

They are of the ſame Cadence as yours, and Airable. So I am

Weſtmin. 5 Sept. 1632. *Your Servitor,* J. H.

XXIII.

To the Right Hon. the Lady Eliz. Digby.

Madam,

IT is no improper Compariſon, that a thankful Heart is like a Box of precious Oyntment, which keeps the ſmell long after the thing is ſpent: Madam, (without Vanity be it ſpoken) ſuch is my Heart to you, and ſuch are your Favours to me, the ſtrong Aromatic Odor they carried with them, diffus'd it ſelf through all the Veins of my Heart, 'ſpecially through the left Ventricle, where the moſt Illuſtrious Blood lyes; ſo that the Perfume of them remains ſtill freſh within me, and is like to do, while that Triangle of Fleſh dilates and ſhuts it ſelf within my Breſt; nor doth this Perfume ſtay there, but as all ſmells naturally rend upwards, it hath aſcended to my Brain, and ſweetned all the Cells thereof, 'ſpecially the Memory, which may be ſaid to be the Cabinet alſo to preſerve Courteſie;

Courteſies; for though the Heart be the Box of *Love*, the Memory is the Box of Laſtingneſs; the one may be term'd the *Source*, whence the motions of Gratitude flow; the other the *Ciſtern* that keeps them.

But your Ladyſhip will ſay, Theſe are words only; I confeſs it, 'tis but a Verbal acknowledgment: But, Madam, if I were made happy with an Opportunity, you ſhould quickly find theſe Words turn'd to Actions, either to go, to run, or ride upon your Arrands; In expectation of ſuch a favourable Occaſion, I reſt

Madam, *Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble and*

Weſt. 5 Aug. *enchained Servitor*, J. H.

XXIV.

To Sir J. B.

Noble Sir,

THat old Opinion the Jew and Turk have of Women, That they are of an inferiour Creation to Man, and therefore exclude them; the one from their *Synagogues*, the other from their *Meſkids*, is in my Judgment not only partial, but profane: For the Image of the Creator ſhines as clearly in the one, as in the other, and I believe there are as many Female-Saints in Heaven, as Male, unleſs you could make me adhere to the Opinion that Women muſt be all Maſculine, before they be capable to be made Angels of. Add hereunto, that there went better, and more refined ſtuff to the Creation of Woman, than Man. 'Tis true, 'twas a weak part in *Eve*, to yield to the ſeducement of Satan, but it was a weaker thing in *Adam* to ſuffer himſelf to be tempted by *Eve*, being the weaker Veſſel.

The ancient Philoſophers had a better Opinion of that Sex, for they aſcribed all Sciences to the *Muſes*, all Sweetneſs and Morality to the *Graces*, and Prophetic Inſpirations to the *Sybills*. In my ſmall revolving of Authors, I find as high examples of Vertue in Women, as in Men; I could produce here a whole Regiment of them, but that a *Letter* is too narrow a Field to muſter them in; I muſt confeſs, there are alſo Counter inſtances of this kind: If Q. *Zenobia* was ſuch a preciſe pattern of Continency, that after the Act of Conception, ſhe would know her Husband no more all the time of her Pregnancy, till ſhe had been deliver'd; there is another example of a *Roman* Empreſs, that when ſhe found the Veſſel fraughted, would take in all Paſſengers, when the Barn was full, any one might Threſh in the Haggard, but not till then, for fear the right Father ſhould be diſcovered by the Countenance of the Child. But what need I go ſo far off, to rake the Aſhes of the Dead?

Dead? There are living Examples enough, *Pro* and *Con* of both Sexes, yet, Women being (as I ſaid before) the weaker Veſſel, her failings are more venial than thoſe of Man, though Man indeed being more converſant with the World, and meeting more Opportunities abroad, (and Opportunity is the greateſt Bawd) of falling into infirmities, as he follows his worldly Negotiations, may on the 'tother ſide be judg'd the more excuſable.

But you are far fitter then I, to diſcourſe of this Subject, being better vers'd in the Theory of Women, having had a moſt Vertuous Lady of your own before, and being now link'd to another. I wiſh a thouſand Benedictions may fall upon this your ſecond Choice, and that —— *tam bona ſit quam bona prima fuit.* This Option ſhall be my concluſion for the preſent, whereunto I add that I am in no vulgar degree of Affection

Your moſt humble, and faithful
Weſtmin. 5 Aug. 1632. *Servitor*, J. H.

XXV.
To Mr. P. W.

Sir,

THere are two things which add much to the merit of Courteſies, viz. *Chearfulneſs* and *Speed*, and the contraries of theſe, leſſen the Value of them; that which hangs long 'twixt the Fingers, and is done with difficulty and a ſullen ſupercilious look, makes the Obligation of the Receivers nothing ſo ſtrong, or the Memory of the Kindneſs half ſo grateful: The beſt thing the Gods themſelves lik'd of in the Entertainments they received of theſe poor Wretches *Baucis* and *Philemon*, was open hearty looks.

——— *Super omnia vultus,*
Acceſſere boni. ———

A clear unclouded Countenance makes a Cottage appear like a Caſtle in point of Hoſpitality, but a Beetle-brow'd ſullen Face, makes a Palace as ſmoaky as an *Iriſh* Hut. There is a mode in giving Entertainment, and doing any Courteſie elſe, which trebly binds the Receiver to an acknowledgment, and makes the Remembrance of it more acceptable. I have known two Lord High Treaſurers of *England*, of quite contrary humours, one ſucceſſively after the other; the one though he did the Suitors buſineſs, yet he went murmuring; the other though he did it not, was us'd to diſmiſs the party with ſome ſatisfaction. 'Tis true, Money is welcome, though it be in a dirty Clout, but 'tis far more acceptable if it come in a Handkercher. Sir,

Sir, you may ſit in the Chair, and read Lectures of Morality to all Man-kind in this Point. You have ſuch a dexterous diſcreet way to handle Suiters in that troubleſom Office of yours, wherein as you have already purchaſed much; I wiſh you all increaſe of Honour and Happineſs,

Your humble and obliged
Servitor, J. H.

XXVI.

To Mr. F. Coll. *at* Nalpes.

Sir,

THIS confeſs'd I have offended by my over long Silence, and abus'd our Maiden Friendſhip. I appear before you now in this white Sheet to do Penance: Pray in your next ſend me an Abſolution: Abſolutions they ſay are as cheap in that Town, as Curteſans; whereof 'twas ſaid there were 20000. on the common Liſt: when I was there, at which time I remember one told me a Tale of a *Calabrian* who had bugger'd a Goat; and having bought an Abſolution of his Confeſſor, he was ask'd by a Friend, what it coſt him, he anſwered, I procur'd it for four Piſtolets, and for the other odd one, I think I might have had a diſpenſation to have married the Beaſt.

I thank you for the exact Relation you ſent me of the fearful Earthquakes and Fires which hapned lately in that Country; and particularly about *Veſuvius*. It ſeems the huge Giant whom the Poets ſay, was hurl'd under the vaſt Mountain by the Gods, for thinking to ſcale Heaven; had a mind to turn from one ſide to the other, which he uſeth to do at the Revolution of every hundred Years; and ſtirring his Body by that Action, he was taken with a fit of the Cough, which made the Hill ſhake, and belch out Fire in this hideous manner. But to repay you in the like Coin, they ſend us ſtranger News from *Lisbon*, for they write of a ſpick and ſpan new Iſland, that hath peep'd up out of the *Atlantick* Sea, near the *Tarceras*, which never appear'd before, ſince the Creation; and begins to be peepled already: Methinks the King of *Spain* needs no more Countries, he hath too many already, unleſs they were better united. All your Friends here, are well, and mind you often in Town and Country, as doth

Weſtmin. 7. April, 1629.

Your true conſtant
Servitor,

XXVII.

To Mr. T. Lucy *in* Venice.

Sir,

YOur laſt you ſent me, was from *Genoa*, where you write that *gli mariti ingravidanolor moglie cento miglia lantano*, Husbands get their Wives with Child a hundred Miles off. 'Tis a great Vertue, I confeſs, but 'tis nothing to what our *East-India* Mariners can do here, becauſe they can do ſo, forty times further; ſo though their Wives be at *Ratcliff*, and they at the *Red-Sea*, though they be at *Madagaſcar*, the *Mogols* Court, or *Japan*; yet they uſe to get their Wives Bellies up here about *London*, a ſtrange Vertue at ſuch a huge Diſtance; but I believe the Active part is in the Wives and the Husbands are meerly paſſive, which makes them among other Wares to bring home with them a ſort of precious Horns, the Powder whereof, could one get ſome of it, would be of an invaluable Vertue. This Operation of our *Indian* Mariner, at ſuch a diſtance, is more Admirable, in my Judgment, than that of the Weapon-Salve the *unguentum armarium*, for that can do no good, unleſs the Surgeon have the Inſtrument, and Blood, but this is done without both, for the Husband contributes neither of them.

You are now, I preſume, in *Venice*, there alſo ſuch things are done by Proxy; while the Husband is abroad upon the Gallies, there be others that ſhoot his Gulf at home. You are now in a place, where you may feed all your Senſes very Cheap; I allow you the pleaſing of your Eye, your Ear, your Smell, and Taſt, but take heed of being too indulgent of the fifth Senſe. The Poets feign that *Venus* the Goddeſs of Pleaſure, and therefore call'd *Aprodite*, was ingendred of the Froth of the Sea, (which makes Fiſh more falacious commonly, than Fleſh) it is not improbable that ſhe was got and coagulated of that Foam, which *Neptune* uſeth to diſgorge upon thoſe pretty Iſlands, whereon that City ſtands. My Lady *Miller* commends her kindly unto you, and ſhe deſires you to ſend her a compleat Cupboard, of the beſt Cryſtal Glaſſes *Murano* can afford, by the next Shipping; beſides, ſhe entreats you to ſend her a Pot of Methridate, and ſo much of Treacle.

All your Friends here, are well, and jovial; *T. T.* drank your Health yeſternight, and wiſh'd you could ſend him a handſome *Venetian Courtiſan* inclos'd in a *Letter*, he would willingly be at the Charge of the Poſtage, which he thinks would not be much for ſuch a light Commodity. Farewel my dear *Tom*, have a care of your Courſes, and continue to love him who is

Weſt. 25 Jan. 1635. *Yours to the Alter,* J. H.

XXVIII. *To*

XXVIII.

To Mr. T. Jackſon, *at* Madrid.

Sir,

THough a great Sea ſevers us now, yet 'tis not all the Water of the Ocean can drown the Remembrance of you in me, but that it floats and flows daily in my Brain; I muſt confeſs (for 'tis impoſſible the Mind of Man ſhould fix it ſelf always upon one Object) it hath ſometimes its Ebbs in me, but 'tis to riſe up again with greater Force: At the Writing hereof 'twas Floud, 'twas Spring-Tide, which ſwell'd ſo high, that the Thoughts of you overwhelm'd all others within me, they ingroſs'd all my Intellectuals for the time.

You write to me fearful News, touching the revolt of the *Catalan* from *Caſtilia*, of the Tragical Murthering of the Vice-Roy, and the burning of his Houſe: Thoſe Mountaneers are mad Lads. I fear the Sparkles of this Fire will fly further, either to *Portugal* or to *Sicilia* and *Italy*, all which Countries, I obſerv'd the *Spaniard* hold, *as one would do a Wolf by the Ear*, fearing they ſhould run away ever and anon from him.

The News here, is, That *Lambeth*-Houſe bears all the ſway at *White-Hall*; and the Lord *Deputy* Kings it notably in *Ireland*: Some that loves them beſt, could wiſh them a little more Moderation.

I pray buy *Suarez*'s Works for me, of the laſt Edition; Mr. *William Pawly*, to whom I deſire my moſt hearty Commends may be preſented, will ſee it ſafely ſent by way of *Bilboa*: Your Friends here, are all well, as is thanks be to God,

Holbourn, 3. Mar. 1638. *Your true Friend to ſerve you.* J. H.

XXIX.

To Sir Edward Sa. *Knight.*

Sir Edward,

I Had a ſhrew'd Diſeaſe hung lately upon me, proceeding as the Phyſicians told me, from this long recluſed Life, and cloſe reſtraint, which had much waſted my Spirits, and brought me low: When the *Criſis* was paſt, I began to grow doubtful, that I had but a ſhort time to breath in this Elementary World; my Feaver ſtill increaſing, and finding my Soul weary of this muddy Manſion, and methought more weary of this Priſon of Fleſh, than this

Fleſh was of this Priſon of the *Fleet.* Therefore after ſome gentle Slumbers, and unuſual Dreams, about the dawnings of the Day, I had a *lucid* Interval, and I fell a thinking how to put my little houſe in Order, and to make my laſt Will. Hereupon my Thoughts ran upon *Grunnius Sophiſta*'s laſt Teſtament, who having nothing elſe to diſpoſe of but his Body; he bequeath'd all the parts thereof in Legacies, as his Skin to the Tanners, his Bones to the Dice-makers, his Guts to the Muſicians, his Fingers to the Scriveners, his Tongue to his Fellow-Sophiſters, (which were the Lawyers of thoſe times) and ſo forth: As he thus diſected his Body, ſo I thought to divide my Mind into Legacies, having as you know little of the outward Pelf and Gifts of Fortune to diſpoſe of, for never any was leſs beholden to that blind Baggage. In the higheſt degree of Theorical Contemplation, I made an intire ſacrifice of my Soul to her Maker, who by *infuſing created her, and by creating infuſed her*, to Actuate this ſmall bulk of Fleſh, with an unſhaken Confidence of the Redemption of both in my Saviour, and conſequently of the Salvation of the one, and the Reſurrection of the other: My Thoughts then reflected upon divers of my Noble Friends, and I fell to proportion unto them what Legacies I held moſt proper. I thought to bequeath unto my Lord of *Cherbery*, and Sir *K. Digby*, that little Philoſophy and Knowledge I have in the Mathematicks: My hiſtorical Obſervations and critical Reſearches I made into Antiquity, I thought to bequeath unto Dr. *Uſher*, Lord Primate of *Ireland*: My Obſervations abroad, and Inſpection into Forreign States, I thought to leave to my Lord *G. D.* My Poetry ſuch as it is, to Miſtreſs *A. K.* who I know is a great Minion of the Muſes: School-languages I thought to bequeath unto my dear Mother, the Univerſity of *Oxford*: My *Spaniſh* to Sir *Lewis Dives*, and Maſter *Endimion Porter*, for though they are great Maſters of that Language, yet it may ſtead them ſomething when they read *la picara Juſtina*: My *Italian* to the worthy Company of *Turkey* and *Levantine* Merchants, from divers of whom I have received many noble favours: My *French* to my moſt honoured Lady, the Lady *Cor*, and it may help her ſomething to underſtand *Rablais*: The little ſmattering I have in the *Dutch*, *Britiſh*, and my *Engliſh*, I did not eſteem worth the bequeathing: my Love I had bequeathed to be diffus'd among all my dear Friends, eſpecially thoſe that have ſtuck unto me in this my long Affliction; my beſt natural Affections, betwixt the Lord *B.* of *Br.* my Brother *Howell*, and my three dear Siſters, to be transferr'd by them to my Couſins their Children. This little ſackful of Bones, I thought to bequeath to *Weſtminſter*-Abbey, to be interred in the Cloyſter, within the South-ſide of the Garden, cloſe to the Wall, where I would have deſired Sir *H. F.* (my dear Friend) to have inlayed a ſmall piece of black Marble,

and

and caus'd this Motto to have been inſculped upon it, *Hucuſque peregrinus, huic domi*, or this, which I would have left to his choice, *Hucuſque Eraticus, huic fixus*; and inſtead of ſtrewing my Grave with *Flowers*, I would have deſired him to have grafted thereon ſome little *Tree* of what ſort he pleas'd, that might have taken Root downward to my Duſt, becauſe I have been always naturally affected to Woods and Groves, and thoſe kind of Vegetables, inſomuch that if there were any ſuch thing as a *Pythagorean* Metempſuchoſis. I think my Soul would tranſmigrate into ſome Tree, when ſhe bids this Body farewell.

By theſe Extravagancies and odd Chimera's of my Brain, you may well perceive that I was not well, but diſtemper'd, ſpecially in my Intellectuals; according to the *Spaniſh* proverb *ſiempre deſvarius con la calentura*, Fevers have always their fits of Dotage. Among thoſe to whom I had bequeath'd my deareſt Love, you were one, to whom I had intended a large proportion, and that Love which I would have left you then in Legacy, I ſend you now in this *Letter*, for it hath pleaſed God to reprieve me for a longer time to creep upon this Earth, and to ſee better days. I hope when this black diſmal Cloud is diſpell'd; but come ſoul or fair Weather, I ſhall be as formerly.

Fleet, 26 Mar. 1643. *Your moſt conſtant faithful Servitor*, J. H.

XXXI.

To the Right Honourable the Lady Wichts.

Madam,

SInce I was hurl'd amongſt theſe Walls, I had divers fits of melancholy, and ſuch *turbid Intervals* that uſe to attend cloſe Priſoners, who for the moſt part, have no other Companions, but confus'd Troops of wandring Cogitations: Now *Melancholy is far more fruitful of Thoughts than any other humour*, for it is like the Mud of *Nile*, which, when that *Enigmatical* vaſt River is got again to her former Bed, engendreth divers ſorts of new Creatures, and ſome kind of Monſters. My Brain in this *Fleet* hath been often thus overwhelm'd, yet I never found it ſo muddy, nor the Region of my Mind ſo much clouded, as it was lately after notice had of the ſad tidings of Maſter *Controuler*'s Death: The news hereof ſtruck ſuch a damp into me, that for ſome ſpace methought, the very pulſe of my Bloud, and the motions of my Heart were at a ſtand; for I was ſurpriz'd with ſuch a Conſternation, that I felt no pulſations in the one, or palpitations in the other. Well, *Madam*, he was a brave ſolid wiſe Man, of a Noble free Diſpoſition, and ſo great

Controuler of his Paſſions, he was always at home within himſelf; yet, I much fear, that the Senſe of theſe unhappy Times made too deep Impreſſions in him.

Truly, *Madam*, I lov'd and honour'd him in ſuch a perfection, that my Heart ſhall wear a broad black Ribband for him while I live, as long as I have a retentive faculty to remember any thing, his memory ſhall be freſh with me.

But the truth is, that if the advantagious exchange which he hath made were well conſidered, no Friend of his ſhould be ſorry; for in lieu of a *White Staffe* in an Earthly Court, he hath got a *Scepter* of Immortality: He that had been Embaſſador at the *Port* to the greateſt Monarch upon Earth, where he reſided ſo many Years an honour to his King and Country; is now arriv'd at a far more glorious *Port* than that of *Conſtantinople*, though (as I intimated before) I fear that this boiſterous Weather hath blown him thither before his time. God Almighty give your Lordſhip patience for ſo great a loſs, and comfort in your hopeful iſſue; with this Prayer I conclude my ſelf,

Madam,

From the Fleet, April, 15. *Your Ladiſhips moſt humble and ſorrowful Servant*, J. H.

XXXII.

To Mr. E. S. *Councellor, at the* Middle-Temple.

Sir,

I Had yours this Morning, and I thank you for the News you ſend me, that divers of my Fellow-Sufferers are enlarg'd out of *Lambeth*, *Wincheſter*, *London*, and *Ely*-Houſe: Whereunto I may anſwer you, as the *Cheap-ſide* Porter did one that related Court-News unto him, how ſuch a one was made L. *Treaſurer*, another *Chancellor* of the Exchequer, another was made an *Earl*, another ſworn Privy Councellor: I, ſaid he, yet I am but a Porter ſtill: So I may ſay, I am but a Priſoner ſtill, notwithſtanding the Releaſement of ſo many. Miſtake me not, as if I repin'd hereby at any ones Liberty; for I could heartily wiſh that I were the onely Martyr in this kind, that I were the Figure of the one with never a Cypher after it, as God wot there are too many: I could wiſh that as I am the leaſt in value, I were the laſt in number. A day may come, that a favourable wind may blow, that I may launch alſo out of this Fleet: In the mean time, and always after I am

Fleet, 1 Feb. 1645. *Your true and conſtant Servitor*, J. H.

XXXIII.

To Mr. R. B. *at* Ipſwich.

Gentle Sir,

I Value at a high rate, the ſundry Reſpects you have been pleas'd to ſhew me; for as you oblig'd me before by your Viſits, ſo you have much endear d your ſelf unto me ſince, by your late Letter of the 11th Current: Believe it, Sir, the leaſt ſcruple of your Love is not loſt, (becauſe I perceive it proceeds from the pure Motions of Vertue) but return'd to you in the ſame full proportion: But what you pleaſe to aſcribe unto me in point of merit, I dare not own; you look upon me through the wrong end of the Proſpective, or rather through a multiplying Glaſs, which makes the Object appear far bigger than it is in real Dimenſions; ſuch Glaſſes as Anotamiſts uſe in the diſſection of Bodies, which can make a Flea look like a Cow, or a Fly as big as a Vulture.

I preſume you are conſtant in your deſire to travel, if you intend it at all; you cannot do it in a better time, there being little Comfort, God wot, to breath Engliſh Air, as matters are carried: I ſhall be glad to ſteed you in any thing that may tend to your advantage; for to tell you truly, I take much contentment in this inchoation of Friendſhip, to improve and perfect which I ſhall lye centinel to apprehend all occaſions.

If you meet Maſter *R. Brownrigg* in the Country, I pray preſent my very kind reſpects unto him, for I profeſs my ſelf to be both his, and

Fleet, 14. Aug. 1646. *Your moſt affectionate Servitor,* J. H.

XXXIV.

To Cap. C. Price, *Priſoner at Coventry.*

Couſin,

YOU, whom I held always as my ſecond ſelf in Affection, are now ſo in Affliction, being in the ſame *predicament* of Sufferance, though not in the ſame *Priſon* as I. There is nothing ſweeteneth Friendſhip more than participation and identity of Danger and Durance. The day may come that we may diſcourſe with comfort of theſe ſad times; for Adverſity hath the advantage of Proſperity it ſelf in this point, that the Commemoration of the one, is oftimes more delightſom than the Fruition of the other: Moreover, Adverſity and Proſperity, are like Virtue and Vice; the two

foremoſt of both, which begin with Anxieties and pain, but they end Comically in Contentment and Joy; the other two quite contrary; they begin with Pleaſure, and end in Pain; there's a difference in the laſt Scene.

I could wiſh, if there be no hope of a ſpeedy Releaſement, you would remove your Body hither; and rather then moulder away in Idleneſs, we would devoutly blow the Coal, and try if we can exalt Gold, and bring it o're the *Helm* in this *Fleet*; we will tranſmute Metals, and give a Reſurrection to mortified Vegetables, to which end the *Green Lyon*, and the *Dragon*, the *Demogorgon* and *Mercury* himſelf with all the Planets ſhall attend us, till we come to the *Elixir*, the true Powder of Projection, which the Vulgar call the Philoſophers Stone: If matters hit right, we may thereby get better returns than *Cardigan* Silver Mines afford: But we muſt not melt our ſelves away as *J. Miridith* did, nor do as your Country-man *Morgan* did. I know when you read theſe Lines, you'l ſay I am grown mad, and that I have taken *Opium* in lieu of Tobacco. If I be mad, I am but ſick of the Diſeaſe of the Time, which reigns more among the *Engliſh*, than the *Sweating Sickneſs*, did ſome Sixſcore Years ſince amongſt them, and only them, both at home and abroad.

There's a ſtrange Magot hath got into their Brain: which poſſeſſeth them with a kind of Vertigo, and it reigns in the Pulpit more than any where elſe, for ſome of our Preach-men are grown dog mad, there's a Worm got into their Tongues, as well as their Heads.

Hodge Powel commends him unto you, he is here under hatches as well as I: however I am ſtill in fair or foul Weather.

Fleet, 3 Jan. 1643. *Your truly Affectionate Couſin to ſerve you*, J. H.

XXXV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Cherbery.

My Lord,

GOD ſend you Joy of your new Habitation, for I underſtand your Lordſhip is remov'd from the *King's* Street to the *Queen's*: It may be with this enlargement of dwelling, your Lordſhip may need a recruit of Servants: The bearer hereof hath a deſire to devote himſelf to your Lordſhips Service; and I find that he hath a concurrence of ſuch parts that may make him capable of it: He is well ſtudied in Men, and Books, vers'd in buſineſs of all ſorts, and writes a very fair hand; he is well extracted, and hath divers good Friends that are dwellers in the Town, who will

will be reſponſible for him: Moreover, beſides this *Letter* of mine, your Lordſhip will find that he carrieth one in his Countenance; for an *honeſt ingenious Look, is a good* Letter *of Recommendation of it ſelf.* If your Lordſhip hath not preſent occaſion to employ him, he may be about you a-while, like a ſpare Watch, which your Lordſhip may Wind up at pleaſure. So my aim being to do your Lordſhip Service, as much as him a Pleaſure, by this Recommendation. I reſt,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble

Fleet, 13 July, 1646. *Servant*, J. H.

XXXVI.

To Mr. R. B.

Gentil Sir,

YOurs of the fourth Current came ſafely to Hand; and I acknowledge with much Contentment, the fair Reſpects you pleaſe to ſhew me: You may be well aſſur'd, that the leaſt Grain of your Love to me is not loſt, but counterballanc'd with the like in full Weight: For although I am as frail a piece, and as full of Infirmities as another Man; yet I like mine own Nature in one thing, that I could never endure to be in the Arrear to any for Love, where my Hand came ſhort, my Heart was bountiful, and help'd to make an equal compenſation.

I hope you perſiſt in your purpoſe for forren Travel, to ſtudy a-while the World abroad: It is the way to perfect you; and I have already diſcover'd ſuch choice Ingredients, and parts of Ingenuity in you, that will quickly make a compleat Gentleman. No more now, but that I am ſeriouſly,

Yours to diſpoſe of,

Fleet, 3. July, 1646. J. H.

XXXVII.

To Sir L. D. *in the Tower.*

Sir,

TO help the paſſing away of your weary Hours, between them diſconſolate Walls; I have ſent you a K. of your own Name, to bear you Company, *Lewis* the Thirteenth, who though dead three years ſince, may peradventure afford you ſome Entertainment: And I think that dead Men of this Nature are the fitteſt Companions, for ſuch that are buried alive, as you and I are. I doubt not but you, who have a Spirit to overcome all things, will overcome

overcome the Senſe of this hard Condition, that you may ſurvive theſe ſad Times and ſee better Days: I doubt not, as weak as I am, but I ſhall be able to do it my ſelf; in which confidence I ſtile my ſelf

Fleet, 14. Feb. 1646. *Your moſt obliged, and ever faithful Servitor*, J. H.

My moſt humble Service to Sir J. St. *and Sir* H. V.

XXXVIII.

To Maſter R. B.

Gentle Sir,

I Had yours of the ſecond Current by Maſter *Bloys*, which obligeth me to ſend you double thanks, firſt for your Letter, then for the choiſe Hand that brought it me.

When I had gone through it, methought your *Lines* were as *Leaves*, or rather ſo many Branches, amongſt which there ſprouted divers ſweet Bloſſoms of Ingenuity, which I find may quickly come to a rare Maturity. I confeſs this Clime (as matters go) is untoward to improve ſuch Buds of Vertue; but the times may mend, now that our *K.* with the *Sun*, makes his approach unto us more and more: yet I fear we ſhall not come yet a good while to our former *Serenity*; therefore it were not amiſs, in my Judgment, if ſome Forreign Air did blow upon the aforeſaid Bloſſoms, to ripen them under ſome other *Meridian*: In the interim, it is the opinion of

Fleet, 3. Aug. 1635. *Your ever reſpectful Friend to diſpoſe of*, J. H.

XXXIX.

To Mr. G. C. *at* Dublin.

Sir,

THE News of this Week, have been like the Waves of that boiſterous Sea, through which this Letter is to paſs over unto you: Divers reports for Peace have ſwoln high for the time, but they ſuddainly fell low, and flat again. Our Relations here, are like a Peal of Bells in a windy bluſtring Weather, ſometimes the ſound is ſtrong on this ſide, ſometimes on that ſide of the Steeple; ſo our Relations ſound diverſly, as the Air of Affection carries them; and ſometimes in a whole Volley of News, we ſhall not find one true Report.

There was in a *Dunkirk* Ship, taken ſome Months ago, hard by *Arundil*

Arundel-Caſtle, amongſt other things, a large Picture, ſeiz'd upon, and carried to *Weſtminſter*-Hall, and put in the Star-Chamber, to be publickly ſeen: It was the Legend of *Conanus*, a *Britiſh* Prince, in the time of *Gratian* the Emperor, who having Married *Urſula*, the King of *Cornwall*'s Daughter, were embarqued with 11000 Virgins for *Britany* in *France*, to Colonize that part with Chriſtians; but being by diſtreſs of Weather beaten upon the *Rhine*, becauſe they would not yield to the Luſt of the Infidels, after the example of *Urſula* they were all ſlain, their Bodies were carried to *Colen*, where there ſtands to this Day a ſtately Church built for them: This is the Story of that Picture: yet the Common People here, take *Conanus* for our K. and *Urſula* for the Q. and the Biſhop which ſtands hard by, to be the Pope, and ſo ſtare upon it accordingly; notwithſtanding, that the Prince there repreſented, hath Sandals on his Feet after the old Faſhion; that the Coronets on their Heads reſemble thoſe of Dukes and Earls, as alſo that there are Rays about them which never uſe to be applied to living Perſons, with divers other Incongruities: yet it cannot be beaten out of the belief of Thouſands here, but that it was intended to repreſent our K. and Q. which makes me conclude with this Interjection of Wonders, *Oh the Ignorance of the Common People!*

Your faithful Friend to

Fleet, 12 Aug. 1644. *Command*, J. H.

XL.

To Maſter End. Por. *at* Paris.

Sir,

I Moſt affectionately kiſs your Hands, for the account (and candid Opinion) you pleaſe to give of the Hiſtory I ſent Her Majeſtiy, of the Late K. Her Brother's Reign. I return you alſo a thouſand Thanks for your comfortable Advice, that having been ſo long under Hatches in this *Fleet*, I ſhould fancie my ſelf to be in a long Voyage at Sea: 'Tis true, Opinion can do much, and indeed ſhe *is that great Lady which rules the World*. There is a wiſe ſaying in that Country, where you ſojourn now, that *Ceſt neſt pas la Place, mais la penſée qui fait la Priſon*: 'Tis not the Place, but Opinion that makes the Priſon, the Conceit is more than the Condition: You go on to prefer my Captivity in this *Fleet*, to that of a Voyage at Sea, in regard that he is ſubject to Storms and ſpringing of Leaks, to Pyrates, and Picaroons, with other Caſualties: You Write I have other advantages alſo, to be free from Plunderings, and other Barbariſms, that reign now abroad: 'Tis true I am ſecur'd from all theſe, yet touching the firſt,

I could be content to expoſe my ſelf to all thoſe chances, ſo that this were a floating *Fleet*, that I might breath free Air; for I have not been ſuffered to ſtir o're the Threſhold of this Houſe, this 4 years. Whereas you ſay, I have a Book for my Companion: 'tis true, I converſe ſometimes with dead Men; and what fitter Aſſociates can there be for one that is buried alive (as I am) than dead men. And now will I adventure to ſend you a kind of Epitaph, I made of my ſelf this Morning, as I was lolling a Bed.

Here lies intomb'd a walking Thing,
Whom Fortune (with the States) did fling
Between theſe Walls. Why? ask not that,
That blind Whore *doth ſhe knows not what.*

'Tis a ſtrange World you'l ſay, when Men make their own Epitaphs in their Graves: But we that are thus buried alive, have one advantage above others, that we are like to have a double Reſurrection: I am ſure of one; but if theſe times hold, I cannot aſcertain my ſelf of the other; for I may be ſuffered to rot here, for ought I know: It being the hard Deſtiny of ſome in theſe times, when they are once clapp'd up, to be ſo forgottten, as if there were no ſuch Men in the World.

I humbly thank you for your *Aviſos*, I cannot correſpond with you in that kind as freely as I would; only in the general I muſt tell you, that we are come to ſuch a paſs, that the Poeſie which a young Couple did put upon their Wedding-Ring, may fit us in the general, which was, *God knows what will become of us.* But I truſt theſe bad times will be recompenced with better: For my part, that which keeps me alive, is your Motto there of the Houſe of *Bourbon*, and 'tis but one Word, *L'Sperance.* So I pray God preſerve you, and

Your moſt faithful humble
Fleet, 2 Jan. 1646. *Servitor*, J. H.

XLI.

To Maſter J. H. *at St.* John's *Colledge, in* Cambridge.
Maſter Hall.

YOurs of the Thirteenth of this Inſtant came ſafely, though ſlowly, to hand; for I had it not till the Twentieth of the ſame: And the next Day your *Eſſayes* were brought me: I entertain'd both with much reſpect; for I found therein many choice and ripe Notions, which I hope proceeds from a Pregnancy, rather than Prococity of Spirit in you.

I perceive you have entred the Suburbs of *Sparta* already, and that you are in a fair way to get to the Town it ſelf; I know you have

have wherewith to adorn her: Nay, you may in time gain *Athens* her ſelf, with all the Knowledge ſhe was ever Miſtreſs of, if you go on in your Carreir with conſtancy: I find you have a Genius for the moſt ſolid and ſevereſt ſort of Studies; therefore when you have paſs'd through the Briars of Logic, I could wiſh you to go ſtrongly on in the fair Fields of Philoſophy, and the Mathematicks; which are true Academical Studies, and they will afford rich matter of Application for your inventive Spirit to work upon: By all means, underſtand *Ariſtotle* in his own Language; for it is the Language of Learning: Touching Poetry, Hiſtory, and other human Studies, they may ſerve you for Recreation; but let them not by any means allure your Affections from the firſt. I ſhall delight ſometimes to hear of your proceeding; for I profeſs a great deal of good Will unto you, which makes me reſt,

Your reſpectful Friend to ſerve you,

Fleet, 3. Decem. J. H.

XLII.

To my B. the L. B. in France.

My good Lord and Br.

ALthough the ſenſe of my own hard Condition be enough to make me Melancholy; yet when I contemplate yours, (as I often do) and compare your kind of Baniſhment, with my Impriſonment, I find the apprehenſion of the firſt, wherein ſo many have a ſhare, adds a double weight unto my Sufferings, though but ſingle: Truly theſe Thoughts to me, are as ſo many Corroſives to one already in a Conſumption. The World cries you up to be an excellent Divine, now Philoſopher, now is the time for you to make an advantage of both: Of the firſt, by calling to mind that Afflictions are the proportion of the beſt Theophilies. Of the other, by a well weigh'd Conſideration, that Croſſes and Troubles are entail'd upon Mankind, as much as any other Inheritance. In this reſpect I am no *Cadit*. For you know I have had a double, if not a treble ſhare, and may be rather call'd the Elder Brother, but ἱερὸν καὶ ὑπήκοον I hope I ſhall not ſink under the Burden, but that we ſhall both be reſerved for better days, ſpecially now that the King (with the Sun and the Spring) makes his approach more and more towards us from the *North*.

God Almighty (the God of our good old Father) ſtill guard you and guide you, that after ſo long a ſeparation we may meet again with Comfort, to confer Notes, and recount matters paſs'd: For adverſe Fortune, among other properties hath this for one, that her

her preſent preſſures are not ſo irkſom, as the remembrance of them being paſſed are delightſom. So I remain

Your moſt loving Brother,

Fleet, 2 Mail. 1645. J. H.

XLIII.

To Sir L. Dives, *in the Tower.*

Sir,

AMong divers other properties that attend a long Captivity, one is, that it purgeth the Humours, ſpecially it correcteth *Choler*, and attempers it with *Phlegm*; which you know in *Spaniſh* is taken for *Patience*: It hath alſo a Chymical kind of Quality, to refine the droſs and feculency of a corrupt Nature; as Fire uſeth to purifie Metals, and to deſtroy that *terram Adamicam* in them, as the Chymiſts calls it: for *Demogorgon* with his Vegetables pertak'd of *Adam*'s Malediction, as well as other Creatures, which makes ſome of them ſo foul and imperfect; Nature having deſign'd them all for Gold and Silver at firſt; and 'tis Fire can only rectifie, and reduce them towards ſuch a perfection. This *Fleet* hath been ſuch a *Furnace* to me; it hath been a kind of *Perillus*'s *Bull*, or rather, to uſe the *Paracelſian* Phraſe, I have been here in *ventre equino*, in this Limbec and Crufible of Affliction: And whereas the Chymiſt commonly requires but 150 Days, *antequam corvus in columbam vertatur*: Before the Crow turns into a Dove. I have been here five times ſo many Days, and upward. I have been here time enough in Conſcience to paſs all the degrees and effect of Fire, as Diſtillation, Sublimation, Mortification, Calcination, Solution, Deſcention, Dealbation, Rubification, and Fixation: For I have been faſtned to the Walls of this Priſon, any time this fifty five Months; I have been here long enough, if I were matter capable thereof, to be made the Philoſophers Stone; to be converted from Water to Powder, which is the whole Magiſtery: I have been beſides, ſo long upon the Anvil, that methinks I am grown malleable, and hammer-proof: I am ſo habituated to hardſhip. But indeed, you that are made of a choicer Mould, are fitter to be turned into the Elixir, than I who have ſo much droſs and corruption in me, that it will require more pains, and much more expence, to be purg'd and defecated. God ſend ſend us both Patience to bear the brunt of this fiery Tryal, and Grace to turn theſe decoctions into *Aqua vitæ*, to make ſoveraign Treacle of this Viper. The *Trojan* Prince was forc'd to paſs over *Phlegeton*, and pay *Charon* his Freight, before he could get into the *Elizian* Fields. You know the Moral, *That we muſt paſs through Hell to Heaven*. And why

not

not as well through a Priſon to Paradice? Such may the *Tower* prove to you, and the *Fleet* to me, who am

From the Priſon of the Fleet, 23. Feb. 1645. *Your humble and hearty Servitor,* J. H.

XLIV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord R.

My Lord,

SUre there is ſome angry Planet hath lowred long upon the Catholick King; and though one of his Titles to Pagan Princes be, that he wears the Sun for his Helmet; becauſe it never ſets upon all his Dominions, in regard ſome part of them lie on the t'other ſide of the Hemiſphere, among the *Antipodes*; yet methinks that neither that great Star, or any of the reſt, are now propitious unto him: They caſt, it ſeems in more benign Fluxes upon the *Flower-de-luce*; which thrives wonderfully: But how long theſe favourable Aſpects will laſt, I will not preſume to judge. This among divers others of late, hath been a fatal year to the ſaid King; for Weſtward he hath loſt *Dunkirk*. *Dunkirk*, which was the Terrour of this part of the World; the Scourge of the Occidental Seas; whoſe Name was grown to be a Bugbear for ſo many years; hath now changed her Maſter, and thrown away the *Ragged Staff*. Doubtleſs a great Exploit it was to take this Town: But whether this be advantageous to *Holland*, (as I am ſure it is not to *England*) time will ſhew: It is more than probable, that it may make him careleſs at Sea; and in the building and arming of his Ships, having now no Enemy near him: Beſides, I believe it cannot much benefit *Hans*, to have the *French* ſo contiguous to him; the old ſaying was, *Ayez le Francois pour ton Amy, non pas pour ton Voiſon: Have the* French-*Man for thy Friend, not for thy Neighbor.*

Touching *England*, I believe theſe Diſtractions of ours, have been one of the greateſt advantages that could befal *France*; and they happened in the moſt favourable Conjuncture of time that could be; elſe I believe he would never have as much as attempted *Dunkirk*: For *England* in true reaſon of State, had reaſon to prevent nothing more; in regard no one Place could have added more to the Naval Power of *France*: This will make his Sails ſwell bigger, and I fear make him Claim in time, as much Regality in theſe Narrow Seas, as *England* her ſelf.

In *Italy* the *Spaniard* hath alſo had ill Succeſſes at *Piambino*, and *Porto longone*: Beſides, they Write that he hath loſt *Il-prete*, *& ill Medico*, the Prieſt, and the Phyſitian; to wit, the *Pope*, and the Duke of *Florence*, (the Houſe of *Medici*) who appear rather for the *French*, than for him.

Add

Add to all these disasters, that he hath lost within the Revolution of the same year, the *Prince of Spain* his unic Son, in the very flower of his Age, being but seventeen years old. These with the falling off of *Catalonia* and *Portugal*; with the Death of his Queen not above forty, are heavy losses to the Catholick King; and must needs much enfeeble the great Bulk of his Monarchy, falling out in so short a compass of time, one upon the neck of another; and we are not to enter into the secret Councels of God Almighty for a Reason. I have read 'twas the sensuality of the Flesh, that drave the *Kings* out of *Rome*, the *French* out of *Sicily*, and brought the *Moors* into *Spain*; where they kept firm footing about seven hundred years. I could tell you how not long before her Death, the late Queen of *Spain* took off one of her Chapines, and clouted *Olivares* about the Noddle with it; because he had accompanied the King to a Lady of Pleasure; telling him, that he should know, she was Sister to a King of *France*, as well as Wife to a King of *Spain*. For my part, *France* and *Spain* is all one to me in point of Affection; I am one of those indifferent Men, that would have the Scales of Power in *Europe* kept even: I am also a *Philerenus*, a lover of Peace; and I could wish the *French* were more inclinable to it, now that the Common Enemy hath invaded the Territory of St. *Mark*. Nor can I but admire that at the same time the *French* should assail *Italy* at one side, when the *Turk* was doing it on the other. But had that great Naval Power of Christians, which were this Summer upon the Coasts of *Tuscany*, gone against the *Mahometan* Fleet, which was at the same time setting upon *Candy*; they might in all likelihood have atchieved a glorious Exploit, and driven the *Turk* into the *Hellespont*. Nor is poor *Christendom* torn thus in pieces by the *German*, *Spaniard*, *French*, and *Swedes*; but our three Kingdoms have also most pitifully scratch'd her Face, wasted her Spirits, and let out some of her Illustrious Blood, by our late horrid distractions: Whereby it may be inferr'd, that the *Mufti* and the *Pope*, seem to thrive in their Devotion one way; a chief part of the Prayer of the one being, *That discord should continue 'twixt Christian Princes*; of the other, *That division should still increase between the Protestants.* This poor Island is a woful example thereof.

I hear the Peace 'twixt *Spain* and *Holland* is absolutely concluded, by the plenipotentiary Ministers at *Munster*; who have beat their Heads so many years about it; but they Write that the *French* and *Swede* do mainly endeavour, and set all the Wheels of Policy a going to puzzle and prevent it: If it take effect; I do not see how the *Hollander* in common honesty can evade it; I hope it will conduce much to an Universal Peace, which God grant,

grant, for War is *a fire ſtruck in the Devils Tinder-box*. No more now, but that I am,

Fleet, 1 Decem. 1643. *My Lord, Your moſt humble Servitor*, J. H.

XLV.

To Mr. E. O. *Councellour, at* Grays-Inn.

Sir,

THE ſad tidings of my dear Friend, Doctor *Prichard's* Death ſunk deep into me, and the more I ruminat upon't, the more I reſent it: But when I contemplate the Order and thoſe Adamantine Laws which Nature put into ſuch ſtrict Execution throughout this Elementary World: When I conſider that up and down this frail Globe of Earth we are but ſtrangers, or ſojourners at beſt, being deſigned for an infinitely better Country: When I think that our egreſs out of this life, is as natural to us, as our ingreſs, (all which he knew as much as any,) theſe Thoughts in a checking way, turn my Melancholy to a Counter-paſſion; they beget another Spirit within me. You know, that in the diſpoſition of all ſublunary things, *Nature is Gods Handmaid, Fate his Commiſſioner, Time his Inſtrument, and Death his Executioner*: By the firſt we have Generation; by the ſecond, Succeſſes good or bad: And the two laſt brings us to our end: *Time* with his vaſt Sithe mowes down all things, and *Death* ſweeps away thoſe mowings. Well, he was a rare, and a compleat judicious Scholar, as any that I have known born under our Meridian; he was both ſolid and acute; nor do I remember to have ſeen ſoundneſs and qualntneſs, with ſuch ſweet ſtrains of Morality, concur ſo in any. I ſhould think that he fell ſick of the Times; but that I knew him to be ſo good a Divine, and Philoſoper, and to have ſtudied the Theory of this World ſo much, that nothing could take impreſſion in him to hurt himſelf; therefore I am content to believe, that his glaſs ran out without any jogging. I know you lov'd him dearly well, which ſhall make me the more

Fleet, 3 Aug. *Your moſt Affectionate Servitor*, J. H.

XLVI.

To J. W. *Eſq*; *at* Grayes-Inn.

Gentle Sir,

I Value at a high rate the fair Reſpects you ſhew me, by the late ingenious Expreſſions of your *Letter*; but the merit you aſcribe

unto me in the Superlative, might have very well ſerv'd in the Poſitive; and 'tis well if I deſerve in that Degree. You write that you have ſingular contentment and profit, in the peruſal of ſome Things of mine; I am heartily glad they afforded any Entertainment to a Gentleman of ſo choice a Judgment as your ſelf.

I have a fooliſh working Brain of mine own, in labour ſtill with ſomething, and I can hardly keep it from Superfetations, though oft-times it produce a Mouſe in lieu of a Mountain: I muſt confeſs its beſt productions are but homely, and hard-favour'd; yet in regard they appear handſome in your eyes, I ſhall like them the better: So I am,

Sir, Your moſt obliged to ſerve you, J. H.

Fleet, 3. Jan. 1644.

XLVII.

To Mr. Tho. H.

Sir,

THough the time abound with Schiſms more than ever, (the more is our Miſery) yet, I hope, you will not ſuffer any to creep into our Friendſhip; though I apprehend ſome fears thereof by your long ſilence, and ceſſation of literal Correſpondence: You know there is a peculiar Religion attends Friendſhip, there is according to the Etymology of the Word, a Ligation and Solemnity; the reſcinding whereof may be truly call'd a Schiſm, or a Piacle, which is more. There belong to this Religion of Friendſhip, certain due Rites, and decent Ceremonies; as Viſits, Meſſages, and Miſſives: Though I am content to believe that you are firm in the Fundamentals; yet I find under favour, that you have lately fallen ſhort of performing theſe exterior Offices, as if the Ceremonial Law were quite abrogated with you in all things: Friendſhip alſo allows of Merits, and Works of Supererogation ſometimes, to make her capable of Eternity. You know that Pair which were taken up into Heaven, and placed amongſt the brighteſt Stars, for their rare Conſtancy and Fidelity one to the other: You know alſo, they are put among the *fixed* Stars, not the *erratrices*; to ſhew there muſt be no inconſtancy in Love: Navigators ſteer their Courſe by them; and they are their beſt Friends in working Seas, dark Nights, and diſtreſſes of Weather: Whence may be inferr'd, that true Friends, ſhould ſhine cleareſt in verſity, in cloudy, and doubtful times. On my part this ancient Friendſhip is ſtill pure, Orthodox, and incorrupted; and though I have not the opportunity (as you have) to perform all the Rites thereof, in regard of this recluſe Life, yet I ſhall never Err in the eſſentials; I am

ſtill

ſtill yours χλήσει, though I cannot be χρήσει, for in *ſtatu quo nunc*, I am grown uſeleſs and good for nothing; yet in point of poſſeſſion, I am as much as ever,

Your firm inalterable
Fleet, 7. Nov. 1643. *Servitor*, J. H.

XLVIII.

To Mr. S. B. *Merchant, at his Houſe in the* Old-Jewry.

Sir,

I Return you thoſe two famous Speeches of the Late Queen *Elizabeth*, with the addition of another from *Baudius*, at an Embaſſy here from *Holland*: It is with Language as 'tis with Liquors, which by transfuſion uſe to take Wind from one Veſſel to another; ſo Things tranſlated into another Tongue, loſe of there primitive vigor and ſtrength; unleſs a Paraphraſtical Verſion be permitted, and then the Traduct may exceed the Original, not otherwiſe, though the Verſion be never ſo punctual; ſpecially in theſe Orations which are fram'd with ſuch Art, that like *Vitruvius*'s Palace, there is no place left to add one Stone more without defacing, or to take any out, without hazard of deſtroying the whole Fabric.

Certainly ſhe was a Princeſs of rare Endowments for Learning, and Languages; ſhe was bleſs'd with a long Life, and triumphant Reign, attended with various ſorts of admirable Succeſſes; which will be taken for ſome Romance a thouſand Winters hence, if the World laſt ſo long. She freed the *Scot* from the *French*; and gave her Succeſſor a Royal Penſion to maintain his Court. She help'd to ſettle the Crown on *Henry the Great*'s Head: She gave Eſſence to the States of *Holland*: She civiliz'd *Ireland*, and ſuppreſs'd divers Inſurrections there: She preſerv'd the Dominion of the Narrow-Seas in greater Glory than ever: She maintain'd open War againſt *Spain*, when *Spain* was in her higheſt flouriſh, for divers years together: Yet ſhe left a mighty Treaſure behind; which ſhews that ſhe was a notable good Huſwife. Yet I have read divers Cenſures of her abroad: That ſhe was ingrateful to her Brother of *Spain*, who had been the chiefeſt Inſtrument under God, to preſerve her from the Block; and had left her all Queen *Mary*'s Jewels without diminution: accuſing her that afterwards ſhe ſhould firſt infringe the Peace with him, by intercepting his Treaſure in the Narrow-Seas; by ſuffering her *Drake* to ſwim to his *Indies*, and rob him there; by fomenting and ſupporting his *Belugique* Subjects againſt him, then, when he had an Ambaſſador reſident at her Court. But this was the Cenſure of a *Spaniſh* Author: And *Spain* had little reaſon to ſpeak well of her. The

French handle her worſe, by terming her among other Contumelies, *Haquenee deſes propres vaſſaux.*

Sir, I muſt much value the frequent reſpects you have ſhewn me, and am very covetous of the improvement of this acquaintance; for I do not remember at home or abroad, to have ſeen in the Perſon of any, a Gentleman and a Merchant ſo equally met, as in you; which makes me ſtile my ſelf,

Your moſt affectionate Friend

Fleet, 3. May, 1645. *to ſerve you*, J. H.

L.

To Dr. D. Featly.

Sir,

I Received your Anſwer to that fultilous Pamphlet, with your deſire of my opinion touching it. Truly, Sir, I muſt tell you, that never poor Cur was toſs'd in a Blanket, as you have toſs'd that poor Coxcomb in the Sheet you pleas'd to ſend me: For whereas a fillip might have fell'd him, you have knock'd him down with a kind of *Herculean* Club: *Sans reſource.* Theſe times (more's the pity) labour with the ſame Diſeaſe that *France* did, during the Ligue, as a famous Author hath it, *Prurigo ſcripturientium erat ſcabies Temporum: The Itching of Scribblers, was the Scab of the Time.* It is juſt ſo now, that any triobolatry Paſquiller, every *Treſſiagaſo*, any ſterquilinous Raſcal, is Licens'd to throw Dirt in the Faces of Soveraign Princes, in open Printed Language. But I hope the Times will mend, and your Man alſo, if he hath any Grace, you have ſo well corrected him. So I reſt,

Yours to ſerve and reverence

Fleet, 2. Aug. 1644. *you*, J. H.

LI.

To Captain T. L. *in* Weſtcheſter.

Captain L.

I Could wiſh that I had the ſame advantage of ſpeed, to ſend unto you at this time, that they have in *Alexandretta*, now call'd *Scanderoon*; when upon the arrival of any Ships into the Bay, or any other important occaſion, they uſe to ſend their *Letters* by Pigeons, trained up purpoſely for that uſe, to *Alleppo* and other Places: Such an airy Meſſenger, ſuch a volatil Poſtillion would I deſire now to acquaint you with the Sickneſs of your Mother-in-Law; who I believe will be in another World (and I wiſh it may be

be Heaven) before this Paper comes to your hands; for the Phyſitians have forſaken her, and Doctor *Burton* told me 'tis a Miracle if ſhe laſts a natural Day to an end; therefore you ſhall do well, to Poſt up as ſoon as you can, to look to your own Affairs; for I believe you will be no more ſick of the *Mother*: Maſter *Davies*, in the mean time, told me, he will be very careful, and circumſpect, that you be not wrong'd. I receiv'd yours of the tenth Current, and return a thouſand Thanks for the warm and melting ſweet expreſſions you make of your Reſpects unto me: All that I can ſay at preſent in anſwer, is, that I extremely pleaſe my ſelf in loving you; and I like my own Affections the better, becauſe they tell me, that I am

Your entirely devoted Friend,

Weſt. 10. Decem. 1631. J. H.

LII.

To my Honourable Friend, Sir S. C.

Sir,

I Was upon point of going abroad to ſteal a ſolitary Walk, when yours of the twelfth Current came to hand; the high Reſearches, and choice abſtracted Notions, I found therein, ſeem'd to heighten my Spirits, and make my Fancy fitter for my intended Retirement and Meditation: Add hereunto, that the Countenance of the Weather invited me; for it was a ſtill Evening; it was alſo a clear open Skie, not a ſpeck or the leaſt wrinkle appear'd in the whole face of Heaven, 'twas ſuch a pure deep Azure all the Hemiſphere over; that I wondred what was become of the three Regions of the Air, with their Meteors. So having got into a cloſe Field, I caſt my Face upward, and fell to conſider what a rare prorogative the optic Vertue of the Eye hath; much more the intuitive Vertue of the Thought; that the one in a Moment can reach Heaven, and the other go beyond it: Therefore ſure that Philoſopher was but a kind of frantic Fool, that would have pluck'd out both his Eyes, becauſe they were a hinderance to his Speculations. Moreover, I began to contemplate as I was in this poſture, the vaſt Magnitude of the Univerſe; and what proportion this poor Globe of Earth might bear with it; for if thoſe numberleſs Bodies which ſtick in the vaſt Roof of Heaven, though they appear to us but as ſpangles, be, ſome of them, thouſands of times bigger than the Earth, take the Sea with it to boot, for they both make but one Sphere; ſurely the Aſtronomers had reaſon to term this Sphere an inviſible Point, and a Thing of no dimenſion at all, being compar'd to the whole World. I fell then to think that at the Second general De-

ſtruction, it is no more for God-Almighty to fire this Earth, than for us to blow up a ſmall Squib, or rather one ſmall Grain of Gunpowder. As I was muſing thus, I ſpyed a ſwarm of Gnats, waving up and down the Air about me; which I knew to be part of the Univerſe as well as I: And methought it was a ſtrange Opinion of our *Ariſtotle*, to hold, that the leaſt of thoſe ſmall inſected Ephemerans, ſhould be more Noble than the Sun; becauſe it had a ſenſitive Soul in it. I fell to think that the ſame proportion which thoſe Animalillios bore with me in point of bigneſs, the ſame I held with thoſe glorious Spirits, which are near the Throne of the Almighty: What then ſhould we think of the Magnitude of the Creator himſelf? Doubtleſs 'tis beyond the reach of any human Imagination to conceive it. In my private Devotions, I preſume to compare him to a great Mountain of Light, and my Soul ſeems to diſcern ſome glorious Form therein; but ſuddenly as ſhe would fix her eyes upon the Object, her ſight is preſently dazled and diſgregated, with the refulgency and coruſcations thereof.

Walking a little further, I ſpyed a young boiſterous Bull breaking over Hedge and Ditch to a Herd of Kine, in the next Paſture; which made me think, that if that fierce ſtrong Animal, with others of that kind, knew their own ſtrength, they would never ſuffer Man to be their Maſter. Then looking upon them quietly graſing up and down, I fell to conſider that the Fleſh that is daily diſh'd upon our Tables, is but concocted Graſs, which is recarnified in our Stomachs, and tranſmuted to another Fleſh. I fell alſo to think what advantage thoſe innocent Animals had of Man; who, as ſoon as Nature caſt them into the World, find their Meat dreſs'd, the Cloth laid, and the Table cover'd; they find their Drink brew'd, and the Buttery open; their Beds made, and their Cloaths ready; and though Man hath the faculty of Reaſon to make him a compenſation for the want of thoſe advantages, yet this Reaſon brings with it a thouſand perturbations of Mind, and perplexities of Spirit, griping Cares, and anguiſhes of Thought; which thoſe harmleſs ſilly Creatures were exempted from. Going on, I came to repoſe my ſelf upon the Trunk of a Tree, and I fell to conſider further, what advantage that dull Vegetable had of thoſe feeding Animals, as not to be ſo troubleſome and beholding to Nature, nor to be ſubject to ſtarving, diſeaſes, to the inclemency of the Weather, and to be far longer liv'd. Then I ſpyed a great Stone, and ſitting a while upon't; I fell to weigh in my thoughts, that that Stone was in a happier condition in ſome reſpects, than either thoſe ſenſitive Creatures, or Vegetables I ſaw before; in regard that that Stone, which propagates by Aſſimilation, as the Philoſophers ſay, needed neither Graſs nor Hay, or

any

any aliment for reſtauration of Nature, nor Water to refreſh its Roots, or the heat of the Sun to attract the moiſture upwards, to encreaſe growth as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward, I ſpied a Kite ſoaring high in the Air, and gently gliding up and down the clear Region, ſo far above my Head; I fell to envy the Bird extremely, and repine at his Happineſs, that he ſhould have a Priviledge to make a nearer approach to Heaven than I.

Excuſe me that I trouble you thus with theſe rambling Meditations; they are to correſpond with you in ſome part for thoſe accurate Fancies of yours, you lately ſent me. So I reſt,

Your entire and true Servitor,

Holb. 17. Mar. 1639. J. H.

LIII.

To Maſter Serjeant D. *at* Lincolns-Inn.

Sir,

I Underſtand with a deep ſenſe of Sorrow, of the Indiſpoſition of your Son: I fear he hath too much mind for his Body, and that ſuperabounds with Fancy, which brings him to theſe Fits of Diſtemper, proceeding from the black Humour of Melancholy: moreover I have obſerved that he is too much given to his Study, and ſelf-Society, 'ſpecially to converſe with dead Men, I mean Books: You know any thing in exceſs is naught. Now, Sir, were I worthy to give you Advice, I could wiſh he were well Married; and it may wean him from that bookiſh and thoughtful humour: Women were created for the comfort of Men; and I have known that to ſome they have proved the beſt *Helleborum* againſt Melancholy: As this courſe may beget new Spirits in him, ſo it muſt needs add alſo to your comfort. I am thus bold with you, becauſe I love the Gentleman dearly well, and honour you, as being

Your humble obliged Servant

Weſt. 13. June, 1632. J. H.

LIV.

To my Noble Lady, the Lady M. A.

Madam,

THere is not any thing wherein I take more Pleaſure, than in the accompliſhment of your Commands; nor had ever any Queen more power o're her Vaſſals, than you have o're my Intellectuals: I find by my Inclinations, that it is as natural for me to

do your Will, as it is for Fire to fly upward, or any body elſe to tend to his Center; but touching the laſt Command your Ladiſhip was pleaſed to lay upon me, which is the following Hymn. If I anſwer not the fulneſs of your expectation, it muſt be imputed to the ſuddenneſs of the Command, and the ſhortneſs of Time.

A Hymn to the Bleſſed Trinity.

To the Firſt Perſon.

To thee dread Soveraign, and dear Lord,
Which out of nought didſt me afford
Eſſence and Life, who mad'ſt me man,
And, Oh, much more a Chriſtian:
Lo, from the Centre of my Heart,
All laud and glory I impart.
Hallelujah.

To the Second.

To thee bleſſed Saviour who didſt free
My Soul from Satans Tyranny,
And mad'ſt her capable to be
An Angel of thy Hierarchy:
From the ſame Centre I do raiſe,
All honour and immortal praiſe.
Hallelujah.

To the Third.

To thee ſweet Spirit I return,
That Love wherewith my Heart doth burn;
And theſe bleſs'd notions of my brain,
I now breath up to thee again:
O let them redeſcend, and ſtill
My ſoul with holy raptures fill.
Hallelujah.

They are of the ſame meaſure, cadence, and air, as was that Angelical Hymn your Ladiſhip pleaſed to touch upon your Inſtrument; which as it ſo inchanted me then, that my Soul was ready to come out at my Ears; ſo your Voice took ſuch impreſſions in me, that methinks the ſound ſtill remains freſh with

Weſtmin. 1 Apr. 1637. *Your Ladyſhips moſt devoted Servitor,*

J. H.

LV.

To Maſter P. W. *at* Weſtminſter.

Sir,

THE fear of God is the beginning of Wiſdom, and the *Love* of God is the end of the *Law*; the former ſaying was ſpoke by no meaner Man than *Solomon*; but the latter hath no meaner Author than our *Saviour* himſelf: Touching this beginning and this end; there is a near relation between them, ſo near, that the one begets the other: A harſh Mother may bring forth ſometimes a mild Daughter; ſo *Fear* begets *Love*, but it begets *Knowledge* firſt, for — *Ignoti nulla cupido*, we cannot love God, unleſs we know him before; both *Fear* and *Love* are neceſſary to bring us to Heaven; the one is the fruit of the *Law*, the other of the *Goſpel*: When the Clouds of *Fear* are vaniſh'd, the Beams of *Love* then begin to glance upon the Heart; and of all the Members of the Body, which are in a manner numberleſs; this is that which God deſires, becauſe 'tis the Centre of Love, the Source of our Affections, and the Ciſtern that holds the moſt Illuſtrious Bloud; and in a ſweet, and well devoted harmonious Soul: *Cor* is no other than *Camera Omnipotentis Regis*, 'tis one of Gods Cloſets; and indeed nothing can fill the Heart of Man, whoſe deſires are infinite, but God who is infinity it ſelf: *Love* therefore muſt be a neceſſary attendant to bring us to him: But beſides *Love*, there muſt be two other Guides that are requir'd in this Journey, which are *Faith* and *Hope*; now that Fear which the *Law* enjoyns us, turns to Faith in the *Goſpel*; and Knowledge is the Scope and Subject of both, yet theſe laſt two bring us onely toward the Haven, but *Love* goes along with us to Heaven, and ſo remains an inſeperable ſempiternal Companion of the Soul: *Love* therefore is the moſt acceptable Sacrifice which we can offer our Creator; and he who doth not ſtudy the Theory of it here, is never like to come to the Practiſe of it hereafter: It was a high hyperphyſicical expreſſion of St. *Auſtine*, when he fell into this Rapture, *That if he were K. of Heaven, and God Almighty, Biſhop of* Hippo, *he would exchange places with him, becauſe he lov'd him ſo well.* This Vote did ſo take me, that I have turn'd it to a Paraphraſtical Hymn, which I ſend you for your Viol, having obſerved often, that you have a harmonious Soul within you.

The Vote.

O God, who can thoſe Paſſions tell,
Wherewith my Heart to thee doth ſwell?
I cannot better them declare,
Than by the wiſh made by that rare
Aurilian Biſhop, who of old,
Thy Oracles in Hippo *told.*

If

If I were Thou, *and* Thou *wert I,*
I would reſign the Deity,
Thou *ſhould'ſt be God, I would be Man.*
Is't poſſible that Love more can?
Oh pardon, that my Soul hath ta'ne
So high a Flight, and grows prophane.

For my ſelf, my dear *Phil.* becauſe I love you ſo dearly well, I will diſplay my very Intrinſecals to you in this point: When I examine the motions of my Heart, I find that I love my Creator, a thouſand degrees more than I fear him; methinks I feel the little Needle of my Soul, touch'd with a kind of magnetical attractive Vertue, that it always moves toward him, as being her *ſummum bonum*, *The true Center of her Happineſs.* For matter of Fear, there's none that I fear more than my ſelf; I mean thoſe Frailties which lodge within me, and the extravagancies of my Affections and Thoughts; in this particular I may ſay, that I fear my ſelf, more than I fear the Devil, or Death, who is the *King of Fears.* God guard us all, and guide us to our laſt home, through the Briers of this cumberſome Life. In this Prayer I reſt,

Your moſt affectionate
Holb. 21. Mar. 1639. *Servitor,* J. H.

LVI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Cliff.

My Lord,

SInce among other paſſages of Entertainment, we had lately at the *Italian* Ordinary (where your Lorſhip was pleas'd to honour us with your Preſence) there happen'd a large Diſcourſe of Wines, and of other Drinks, that were us'd by ſeveral Nations of the Earth, and that your Lordſhip deſir'd me to deliver what I obſerv'd therein abroad; I am bold now to confirm and amplifie in this *Letter*, what I then let drop *extempore* from me, having made a recollection of my ſelf for that purpoſe.

It is without controverſie, that in the Nonage of the World, Men and Beaſts had but one Buttery, which was the Fountain and River; nor do we read of any Vines or Wines till two hundred years after the Flood; but now I do not know or hear of any Nation, that hath Water only for their Drink, except the *Japonois*, and they drink it hot too: But we may ſay, that what Beverage ſoever we make, either by Brewing, by diſtillation, decoction, percolation, or preſſing, it is but Water at firſt; nay, Wine it ſelf is but Water ſublim'd, being nothing elſe but that Moyſture and Sap, which is caus'd either by Rain or other kind of Irrigations about the Roots of the Vine,

Vine, and drawn up to the Branches and Berries by the virtual attractive Heat of the Sun; the Bowels of the Earth ſerving as a limbec to that end, which made the *Italian* Vineyard-man (after a long drought, and an extream hot Summer, which had parch'd up all his Grapes,) to complain, that *per mancamento d' acco bevo del' acqua, ſe io hæveſſi acqua, bevereiel vino*, for want of Water, I am forc'd to drink Water; if I had water, I would drink Wine: it may be alſo applied to the Miller, when he had no Water to drive his Mills.

The Vine doth ſo abhor Cold, that it cannot grow beyond the 49 Degree to any purpoſe: Therefore God and Nature hath furniſh'd the *Northweſt* Nations with other inventions of Beverage. In this Iſland the old Drink was *Ale*, noble *Ale*, than which, as I heard a great Forreign Doctor affirm, there is no Liquor that more encreaſeth the radical Moiſture, and preſerves the natural Heat, which are the two Pillars that ſupport the Life of Man; but ſince *Beer* hath hop'd in amongſt us, *Ale* is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing ſo good as Sir *John Old-Caſtle*, and *Smugg* the Smith was us'd to drink: Beſides, *Ale* and *Beer*, the natural Drink of part of this Iſle, may be ſaid to be *Metheglin*, *Braggot*, and *Mead*, which differ in ſtrength according to the three degrees of Compariſon. The firſt of the three, which is ſtrong in the ſuperlatif, if taken immoderately, doth ſtupifie more than any other Liquor, and keeps a humming in the Brain, which made one ſay that he lov'd not *Metheglin*, becauſe he was us'd to ſpeak too much of the Houſe he came from, meaning the Hive: Sider and Perry are alſo the natural Drinks of part of this Iſle: But I have read in ſome old Authors, of a famous Drink the ancient Nation of the *Picts*, who liv'd 'twixt *Trent* and *Tweed* and were utterly extinguiſhed by the over-powering of the *Scot*, were uſed to make of decoction of Flowers, the Receipt whereof they kept as a ſecret, and a thing ſacred to themſelves, ſo periſh'd with them: Theſe are all the common Drinks of this Iſle, and of *Ireland* alſo, where they are more given to Milk and Strong-Waters of all Colours: The prime is *Uſquebagh* which cannot be made any where in that perfection; and whereas we drink it here in *Aqua-vitæ* Meaſures, it goes down there by Beer-glaſsfulls, being more natural to the Nations.

In the Seventeen Provinces hard by, and all low *Germany*, *Beer* is the common natural Drink, and nothing elſe, ſo is it in *weſtfalia*, and all the lower Circuit of *Saxony*, in *Denmark*, *Swethland*, and *Norway*: The *Pruſſe* has a *Beer* as thick as Honey: In the Duke of *Saxes* Country, there is *Beer* as yellow as Gold made of Wheat, and it inebriates as ſoon as Sack. In ſome parts of *Germany* they uſe to ſpice their *Beer*, which will keep many years; ſo that at

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ſome Weddings there will be a But of *Beer* drunk out, as old as the Bride. *Poland* alſo is a *Beer*-Country; but in *Ruſſia*, *Muſcovy*, and *Tartary*, they uſed *Mead*, which is the naturalleſt drink of the Country, being made of the decoction of Water, and Honey; this is that which the Ancients call'd *Hydromel:* Mares milk is a great Drink with the *Tartary*, which may be a cauſe why they are bigger than ordinary; for the Phyſicians hold, that Milk enlargeth the Bones, Beer ſtrengtheneth the Nerves, and Wine breeds Blood ſooner than any other Liquor. The *Turk* when he hath his Tripe full of Pelaw, or of Mutton and Rice, will go to Natures Cellar; either to the next Well or River, to drink Water, which is his natural common Drink; for *Mahomet* taught them, that there was a Devil in every Berry of the Grape; and ſo made a ſtrict Inhibition to all his Sect from drinking of Wine as a thing Prophane: He had alſo a reach of Policy therein, becauſe they ſhould not be incumbred with luggage, when they went to War as other Nations do, who are ſo troubled with the Carriage of their Wine and Beverages: yet hath the *Turk* peculiar Drinks to himſelf beſides, as *Sherbet* made of juyce of Lemon, Sugar, Amber, and other Ingredients; he hath alſo a Drink call'd *Cauphe*, which is made of a brown Berry, and it may be call'd their Clubbing Drink between Meals, which though it be not very guſtful to the Palate, yet it is very comfortable to the Stomach, and good for the Sight; but notwithſtanding their Prophets Anathema, thouſands of them will venture to drink Wine, and they will make a precedent Prayer to their Souls to depart from their Bodies in the interim, for fear ſhe pertake of the ſame pollution: nay, the laſt *Turk* died of exceſs of Wine, for he had at one time ſwallow'd three and thirty Oaks, which is a meaſure near upon the bigneſs of our Quart, and that which brought him to this, was the Company of a *Perſian* Lord, that had given him his Daughter for a Preſent, and came with him from *Bagdat*; beſides, one Accident that happened to him was, that he had an Eunuch who was uſed to be drunk, and whom he had commanded twice upon pain of Life to refrain, ſweating by *Mahomet*, that he would cauſe him to be ſtrangled, if he found him the third time ſo; yet the Eunuch ſtill continued in his Drunkenneſs: Hereupon the *Turk* conceiving with himſelf that there muſt needs be ſome extraordinary delight in Drunkenneſs, becauſe this Man preferr'd it before his Life, fell to it himſelf, and ſo drunk himſelf to Death.

In *Aſia* there is no *Beer* drunk at all, but Water, Wine, and an incredible variety of other Drinks made of Dates, dried Raiſons, Rice, divers ſorts of Nuts, Fruits, and Roots; in the Oriental Countries, as *Cambaia*, *Calicut*, *Narſingha*, there is a Drink call'd *Banque*, which is rare and precious, and 'tis the height of enter-

tain-

tainment they give their Guests before they go to Sleep, like that *Nepenthe* which the Poets speak so much of, for it provokes pleasing Dreams, and delightful Phantasies; it will accommodate it self to the humour of the Sleeper, as if he be a Souldier, he will dream of Victories, and taking of Towns; if he be in Love, he will think to enjoy his Mistress; if he be Covetous, he will dream of Mountains of Gold, *&c.* In the *Moluccas* and *Philippines*, there is a curious Drink call'd *Tampoy*, made of a kind of Gilliflowers, and another Drink call'd *Otraqua*, that comes from a Nut, and is the more general Drink. In *China* they have a holy kind of Liquor made of such sort of Flowers for ratifying and binding of Bargains; and having drunk thereof, they hold it no less than Perjury to break what they promise, as they write of a River in *Bythynia*, whose water hath a peculiar Vertue to discover a Perjurer, for if he drink thereof, it will presently boyl in his Stomack, and put him to visible Tortures: This makes me think of the River *Styx* among the Poets, which the Gods were used to Swear by, and it was the greatest Oath for the performance of any thing.

Nubila promissi Styx *mihi testis erit.*

It put me in mind also of that which some write of the River of *Rhine*, for trying the Legitimation of a Child being thrown in, if he be a Bastard he will sink, if otherwise, he will not.

In *China* they speak of a Tree callen *Maguais*, which affords not only good Drink, being pierced, but all things else that belong to the subsistance of Man; they bore the Trunk with an Awger, and there issueth out sweet potable Liquor: 'Twixt the Rinde and the Tree, there is a Cotten or Hempy kind of Moss which they wear for their Cloathing: It bears huge Nuts which have excellent Food in them; it shoots out hard Prickles above a Fathom long, and those Arm them; with the Bark they make Tents, and the dotard Trees serve for Firing.

Africa also hath a great diversity of Drinks, as having more need of them, being a hotter Country far: In *Guiney* of the lower *Ethiopia*, there is a famous Drink, call'd *Mingol*, which issueth out of a Tree much like the Palm, being bored: But in the upper *Ethiopia*, or the *Habassin*'s Country, they drink *Mead* decocted in a different manner; there is also much Wine there; the common Drink of *Barbary* after Water, is that which is made of Dates: But in *Egypt*, in times passed, there was *Beer* drunk, call'd *Zichus* in Latine, which was no other than a decoction of Barley and Water; they had also a famous Composition (and they use it to this day) called *Chiffi*, made of divers Cordials and provocative Ingredients, which they throw into Water, to make it gustful; they use it also for fumigation: But not the general Drink of *Egypt*, is *Nile* Water, which of all Water may be said to be the best, insomuch that

Pindar's

Pindar's Words might be more applicable to that, than to any other Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ. It doth not onely fertilize, and extreamly fatten the Soil which it covers, but it helps to impregnate barren Women, for there is no place on Earth, where People increase and multiply faster; 'tis yellowish and thick, but if one cast a few Almonds into a potful of it, it will become as clear as Rock-water; it is also in a degree of luke-warmness as *Martials* Boy.

Tolle puer calices tepidique *toreumata Nili.*

In the new World they have a world of Drinks, for there is no Root, Flowers, Fruit or Pulse, but is reducible to a potable Liquor, as in the *Barbado* Island the common drink among the *English*, is *Mobbi*, made of Potato Roots: In *Mexico*, and *Peru*, which is the great continent of *America*, with other parts, it is prohibited to make Wines under great Penalties, for fear of starving of Trade, so that all the Wines they have, are sent from *Spain*.

Now for the pure Wine-Countries, *Greece* with all her Islands, *Italy*, *Spain*, *France*, one part of four of *Germany*, *Hungary*, with divers Countries there abouts, all the Island in the Mediterranean and *Atlantic* Sea, are Wine-Countries.

The most generous Wines of *Spain*, grow in the mid-land parts of the Continent, and Saint *Martin* bears the Bell, which is near the Court: Now as in *Spain*, so in all other Wine-Countries one cannot pass a days journey, but he will find a differing race of Wine. Those kinds that our Merchants carry over, are those onely that grow upon the Sea-side, as *Malagas*, *Sheries*, *Tents*, and *Aligants*: of this last, there's little comes over right, therefore the Vinteners have *Tent* (which is a name for all Wines in *Spain*, except white) to supply the place of it. There is a gentle kind of white Wine grows among the Mountains of *Galitia*, but not of body enough to bear the Sea, call'd *Ribadavia*: *Portugal* affords no Wines worth the transporting: they have an old Stone we call *Yrf*, which they use to throw into their Wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting: There's also a Drink in *Spain*, called *Alo'ha*, which they drink between Meals in hot weather, and 'tis a *Hydromel* made of Water and Honey, much of them take of our *Mead*. In the Court of *Spain*, there's a *German* or two that brew *Beer*: but for that ancient Drink of *Spain*, which *Pliny* speaks of compos'd of Flowers; the Receit thereof is utterly lost.

In *Greece* there are no Wines that have Bodies enough to bear the Sea for long Voyages; some few Muscadels, and Malmsies are brought over in small Casks; nor is there in *Italy* any Wine transported to *England*, but in Bottles, as *Verde* and others, for the length of the Voyage makes them subject to *Pricking* and so lose Colour, by reason of their delicacy.

France participating of the Clymes of all the Countries about her

her, affords Wines of quality accordingly; as towards the *Alps* and *Italy*, ſhe hath a luſcious rich Wine, called *Frontiniac*: In the Country of *Province* towards the *Pyrenies* in *Languedoc*, there are Wines conguſtable with thoſe of *Spain*; one of the prime ſort of white Wines, is that of *Beaume*, and of Clarets that of *Orleans*, though it be interdicted to wine the Kings Cellar with it, in reſpect of the corroſiveneſs it carries with it. As in *France*, ſo in all other Wine-Countries, the White is called the *Female*, and the Claret or Red Wine, is called the *Male*, becauſe commonly it hath more ſulpher, body and heat in't: The Wines that our Merchants bring over upon the River of *Garond* near *Boardeaux* in *Gaſcogny*, which is the greateſt Mart for Wines in all *France*: The *Scot* becauſe he hath always been an uſeful Confederate to *France* againſt *England*, hath (among other priviledges) right of preemption of firſt choice of Wines in *Bourdeaux*; he is alſo permitted to carry his Ordnance to the very Walls of the Town, whereas the *Engliſh* are forc'd to leave them at *Blay* a good way diſtant down the River: There is a hard green Wine that grows about *Rochel*, and the Iſlands thereabouts, which the cunning *Hollander* ſometime uſed to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of Herbs, or ſome other infuſions into it, (as he doth brimſtone into *Rheniſh*) to give it a whiter tincture, and more ſweetneſs, than they reimbark it for *Engl.* where it paſſeth for good *Bachrag*, and this is called *ſtooming* of Wines: In *Normandy*, there's little or no Wine at all grows, therefore the common drink of that Country is Sider, 'ſpecially in low *Normandy*: There are alſo many *Beer*-houſes in *Paris* and elſewhere, but though their Barley and Water be better than ours, or that of *Germany*, and though they have *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Brewers among them, yet they cannot make *Beer* in that perfection.

The prime Wines of *Germany* grow about the *Rhine*, 'ſpecially in the *Pſalts* or other *Palatinat* about *Bachrag*, which hath its Etymology from *Bachiara*, for in ancient times there was an Altar erected there to the honour of *Bacchus*, in regard of the richneſs of the Wines. Here and all *France* over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for Maidens to drink Wine until they are married, as it is in *Spain*, for them to wear high Shooes, or to paint till then: The *German* Mothers, to make their Sons fall into hatred of Wine, do uſe when they are little to put ſome Owles eggs into a cup of *Rheniſh*, and ſometimes a little living Eel, which twingling in the Wine, while the child is drinking, ſo ſcares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to Wine all their lives after. From *Bachrag* the firſt ſtock of Vines which grow now in the grand Canary Iſland were brought, which with the heat of the Sun and the Soyl, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the Wine which they afford, are accounted the richeſt, the moſt firm,

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the beſt bodied and laſtingſt Wine; and the moſt defecated from all earthly groſneſs of any other whatſoever; it hath little or no Sulpher at all in't, and leaves leſs Dregs behind, though one drink it to exceſs: *French* Wines may be ſaid but to pickle Meat in the Stomach, but this is the Wine that digeſts; and doth not only breed good Blood, but it nutrifieth alſo, being a glutinous ſubſtantial Liquor: Of this Wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry Induction, *That good Wine makes good Blood, good Blood cauſeth good Humours, good Humours cauſe good Thoughts, good Thoughts bring forth good Works, good Works carry a Man to Heaven*, Ergo, *good Wine carrieth a Man to Heaven.* If this be true, ſurely more *Engliſh* go to Heaven this way, than any other; for I think there's more *Canary* brought into *England*, than to all the World beſides: I think alſo there is a hundred times more drunk under the Name of *Canary*-Wine, than there is brought in; for *Sherries* and *Malagas* well mingled, paſs for *Canaries* in moſt Taverns, more often than *Canary* it ſelf; elſe I do not ſee, how it were poſſible for the Vintner to ſave by it, or to live by his Calling; unleſs he were permitted ſometimes to be a Brewer. When *Sacks* and *Canaries* were brought in firſt amougſt us, they were us'd to be drunk in *Aqua vitæ* Meaſures; and 'twas held fit only for thoſe to drink, who were us'd to carry their *Legs in their Hands, their Eyes upon their Noſes*, and an *Almanack in their Bones.* But now they go down every one's Throat, both Young and Old, like Milk.

The Countries that are freeſt from exceſs of Drinking, are *Spain* and *Italy*: If a Woman can prove her Husband to have been thrice Drunk, by the ancient Laws of *Spain*, ſhe may plead for a Divorce from him. Nor indeed, can the *Spaniard*, being hot brain'd, bear much Drink: Yet I have heard that *Gondamar* was once to hard for the King of *Denmark*, when he was here in *England*. But the *Spaniſh* Souldiers that have been in the Wars of *Flanders*, will take their Cups freely; and the *Italians* alſo. When I liv'd 'tother ſide the *Alps*, a Gentleman told me a merry Tale of a *Ligurian* Souldier, who had got Drunk in *Genoa*, and Prince *Doria* going a Horſeback, to walk the Round one Night, the Soldier took his Horſe by the Bridle, and ask'd what the Price of him was, for he wanted a Horſe; the Prince ſeeing in what Humour he was, caus'd him to be taken into a Houſe, and put to Sleep: In the Morning he ſent for him, and ask'd him what he would give for his Horſe; *Sir*, ſaid the recover'd Souldier, *the Merchant that would have bought him of your Highneſs yeſternight, went away betimes in the Morning.* The booneſt Companions for Drinking are the *Greeks* and *Germans*: But the *Greek* is the merrier of the two, for he will Sing and Dance, and kiſs his next Com-

Companions; but the other will drink as deep as he: If the *Greek* will drink as many Glaſſes, as there be Letters in his Miſtreſſes Name, the other will drink the Number of his Years; and though he be not apt to break out into Singing, being not of ſo Airy a Conſtitution, yet he will drink often Muſically a Health to every one of theſe 6 Notes, *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La,* which, with this reaſon, are all comprehended in this Exameter.

Ut Relivet Miſerum Fatum Solitóſque Labores.

The feweſt Draughts he drinks are three, the firſt to quench the Thirſt paſs'd, the ſecond to quench the preſent Thirſt, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of low *Dutchmen*, that had drunk ſo deep, that beginning to ſtagger, and their Heads turning round, they thought verily they were at Sea, and that the upper Chamber where they were, was a Ship, inſomuch that it being foul windy Weather, they fell to throw the Stools, and other things out of the Window, to lighten the Veſſel, for fear of ſuffering Shipwrack.

Thus have I ſent your Lordſhip a dry Diſcourſe upon a fluent Subject, yet I hope your Lordſhip will pleaſe to take all in good part, becauſe it proceeds from

Weſtmin. 7. Octob. 1634. *Your moſt humble and ready Servitor,* J. H.

LVII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

YOur Deſires have been always to me as Commands, and your Commands as binding as Acts of Parliament: Nor do I take pleaſure to employ Head or Hand in any thing more than in the exact performance of them: Therefore if in this crabbed difficult Task, you have been pleas'd to impoſe upon me about Languages; I come ſhort of your Lordſhips Expectation, I hope my Obedience will Apologize for my Diſability: But whereas your Lordſhip deſires to know what were the Original Mother Tongues of the Countries of *Europe*, and how theſe modern Speeches that are now in uſe were firſt introduced; I may Anſwer hereunto, that it is almoſt as eaſie a thing to diſcover the Sourſe of *Nile*, as to find out the Original of ſome Languages; yet I will attempt it as well as I can, and I will take my firſt riſe in theſe Iſlands of Great *Britain* and *Ireland*; for to be curious and Eagle-ey'd abroad, and to be blind and ignorant at home, (as many of our Travellers are now adays) is a curioſity that carrieth with it more of Affectation than any thing elſe.

Touching the Iſle of *Albion*, or Great *Britany*, the *Cambrian* or *Cymraccan* Tongue commonly call'd *Welſh*, (and *Italian* alſo is ſo call'd by the *Dutch*,) is without controverſie the prime maternal Tongue of this Iſland, and connatural with it; nor could any of the four Conqueſts, that have been made of it, by *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*, ever extinquiſh her, but ſhe remains ſtill pure and incorrupt; of which Language there is as exact and methodical a Grammer, with as regular Precepts, Rules, and Inſtitutions, both for Proſe and Verſe, compil'd by Doctor *David Rice*, as I have read in any Tongue whatſoever: Some of the Authentiquiſt Annaliſts report that the old Gaules, (now the *French*) and the *Britans* underſtood one another, for they came thence very frequently to be be inſtructed here by the *Britiſh Druydes*, which were the Philoſophers and Divines of thoſe Times; and this was long before the Latine Tongue came on this ſide the *Alps*, or Books written; and there is no meaner man than *Cæſar* himſelf records this.

This is one of the fourteen *Vernacular* and Independant Tongues of *Europe*, and ſhe hath divers Dialects, The firſt is the *Corniſh*, the ſecond the *Armonicans*, or the Inhabitants of *Britany*, in *France*, whither a Colony was ſent over hence in the time of the *Romans*. There was alſo another Dialect of the *Britiſh* Language among the *Picts*, who kept in the North parts in *Northumberland*, *Weſtmorland*, *Cumberland*, and ſome parts beyond *Tweed*, until the whole Nation of the *Scot* poured upon them with ſuch multitudes that they utterly extinguiſhed both them and their Language. There are ſome which have been curious in the Compariſon of Tongues, who believe that the *Iriſh* is but a Dialect of the ancient *Britiſh*; and the learnedeſt of that Nation in a private Diſcourſe, I happened to have with him, ſeem'd to incline to this Opinion; but this I can aſſure your Lordſhip of, that at my being in that Country, I obſerv'd, by a private Collection which I made, that a great multitude of their radical Words are the ſame with the *Welſh*, both for Senſe and Sound; the Tone alſo of both the Nations is conſonant; for when I firſt walked up and down *Dublin* Markets, methought verily I was in *Wales*, when I liſtned unto their ſpeech; but I found that the *Iriſh* Tone is a little more querulous and whining than the *Britiſh*, which I conjectured with my ſelf proceeded from their often being ſubjugated by the *Engliſh*. But, my Lord, you would think it ſtrange, that divers pure *Welſh* Words ſhould be found in the new found World in the *Weſt-Indies*; yet it is verified by ſome Navigators, (as *Grando*, (hark) *Nef* (heaven *Lluynog* (a Fox) *Pergwin* (a Bird with a white Head) with ſundry others, which are pure *Britiſh*; nay, I have read a *Welſh* Epitaph which was found there upon one *Madoc* a *Britiſh* Prince, who

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ſome Years before the *Norman* Conqueſt, not agreeing with his Brother then Prince at *South-Wales*, went to try his Fortunes at Sea, imbarquing himſelf at *Milford* Haven, and ſo tarried on thoſe Coaſts: This if well prov'd, might well Entitle our Crown to *America*, if firſt diſcovery may claim a Right to any Country.

The *Romans*, though they continued here conſtantly above 300 Years, yet could they not do as they did in *France*, *Spain*, and other Provinces, plant their Language as a Mark of Conqueſt; but the *Saxons* did, coming in far greater numbers under *Hengiſt* from *Holſtein* Land in the lower Circuit of *Saxony*, which People reſemble the *Engliſh* more than any other Men upon Earth, ſo that 'tis more than probable that they came firſt from thence; beſides, there is a Town there call'd *Lunden*, and another place named *Angles*, whence it may be preſum'd that they took their new Denomination here: Now the *Engliſh*, though as *Saxons* (by which Name the *Welſh* and *Iriſh* call them to this day) they and their Language is Ancient; yet in reference to this Iſland, they are the moderneſt Nation in *Europe*, both for Habitation, Speech, and Denomination, which makes me ſmile at Mr. *Fox* his Error in the very Front of his Epiſtle before the Book of Martyrs, where he calls *Conſtantine* the firſt Chriſtian Emperor, the Son of *Helien* an *Engliſh* Woman, whereas ſhe was purely *Britiſh*, and that there was no ſuch Nation upon Earth called *Engliſh* at that time, nor above 100 Years after, till *Hengiſt* invaded this Iſland; and ſetling himſelf in it, the *Saxons* who came with him, took the Appellation of *Engliſhmen*. Now the *Engliſh* Speech, though it be Rich, Copious, and Significant, and that there be divers Dictionaries of it; yet, under favour, I cannot call it a regular Language, in regard though often attempted by ſome choiſe Wits, there could never any Grammar or exact *Syntaxis* be made of it; yet hath ſhe divers Subdialects, as the Weſtern and Northern *Engliſh*, but her chiefeſt is the *Scotic*, which took Footing beyond *Tweed*, about the laſt Conqueſt; but the ancient Language of *Scotland*, is *Iriſh*, which the Mountaneers and divers of the Plain retain to this day. Thus, my Lord, according to my ſmall Model of Obſervation, have I endeavoured to ſatisfie you in part: I ſhall in my next go on, for in the purſuance of any Command from your Lordſhip, my Mind is like a Stone thrown into a deep Water, which never reſts till it goes to the bottom: So for this time, and always, I reſt,

My Lord,

Weſt. 9. Aug. 1630. *Your moſt humble and ready Servitor,*

J. H.

LVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

IN my laſt I fulfill'd your Lordſhips Commands, as far as my Reading and Knowledge could extend, to inform you what were the radical Primitive Languages of thoſe Dominions that belong to the Crown of Great *Britain*, and how the *Engliſh* which is now predominant, entred in firſt: I will now hoiſe Sail for the *Netherlands*, whoſe Language is the ſame Dialect with the *Engliſh*, and was ſo from the beginning, being both of them derived from the high *Dutch*: The *Daniſh* alſo is but a Branch of the ſame Tree, no more is the *Sweediſh*, and the Speech of them of *Norway* and *Iſeland*. Now the High *Dutch* or *Teutonick* Tongue, is one of the prime and moſt ſpacious Maternal Languages of *Europe*; for beſides the vaſt extent of *Germany* it ſelf, with the Countries and Kingdoms before mentioned, whereof *England* and *Scotland* are two, it was the Language of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, and continueth yet of the greateſt part of *Poland* and *Hungary*, who have a Dialect of hers for their vulgar Tongue; yet though ſo many Dialects and Subdialects be deriv'd from her, ſhe remains a ſtrong Sinewy Language, Pure and Incorrupt in her firſt Centre towards the Heart of *Germany*. Some of her Writers would make the World believe that ſhe was the Language ſpoken in Paradiſe, for they produce many Words, and proper Names in the Five Books of *Moſes*, which fetch their Etomology from her; as alſo in *Perſia* to this day, divers radical words are the ſame with her, as *Fader*, *Moeder*, *Broder*, *Star*: And a *German* Gentleman, ſpeaking hereof one day to an *Italian*, that ſhe was the Language of Paradiſe, ſure ſaid the *Italians*, (alluding to her roughneſs) *then it was the Tongue that God Almighty chid* Adam *in*: *It may be ſo*, replyed the *German*, *but the Devil had tempted* Eve *in* Italian *before*: A full-mouth'd Language ſhe is, and pronounc'd with that ſtrength as if one had Bones in his Tongue inſtead of Nerfs.

Thoſe Countries that border upon *Germany*, as *Bohemia*, *Siletia*, *Poland*, and thoſe vaſt Countries *North Eaſtward*, as *Ruſſia* and *Muſcovia*, ſpeak the *Slavonic* Language: And it is incredible what I have heard ſome Travellers report of the vaſt extent of that Language, for beſides *Slavonia* it ſelf, which properly is *Dalmatia* and *Liburnia*, it is the vulgar Speech of the *Macedonians*, *Epirots*, *Boſnians*, *Servians*, *Bulgarians*, *Moldavians*, *Rœſcians*, and *Podolians*; nay it ſpreads her ſelf over all the *Eaſtern* parts of *Europe*, (*Hungary* and *Wallachia* excepted) as far as *Conſtantinople*, and is frequently ſpo-

ſpoken in the Seraglio among the *Janizaries*; nor doth ſhe reſt there, but croſſing the *Helleſpont*, divers Nations in *Aſia* have her for their Popular Tongue, as the *Circaſſians*, *Mongrelians*, and *Gazarites*: Southward neither in *Europe* or *Aſia*, doth ſhe extend her ſelf further to the *North* Parallel of forty Degrees: But thoſe Nations which celebrate Divine Service after the *Greek* Ceremony, and profeſs Obedience to the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, as the *Ruſs*, the *Muſcovit*, the *Moldavian*, *Ruſcian*, *Bojnian*, *Servion*, and *Bulgarian*, with divers other *Eaſtern*, and *North-Eaſt* People that ſpeak *Slavonic*, have her in a different Character from the *Dalmatian*, *Croation*, *Iſtrian*, *Polonian*, *Bohemian*, *Siloſian*, and other Nations towards the *Weſt*: Theſe laſt have the *Illyrian* Character and the invention of it is attributed to St. *Jerom*; the other is of *Cyrill*'s deviſing, and is call'd the *Servian* Character: Now although there be above 60 ſeveral Nations that have this vaſt extended Language for their vulgar Speech, yet the pure Primitive *Slavonic* Dialect is ſpoken only in *Dalmatia*, *Croatia*, *Liburnia*, and the Countries adjacent, where the ancient *Slavonians* yet dwell, and they muſt needs be very ancient, for there is in a Church in *Prague*, an older Charter yet extant, given them by *Alexander* the Great, which I thought not amiſs to inſert here. *We* Alexander *the Great*, *Son of King* Philip, *founder of the* Grecian *Empire*, *Conqueror of the* Perſians, Medes, *&c. and of the whole World from* Eaſt *to* Weſt, *from* North *to* South, *Son of great* Jupiter, *by*, &c. *ſo call'd*; *To you the Noble Stock of Slavonians, and to your Language, becauſe you have been unto us a help, true in Faith, and valiant in war*; *we confirm all that tract of Earth from the* North *to the* South *of* Italy, *from us and our Succeſſors, to you and your Poſterity for ever: And if any other Nation be found there, let them be your Slaves.* Dated at *Alexandria* the 12. of the Godeſſes *Minerva*, witneſs *Ethra*, and the eleven Princes whom we appoint our Succeſſors. With this rare and one of the ancienteſt Records in *Europe*, I will put a period to this ſecond account I ſend your Lordſhip, touching Languages. My next ſhall be of *Greece*, *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*, and ſo I ſhall ſhake hands with *Europe*, till when, I humbly kiſs your Hands, and reſt,

Weſtmin. 2. Aug. 1930. *My Lord,*
Your moſt obliged Servitor, J. H.

LIX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

HAving in my laſt rambled through high and low *Germany*, *Bohemy*, *Denmark*, *Poland*, *Ruſſia*, and thoſe vaſt *North-Eaſt*

Regions, and given your Lordſhip a touch of their Languages, (for 'twas no Treatiſe I intended at firſt, but a curſory ſhort literal Account) I will now paſs to *Greece*, and ſpeak ſomething of that large, and learned Language, for 'tis ſhe indeed, upon whom the Beams of all Scientifical Knowledge did firſt ſhine in *Europe*, which ſhe afterward diffus'd through all the *Weſtern* World.

The Greek Tongue was firſt peculiar to *Hellas* alone, but in tract of time the Kingdom of *Macedon*, and *Epire* had her; then ſhe arrived on the Iſles of the Egean Sea, which are interjacent, and divide *Aſia* and *Europe* that way: then ſhe got into the fifty three Iſles of the *Cyclades*, that lye 'twixt *Negrepont* and *Candy*, and ſo got up to the *Helleſpont* to *Conſtantinople*: She then croſs'd over to *Anatolia*, where though ſhe prevail'd by introducing multitudes of Colonies; yet ſhe came not to be the ſole vulgar Speech any where there, as far as to extinguiſh the former Languages. Now *Anatolia* is the moſt Populous part of the whole Earth, for *Strabo* ſpeaks of ſixteen ſeveral Nations that ſlept in her Boſom, and 'tis thought the 22 Languages which *Mithridates* the great *Polyglot*, King of *Pontus* did ſpeak, were all within the Circumference of *Anatolia*, in regard his Dominions extended but a little further. She glided then along the Maritime Coaſts of *Thrace*, and paſſing *Byzantium* got into the Out-lets of *Danube*, and beyond her alſo to *Taurica*, yea, beyond that to the River *Phaſis*, and thence compaſſing to *Trebizond*, ſhe took footing on all the Circumference of the *Euxine* Sea. This was her Courſe from *Eaſt* to *North*, whence we will return to *Candy*, *Cyprus*, and *Sycily*, thence croſſing the *Phare* of *Meſſina*; ſhe got all along the Maritime Coaſts of the *Tirrhene* Sea to *Calabria*; ſhe reſted her ſelf alſo a great while in *Apulcia*: There was a Populous Colony of Greeks alſo in *Marſeilles* in *France*, and along the Sea Coaſts of *Savoy*: In *Afric* likewiſe *Cyrene*, *Alexandria*, and *Egypt*, with divers others, were Peepled with Greeks: and three Cauſes may be alledged why the Greek Tongue did ſo expand her ſelf; firſt, it may be imputed to the Conqueſts of *Alexander* the Great; and the Captains he left behind him for Succeſſors: Then the Love the People had to the Sciences, ſpeculative Learning and Civility, whereof the *Greeks* accounted themſelves to be the grand Maſters, accounting all other Nations *Barbarians* beſides themſelves: Thirdly, the natural Inclination and Dexterity the Greeks had to commerce, whereunto they employed themſelves more than any other Nation, except the *Phœnician* and *Armenian*, which may be a reaſon why in all places moſt commonly they colonized the Maritime parts, for I do not find they did penetrate far into the Bowels of any Country, but lived on the Sea ſide in obvious Marcantile places, and acceſſible Ports.

Now

Now many Ages ſince, the Greek Tongue is nôt only impaired and pitifully degenerated in her Purity and Eloquence, but extremely decayed in her Amplitude and Vulgarneſs: For firſt, there is no trace at all left her in *France* or *Italy*; the *Slavonic* Tongue hath aboliſhed her in *Epire* and *Macedon*; the *Turkiſh* hath outed her from moſt parts of *Anatolia*, and the *Arabian* hath extinguiſhed her in *Syria*, *Paleſtine*, *Egypt*, and ſundry other places. Now touching her Degeneration from her Primitive Suavity and Elegance; it is not altogether ſo much as the deviation and declenſion of the *Italian* from the *Latin*, yet it is ſo far that I could ſet foot on no place, nor hear of any People, where either the *Attic*, *Doric*, *Eolic*, or *Bucolic*, ancient *Greek* is vulgarly ſpoken; only in ſome places near *Heraclea* in *Anatolia* and *Peloponeſus* (now call'd the *Morea*) they ſpeak of ſome Towns called the *Lacones* which retain yet, and vulgarly ſpeak the old *Greek*, but incongruouſly; yet though they cannot themſelves ſpeak according to Rules, they underſtand thoſe that do: Nor is this corruption happened to the *Greek* Language, as it uſeth to happen to others, either by the Law of the Conqueror, or Inundation of Strangers, but it is inſenſibly crept in by their own ſupine negligence, and fantaſtickneſs; 'ſpecially by that common fatality and changes which attend time and all other ſublunary Things: Nor is this ancient Scientifical Language decayed only; but the Nation of the *Greeks* it ſelf is as it were mouldred away, and brought in a manner to the ſame condition, and to as contemptible a paſs as the *Jew* is: Inſomuch, that there cannot be two more pregnant inſtances of the lubricity and inſtableneſs of Mankind, as the decay of theſe two ancient Nations; the one the ſelect People of God, the other the moſt famous that ever was for Arts, Arms, Civility and Government; ſo that *in ſtatu quo nunc* they who term'd all the World *Barbarians* in compariſon of themſelves, in former times, may be now term'd (more than an any other) *Barbarians* themſelves, as having quite loſt not only all inclination and aſpirings to Knowledge and Vertue, but likewiſe all Courage and bravery of Mind to recover their ancient Freedom and Honour.

Thus have you, my Lord, as much of the *Greek* Tongue, as I could comprehend within the bounds of a *Letter*; a Tongue that both for Knowledge, for Commerce, and for Copiouſneſs, was the principalleſt that ever was; in my next I will return nearer home, and give your Lordſhip account of the *Latin* Tongue, and of her three Daughters the *French*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*, in the interim you find that I am ſtill,

My Lord,

Weſt. 25. Jul. 1630.

Your moſt obedient Servitor, J. H.

LX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

MY laſt was a purſuit of my endeavours to comply with your Lordſhip's deſires, touching Languages: And I ſpent more Oyl and Labour than ordinary, in diſplaying the *Greek* Tongue; becauſe we are more beholding to her for all Philoſophical and Theoric Knowledge; as alſo for Rules of Commerce, and commutative Juſtice, than unto any other. I will now proceed to the *Latine* Tongue, which had her ſource in *Italy*, in *Latium* call'd now *Compagna di Roma*, and receiv'd her growth with the monſtrous encreaſe of the City and Empire: Touching the one, ſhe came from poor Mud-Walls at Mount *Palatine*, which were ſcarce a Mile about at firſt, to be afterwards fifty Miles compaſs, (as ſhe was in the Reign of *Aurelianus*) and her Territories which were hardly a days Journey extent, came by favourable Succeſſes and Fortune of War, to be above three thouſand in length, from the Banks of *Rhine*, or rather from the Shores of this Iſland, to *Euphrates*, and ſometimes to the River *Tigris*: With this vaſt expanſion of *Roman* Territories, the Tongue alſo did ſpread; yet I do not find by thoſe re-ſearches I have made into Antiquity, that ſhe was vulgarly ſpoken by any Nation, or in any intire Country, but in *Italy* it ſelf: For notwithſtanding, that it was the practice of the *Roman* with the Lance to uſher in his Laws and Languages, as marks of Conqueſt; yet I believe his Tongue never took ſuch firm impreſſion any where, as to become the vulgar epidemic Speech of any People elſe: or that ſhe was able to null and extinguiſh the native Languages ſhe found in thoſe Places, where ſhe planted her Standard: Nor can there be a more pregnant inſtance hereof, than this Iſland; for notwithſtanding that ſhe remain'd a *Roman* Province four hundred years together, yet the *Latin* Tongue could never have the vogue here ſo far as to aboliſh the *Britiſh* or *Cambrian* Tongue.

'Tis true, that in *France* and *Spain* ſhe made deeper impreſſions; the reaſon may be, in regard there were far more *Roman* Colonies planted there; for whereas there were but four in this Iſle, there were nine and twenty in *France*, and fifty ſeven in *Spain*, and the greateſt entertainment the *Latin* Tongue found out of *Italy* her ſelf, was in theſe two Kingdoms; yet I am of opinion that the pure congruous Grammatical *Latin* was never ſpoken in either of them as a vulgar vernacular Language, common amongſt Women and Children; no nor in all *Italy* it ſelf, except

Latium.

Latium: In *Afric*, though they were ſixty *Roman* Colonies diſ-ſpers'd upon that Continent, yet the Latine Tongue made not ſuch deep impreſſions there, nor in *Aſia* neither, nor is it to be thought that in thoſe Colonies themſelves did the common Soldiers ſpeak in that Congruity, as the *Flamins*, the Judges, the Magiſtrates, and Chief Commanders did: When the *Romans* ſent Legions, and planted Colonies abroad, 'twas for divers Political Conſiderations, partly to ſecure their new Acqueſts, partly to abate the ſuperfluous numbers and redundancy of *Rome*; then by this way they found means to employ and reward men of worth, and to heighten their minds for the *Roman* Spirit did riſe up, and take growth with his good Succeſſes, Conqueſts, Commands, and Employments.

But the reaſon that the Latine Tongue found not ſuch Entertainment in the Oriental parts, was, that the *Greek* had fore-ſtall'd her, which was of more Eſteem among them, becauſe of the Learning that was couch'd in her, and that ſhe was more uſeful for Negotiation and Trafic, whereunto the *Greeks* were more addicted, than any People; therefore though the *Romans* had an Ambition to make thoſe forreign Nations that were under their Yoak to *ſpeak* as well as to *do* what pleaſed them, and that all orders, Edicts, *Letters*, and the Laws themſelves Civil as well as Martial, were publiſh'd and executed in *Latine*; yet, I believe this *Latine* was ſpoken no otherwiſe among thoſe Nations, than the *Spaniſh* or *Caſtilian* Tongue is now in the *Netherlands*, in *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, *Naples*, the two *Indies*, and other Provincial Countries which are under that King; nor did the pure *Latine* Tongue continue long at a ſtand of perfection in *Rome*, and *Latium* it ſelf among all ſorts of People, but ſhe received changes and corruption; neither do I believe that ſhe was born a perfect Language at firſt, but ſhe received Nutriment, and degrees of Perfection with time, which matures, refines and finiſheth all things. The Verſes of the *Salii*, compos'd by *Numa Pompilius*, were ſcarce intelligible by the *Flamins*, and Judges themſelves, in the Wane of the *Roman* Common-Wealth, nor the Laws of the *Decemviri*: And if that *Latin* wherein were couch'd the Capitulations of Peace 'twixt *Rome* and *Carthage*, a little after the expulſion of the Kings, which are yet extant upon a Pillar in *Rome*, were compar'd to that which was ſpoken in *Cæſars* Reign 140 Years after, at which time the *Latine* Tongue was mounted to the *Meridian* of her Perfection; ſhe would be found as differing as *Spaniſh* now differeth from the *Latine*: After *Cæſar* and *Cicero*'s time, the *Latine* Tongue continued in *Rome* and *Italy*, in her Purity four hundred Years together, until the *Goths* ruſh'd into *Italy* firſt under *Alaric*, then the *Huns* under *Artilia*, then the *Vandals* under

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Genſericus, and the *Heruli* under *Odoacer*, who was proclaimed King of *Italy*; but the *Goths* a little after, under *Theodoric*, thruſt out the *Heruli*; which *Theodoric* was by *Zeno* the Emperor, formally inveſted King of *Italy*; who with his Succeſſor, Reign'd there peaceably ſixty years and upwards: So that in all probability, the *Goths* Cohabiting ſo long among the *Italians*, muſt adulterate their Language, as well as their Women.

The laſt barbarous People that invaded *Italy* about the year 570, were the *Lombards*, who having taken firm rooting in the very Bowels of the Country above 200 years, without interruption, during the Reign of twenty Kings; muſt of neceſſity alter and deprave the general Speech of the natural Inhabitants; and among others, one Argument may be, that the beſt and midland part of *Italy* chang'd it's Name, and took it's appellation from theſe laſt Invaders, calling it ſelf *Lombardy*; which Name it retains to this day. Yet before the intruſions of theſe Wandring and Warlike People into *Italy*, there may be a precedent cauſe of ſome Corruption that might creep into the *Latin* Tongue in point of Vulgarity: Firſt, the incredible confluence of Forrenners that came daily far and near, from the coloniz'd Provinces to *Rome*; then the infinite number of Slaves, which ſurpaſſed the number of free Citizens, might much impair the purity of the *Latin* Tongue; and laſtly, thoſe Inconſtancies and humor of Novelty, which is naturally inherent in Man; who according to thoſe frail elementary Principles and Ingredients whereof he is compos'd, is ſubject to inſenſible alterations, and apt to receive impreſſions of any change.

Thus, my Lord, as ſuccinctly as I could digeſt it into the narrow bounds of an Epiſtle, have I ſent your Lordſhip this ſmall ſurvey of the *Latin*, or firſt *Roman* Tongue: In my next I ſhall fall aboard of her three Daughters, *viz.* the *Italian*, the *Spaniſh*, and the *French*; with a diligent inveſtigation what might be the original Native Languages of thoſe Countries from the beginning, before the *Latin* gave them the Law: In the interim I crave a candid Interpretation of what is paſſed; and of my ſtudiouſneſs in executing your Lordſhip's Injunctions. So I am,

My Lord,

Weſtm. July 16. 1730.

Your moſt humble and obedient Servant,

J. H.

LX.

To the Right Honourable the E. R.

My Lord,

MY laſt was a diſcourſe of the *Latin* or Primitive *Roman* Tongue; which may be ſaid to be expir'd in the *Market*, though living yet in the Schools; I mean ſhe may be ſaid to be defunct in point of Vulgarity, any time theſe 1000 years paſs'd. Out of her ruin have ſprung up the *Italian*, the *Spaniſh*, and the *French*, whereof I am now to treat; but I think it not improper to make a reſearch firſt, what the radical prime Mother-Tongues of theſe Countries were, before the *Roman* Eagle planted her Talons upon them.

Concerning *Italy*, doubtleſs there were divers before the *Latin* did ſpread all over that Country; the *Calabrian*, and *Apulian* ſpoke *Greek*, whereof ſome Relicks are to be found to this day; but it was an adventitious, no Mother-Language to them: 'Tis confeſs'd that *Latium* it ſelf, and all the Territories about *Rome*, had the *Latin* for its maternal and common firſt vernacular Tongue; but *Tuſcany* and *Liguria* had others quite diſcrepant, *viz.* the *Hetruſcane* and *Meſapian*, whereof though there be ſome Records yet extant; yet there are none alive that can underſtand them; The *Oſcan*, the *Sabin* and *Tuſculan*, are thought to be but Dialects to theſe.

Now the *Latin* Tongue, with the coincidence of the *Goths* Language, and other Northern People, who like Waves tumbled off one another, did more in *Italy*, than any where elſe; for ſhe utterly aboliſhed (upon that part of the Continent) all other maternal Tongues, as ancient as her ſelf; and thereby their eldeſt Daughter the *Italian* came to be the vulgar univerſal Tongue to the whole Country: yet the *Latin* Tongue had not the ſole hand in doing this; but the *Goths*, and other ſeptentrional Nations, who ruſh'd into the *Roman* Dition, had a ſhare in't, as I ſaid before, and pegg'd in ſome Words, which have been ever ſince irremovable; not only in the *Italian*, but alſo in her two younger Siſters, the *Spaniſh*, and the *French*, who felt alſo the fury of thoſe People. Now the *Italian* is the ſmootheſt and ſofteſt running Language that is; for there is not a Word, except ſome few Monoſyllables, Conjunctions, and Prepoſitions, that ends with a Conſonant in the whole Language; nor is there any vulgar Speech which hath more Subdialects, in ſo ſmall a tract of ground, for *Italy* it ſelf affords above Eight. There you have the *Roman*, the *Toſcane*, the *Venetian*, the *Milanez*, the *Neapolitan*, the *Calabreſſe*, the

the *Genovais*, the *Picmontez*; you have the *Corſican*, *Sycilian*, with divers other neighbouring Iſlands; and as the cauſe why from the beginning there were ſo many differing Dialects in the *Greek* Tongue, was, becauſe it was ſlic'd into ſo many Iſlands: So the reaſon why there be ſo many Subdialects in the *Italian*, is the diverſity of Governments that the Country is ſquandred into: There being in *Italy* at this day, two Kingdoms, *viz.* that of *Naples*, and *Calabria*: Three Republicks, *viz.* *Venice*, *Genoa*, and *Luca*, and divers other abſolute Princes.

Concerning the original Language of *Spain*, it was without any controverſie, the *Baſcuence*, or *Cantabrian*, which Tongue and Territory neither *Roman*, *Goth*, (whence this King hath his Pedigree, with divers of the Nobles) or *Moors*, could ever Conquer; though they had over-run, and taken firm footing in all the reſt, for many Ages: Therefore as the Remnant of the old *Britains* here, ſo are the *Biſcainers* accounted the ancient'ſt and unqueſtionableſt Gentry of *Spain*; inſomuch, that when any of them is to be dubb'd Kt. there is no need of any ſcrutiny to be made, whether he be clear of the Blood of the *Moriſco's*, who had mingled and incorporated with the reſt of the *Spaniards* about 700 years: And as the *Arcadian*, and *Attiques* in *Greece* for their immemorial Antiquity, are ſaid to vaunt of themſelves, that the one are Προσέλυνοι before the Moon; the other αὐτόχθονες iſſued out of the Earth it ſelf: So the *Biſcayner* hath ſuch like *Rhodomantados*.

The *Spaniſh* or *Caſtillian* Language hath but few ſubdialects, the *Portugues* is moſt conſiderable; touching the *Catalan*, and *Valencian*, they are rather Dialects of the *French*, *Gaſcan*, or *Aquitarian*; the pureſt Dialect of the *Caſtilian* Tongue is held to be in the Town of *Toledo*, which above other Cities of *Spain* hath this Priviledge, to be Arbitreſs in the deciſion of any Controverſie that may ariſe touching the interpretation of any *Caſtilian* Word.

It is an infallible Rule to find out the Mother and ancient'ſt Tongue of any Country, to go among thoſe who inhabit the barren'ſt and moſt Mountainous Places, which are Poſts of Security and Faſtneſs; whereof divers inſtances could be produc'd; but let the *Biſcayn* in *Spain*, the *Welſh* in Great *Britain*, and the Mountainers in *Epire* ſerve the turn, who yet retain their ancient unmixt Mother-Tongues, being extinguiſhed in all the Country beſides.

Touching *France*, it is not only doubtful, but left yet undecided what the true genuine *Gallic* Tongue was; ſome would have it to be the *German*, ſome the *Greek*, ſome the old *Britiſh* or *Welſh*, and the laſt opinion carrieth away with it the moſt judicious Antiquaries: Now all *Gallia* is not meant by it, but the Country of the *Celtæ* that inhabit the middle part of *France*, who are the

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true *Gauls*; *Cæſar* and *Tacius* tells us that theſe *Celtæ*, and the old *Britains* (whereof I gave a touch in my firſt *Letter*) did mutually underſtand one another; and ſome do hold that this Iſland was tied to *France*, as *Sicily* was to *Calabria*, and *Denmark* to *Germany*, by an Iſtmos or Neck of Land, 'twixt *Dover* and *Bullen*; for if one do well obſerve the Rocks of the one, and the Cliffs of the other, he will judge them to be one homogenous piece, and that they were cut and ſhivered aſunder by ſome act of violence.

The *French* or *Gallic* Tongue hath divers Dialects, the *Picard*, that of *Gerſey*, and *Garnſey*, (appendixes once to the Dutchy of *Normandy*) the *Provenſal*, the *Gaſcon*, or Speech of *Languedoc*, which *Scaliger* would Etymologize from *Langue d'oüy*, whereas it comes rather from *Langue de Got*, for the *Saracens* and *Goths*, who by their incurſions and long ſtay in *Aquitain* corrupted the Language of that part of *Gallia*: Touching the *Britain*, and they of *Bearn*, the one is a Dialect of the *welſh*, the other of the *Baſcuence*. The *Walloon* who is under the King of *Spain*, and the *Liegois*, is alſo a Dialect of the *French*, which in their own Country they call *Romand*. The *Spaniard* alſo terms his *Caſtillian*, *Roman*, whence it may be inferr'd, that the firſt riſe and derivation of the *Spaniſh* and *French*, were from the *Roman* Tongue, not from the *Latin*; which makes me think that the Language of *Rome* might be degenerated, and become a Dialect to our own Mother-Tongue (the *Latin*) before ſhe brought her Language to *France* and *Spain*.

There is beſides theſe Subdialects of the *Italian*, *Spaniſh* and *French*, another Speech that hath a great ſtroke in *Greece* and *Turkey*, call'd *Franco*; which may be ſaid to be compos'd of all the Three, and is at this day the greateſt Language of Commerce and Negotiation in the *Levant*.

Thus have I given your Lordſhip the beſt account I could, of the Siſter-Dialects of the *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, and *French*: In my next I ſhall croſs the *Mediterranean* to *Afric*, and the *Helleſpont* to *Aſia*, where I ſhall obſerve the general'ſt Languages of thoſe vaſt Continents, where ſuch numberleſs ſwarms, and differing ſorts of Nations, do crawl up and down this earthly Globe; therefore it cannot be expected that I ſhould be ſo punctual there as in *Europe*. So I am ſtill,

My Lord,

Weſtmin. 7. July, 1630.

Your obedient Servitor,

J. H.

LXII.

LXII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

HAving in my former *Letters* made a flying progreſs through the *European* World, and taken a view of the ſeveral Languages, Dialects, and Sub-Dialects, whereby People converſe one with another; and being now Wind-bound for *Afric*, I held it not altogether ſupervacaneous to take a review of them; and inform your Lordſhip, what Languages are original independent Mother-Tongues of *Chriſtendom*, and what are Dialects, Derivations, or Degenerations from their Originals.

The Mother-Tongues of *Europe* are thirteen, though *Scaliger* would have but eleven: There is the *Greek* 1, the *Latin* 2, the *Dutch* 3, the *Sclavonian* 4, the *Welſh* or *Cambrian* 5, the *Baſcuente* or *Cantabrian* 6, the *Iriſh* 7, the *Albanian* in the Mountains of *Epire*, 8, the *Tartarian* 9, the old *Illirian* 10, remaining yet in *Liburnia*, the *Jazygian* 11, on the *North* of *Hungary*, the *Chauchin* 12, in *Eaſt Friezland*, the *Finnic* 13. which I put laſt, with good reaſon, becauſe they are the only Heathens of *Europe*; all which were known to be in *Europe*, in the time of the the *Roman* Empire: There is a learned Antiquary that makes the *Arabic* to be one of the Mother-Tongues of *Europe*, becauſe it was ſpoken in ſome of the Mountains of South *Spain*; 'tis true, 'twas ſpoken for divers hundred years all *Spain* over, after the Conqueſt of the *Moors*; but yet it could not be call'd a Mother-Tongue, but an Adventitious Tongue, in reference to that part of *Europe*.

And now that I am to paſs to *Afric*, which is far bigger than *Europe*; and to *Aſia*, which is far bigger than *Afric*; and to *America*, which is thought to be as big as all the three: If *Europe* her ſelf hath ſo many Mother-Languages, quite diſcrepant one from the other, beſides ſecondary Tongues and Dialects, which exceed the number of their Mothers; what ſhall we think of the other three huge Continents, in point of differing Languages? Your Lordſhip knows that there be divers Meridians and Climes in the Heavens, whence Influxes of different qualities fall upon the Inhabitants of the Earth; and as they make Men to differ in the Ideas and Conceptions of the Mind; ſo in the motion of the Tongue, in the tune and tones of the Voice, they come to differ one from the other. Now, all Languages at firſt were imperfect confus'd Sounds, then came they to be Syllables, then Words, then Speeches and Sentences, which by practice, by tradition, and a kind of natural inſtinct from Parents to Children, grew to

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be fix'd. Now to attempt a Survey of all the Languages in the other three Parts of the habitable Earth, were rather a madneſs than a preſumption, it being a thing of impoſſibility; and not only above the Capacity, but beyond the ſearch of the activ'ſt, and knowing'ſt Man upon Earth. Let it therefore ſuffice, while I behold thoſe Nations that Read and Write from Right to Left, from the Liver to the Heart, I mean the *Africans* and *Aſians*, that I take a ſhort view of the *Arabic* in the one, and the *Hebrew* or *Syriac* in the other; for touching the *Turkiſh* Language, 'tis but a Dialect of the *Tartarian*, though it have received a late mixture of the *Armenian*, the *Perſian*, and *Greek* Tongues, but 'ſpecially of the *Arabic*; which was the Mother-Tongue of their Prophet; and is now the ſole Language of their *Alcoran*; it being ſtrictly inhibited, and held to be a prophaneneſs, to tranſlate it to any other, which they ſay preſerves them from the encroachment of Schiſms.

Now the *Arabic* is a Tongue of vaſt expanſion, for beſides the three *Arabia*'s, it is become the vulgar Speech of *Syria*, *Meſopotamia*, *Paleſtine*, and *Egypt*; from whence ſhe ſtretcheth her ſelf to the Streights of *Gribalter*, through all that vaſt tract of Earth, which lieth 'twixt the Mountain *Atlas*, and the *Mediterranean* Sea, which is now call'd *Barbary*, where *Chriſtianity* and the *Latin* Tongue, with divers famous Biſhops once flouriſhed. She is ſpoken likewiſe in all the *Northern* parts of the *Turkiſh* Empire, as alſo in petty *Tartary*, and ſhe above all other hath reaſon to learn *Arabic*, for ſhe is in hope one day to have the *Creſcent* and the whole *Ottoman* Empire, it being entail'd upon her, in caſe the preſent Race ſhould fail, which is now in more danger than ever: In fine, whereſoever the *Mahometan* Religion is profeſs'd, the *Arabick* is either ſpoken or taught.

My laſt view ſhall be of the firſt Language of the Earth, the ancient Language of Paradice, the Language wherein God-Almighty himſelf pleas'd to pronounce and publiſh the Tables of the Law, the Language that had a Benediction promis'd her, becauſe ſhe would not conſent to the Building of the *Babyloniſh* Tower: Yet this Holy Tongue hath had alſo her Eclipſes, and is now degenerated to many Dialects; nor is ſhe ſpoken purely by any Nation upon the Earth; a Fate alſo which is befallen the *Greek* and *Latin*. The moſt ſpacious Dialect of the *Hebrew* is the *Syriac*, which had her beginning in the time of the Captivity of the *Jews* at *Babylon*, while they cohabited and were mingled with the *Chaldeans*, in which tract of Seventy Years time, the vulgar ſort of *Jews* neglecting their own Maternal Tongue (the *Hebrew*) began to ſpeak the *Chaldee*, but not having the right accent of it, and faſhioning that new learn'd Language to their own Innovation of Points,

Affixes

Affixes and Conjugations, out of that intermixture of *Hebrew* and *Chaldee*, reſulted a third Language, call'd to this day the *Syriac*; which alſo after the time of our Saviour began to be more adulterated by admiſſion of the *Greek*, *Roman*, and *Arabic*: In this Language is the *Talmud* and *Targum* couch'd, and all their Rabbins, as Rabbi *Jonathan*, and Rabbi *Onkelos*, with others have written in it; inſomuch, that as I ſaid before, the ancient *Hebrew* had the ſame Fortune that the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues had, to fall from being naturally ſpoken any where, to loſe their general communicableneſs and vulgarity, and to become only School and Book-Languages.

Thus we ſee, that as all other ſublunary Things, are ſubject to corruption and decay; as the poten'ſt Monarchies; the proudeſt Republicks; the opulenteſt Cities, have their Growth, Declinings, and Periods: As all other elementary Bodies likewiſe, by reaſon of the frailty of their Principles, come by inſenſible degrees to alter and periſh, and cannot continue long at a ſtand of perfection: So the learnedſt and more eloquent Languages, are not free from this common Fatality, but they are liable to thoſe alterations and revolutions, to thoſe fits of inconſtancy, and other deſtructive Contingencies, which are unavoidably incident to all earthly Things.

Thus, My Noble Lord, have I evirtuated my ſelf, and ſtretch'd all my Sinews; I have put all my ſmall Knowledge, Obſervations, and Reading, upon the Tenter, to ſatisfie your Lordſhip's deſires touching this ſubject: If it afford you any Contentment, I have hit the White I aimed at, and hold my ſelf abundantly rewarded for my Oyl and Labour: So I am,

My Lord,

Weſtmin. 1. July, 1630. *Your moſt humble and ever obedient Servitor,* J. H.

LXIII.

To the Honourable Maſter Car. Ra.

Sir,

YOurs of the 7th Current was brought me, whereby I find that you did did put your ſelf to the penance of peruſing ſome Epiſtles that go Imprinted lately in my Name: I am bound to you for your Pains and Patience (for you write you read them all thorough) much more for your candid opinion of them; being right glad that they ſhould give entertainment to ſuch a choice and judicious Gentleman as your ſelf: But whereas you ſeem to except againſt ſomething in one *Letter*, that reflects upon Sir *Walter Rawleigh*'s Voyage to *Guyana*, becauſe I term the Gold Mine he went

went to diſcover, an *airy and ſuppoſitious Mine*, and ſo infer that it toucheth his Honour: Truly, Sir, I will deal clearly with you in that point, that I never harbour'd in my Brain the leaſt thought to expoſe to the World, any thing that might prejudice, much leſs traduce in the leaſt degree that could be, that rare and renowned Knight, whoſe Fame ſhall contend in longevity with this Iſland it ſelf; yea, with that great World which he Hiſtoriſeth ſo gallantly: I was a Youth about the Town when he undertook that Expedition; and I remember moſt Men ſuſpected that Mine then, to be but an imaginary politic Thing; but at his return, and miſſing of the Enterprize, theſe ſuſpitions turn'd in moſt to real beliefs that 'twas no other. And K. *James* in that Declaration which he commanded to be Printed and Publiſhed afterwards, touching the circumſtances of this Action (upon which my *Letter* is grounded, and which I have ſtill by me) terms it no leſs: And if we may not give Faith to ſuch publick Regal Inſtruments, what ſhall we Credit? Beſides, there goes another Printed kind of Remonſtrance annex'd to that Declaration, which intimates as much. And there is a worthy Captain in this Town, who was a Co-Adventurer in that Expedition, who, upon the ſtorming of St. *Thomas*, heard young Mr. *Rawleigh* encouraging his Men in theſe Words, *Come on my Noble Hearts, this is the Mine we come for; and they who think there is any other, are Fools.* Add hereunto, that Sir *Richard Baker*, in his laſt Hiſtorical Collections, intimates ſo much; therefore 'twas far from being any opinion broach'd by my ſelf, or bottom'd upon weak grounds: For I was careful of nothing more, than that thoſe *Letters*, being to breath open Air, ſhould relate nothing but what ſhould be derived from good Fountains. And truly, Sir, touching that Apology of Sir *Walter Rawleigh* you write of, I never ſaw it; and I am very ſorry I did not, for it had let in more light upon me, of the carriage of that great Action; and then you might have been aſſur'd, that I would have done that Noble Knight all the right that could be.

But, Sir, the ſeveral Arguments that you urge in your *Letters*, are of that ſtrength, I confeſs, that they are able to rectifie any indifferent Man in this point, and induce him to believe that it was no Chymera, but a real Mine; for you write of divers pieces of Gold brought thence by Sir *Walter* himſelf, and Captain *Kemy*, and of ſome Ingots that were found in the Governor's Cloſet at St. *Thomas*, with divers Cruſibles, and other refining Inſtruments; yet, under favour, that might be, and the benefit not countervail the charge; for the richeſt Mines that the King of *Spain* hath upon the whole Continent of *America*, which are the Mines of *Potaſi*, yield him but Six in the Hundred, all expences defrayed. You write how King *James* ſent privately to Sir *Walter*,

being yet in the Tower, to entreat and command him, that he would impart his whole deſign unto him, under his Hand, promiſing upon the Word of a King to keep it ſecret; which being done accordingly by Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, that very original Paper, was found in the ſaid *Spaniſh* Governor's Cloſet at St. *Thoma*: Whereat, as you have juſt cauſe to wonder, and admire the activeneſs of the *Spaniſh* Agents about our Court at that time; ſo I wonder no leſs at the miſcarriage of ſome of His Late Majeſties Miniſters, who notwithſtanding that he had paſs'd his Royal Word to the contrary, yet they did help Count *Gondamar* to that Paper; ſo that the reproach lieth more upon the *Engliſh* than the *Spaniſh* Miniſters in this particular: Whereas you alledge that the dangerous Sickneſs of Sir *Walter* being arriv'd near the place, and the Death of (that rare Spark of Courage) your Brother, upon the firſt Landing, with other Circumſtances, diſcourag'd Captain *Kemys* from diſcovering the Mine, but to reſerve it for another time: I am content to give as much credit to this as any Man can; as alſo that Sir *Walter*, if the reſt of the Fleet according to his earneſt motion, had gone with him to re-victual in *Virginia* (a Country where he had reaſon to be welcome unto, being of his own diſcovery) he had a purpoſe to return to *Guyana*, the Spring following to purſue his firſt deſign. I am alſo very willing to believe that it coſt Sir *Walter Rawleigh* much more to put himſelf in Equipage, for that long intended Voyage, than would have payed for his Liberty, if he had gone about to purchaſe it for reward of Money at home; though I am not ignorant that many of the Co-Adventurers made large Contributions, and the Fortunes of ſome of them ſuffer for it at this very day. But although *Gondamar*, as my *Letter* mentions, calls Sir *Walter* Pyrate; I, for my part, am far from thinking ſo; becauſe as you give an unanſwerable Reaſon, the plundering of St. *Thomas* was an Act done beyond the Equator, where the Articles of Peace 'twixt the two Kings does not extend: Yet, under favour, though he broke not the Peace, he was ſaid to break his Patent, by exceeding the bounds of his Commiſſion, as the foreſaid Declaration relates, for King *James* had made ſtrong promiſes to Count *Gondamar*, that this Fleet ſhould commit no outrages upon the King of *Spain*'s Subjects by Land, unleſs they began firſt; and I believe that was the main cauſe of his Death; though I think if they had proceeded that way againſt him in a legal courſe of Tryal, he might have defended himſelf well enough.

Whereas you alledge, that if that Action had ſucceeded, & afterwards been well proſecuted, it might have brought *Gondamar*'s great Catholic Maſter, to have been begg'd for at the Church-

Doors

Doors by Fryars, as he was once brought in the latter end of Q. *Elizabeth*'s days: I believe it had much damnified him, and interrupted him in the poſſeſſion of his *Weſt-Indies*; but not brought him, under favour, to ſo low an ebb. I have obſerved that it is an ordinary thing in your *Popiſh* Countries, for Princes to borrow from the *Altar*, when they are reduc'd to any ſtreights; for they ſay, *The Riches of the Church, ſerve as Anchors in time of a Storm.* Divers of our Kings have done worſe, by pawning their Plate and Jewels. Whereas my *Letter* makes mention that Sir *Walter Rawleigh* mainly labor'd for his Pardon before he went, but could not compaſs it; this is alſo a paſſage in the foreſaid Printed Relation: But I could have wiſh'd with all my Heart he had obtain'd it; for I believe, that neither the tranſgreſſion of his Commiſſion, nor any thing that he did beyond the Line, could have ſhortned the Line of his Life otherwiſe; but in all probability we might have been happy in him to this very day, having ſuch an Heroic Heart as he had, and other rare helps, by his great knowledge, for the preſervation of Health. I believe without any ſcruple what you write, that Sir *William St. Geon* made an overture unto him, of procuring his Pardon for 1500 *l.* But whether he could have effected it, I doubt a little, when he had come to negotiate it really. But I extreamly wonder how that old Sentence which had lain Dormant above ſixteen years againſt Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, could have been made uſe of to take off his Head afterwards, conſidering that the Lord Chancellor *Verulam*, as you write, told him poſitively (as Sir *Walter* was acquainting him with that proffer of Sir *William St. Geon*, for a pecuniary Pardon) in theſe Words, *Sir, The knee-Timber of your Voyage is Money, ſpare your Purſe in this particular, for upon my Life you have a ſufficient Pardon for all that is paſſed already, the King having under his Broad Seal, made you Admiral of your Fleet, and given you power of the Martial Law over your Officers and Soldiers.* One would think that by this Royal Patent, which gave him power of Life and Death over the King's Liege People, Sir *Walter Rawleigh* ſhould become *Rectus in curia*, and free from all old Convictions: But, Sir, to tell you the plain truth, Count *Gondamar* at that time had a great ſtroak in our Court; becauſe there was more than a meer overture of a Match with *Spain*, which makes me apt to believe, that that great wiſe Kt. being ſuch an *Anti-Spaniard*, was made a Sacrifice to advance the Matrimonial Treaty. But I muſt needs wonder, as you juſtly do, that one and the ſame Man, ſhould be condemned for being a Friend to the *Spaniard*, (which was the ground of his firſt Condemnation) ſhould afterwards loſe his Head for being their Enemy, by the ſame Sentence: Touching his return, I muſt confeſs I was utterly ignorant that thoſe two

Noble Earls *Thomas* of *Arundel*, and *William* of *Pembrook* were engaged for him in this particular, nor doth the Printed Relation make any mention of them at all; therefore I muſt ſay that Envy her ſelf muſt pronounce that return of his, for the acquitting of his fiduciary Pledges to be a moſt Noble Act, and waving that of K. *Alphonſo*'s More, I may more properly compare it to the Act of that famous *Roman* Commander (*Regulus* as I take it) who to keep his Promiſe and Faith, return'd to his Enemies where he had been Priſoner, though he knew he went to an inevitable Death. But well did that faithleſs cunning Knight, who betrayed Sir *Walter Rawleigh* in his intended eſcape being come aſhore, fall to that contemptible end, as to dye a poor diſtracted Beggar in the Iſle of *Lindey*, having for a Bag of Mony falſified his Faith, confirm'd by the tye of the Holy Sacrament, as you write, as alſo before the Year came about, to be found clipping the ſame Coyn in the K's. own Houſe, at *White-Hall*, which he had receiv'd as a reward for his perfidiouſneſs, for which being condemn'd to be Hang'd, he was driven to ſell himſelf to his Shirt, to purchaſe his Pardon of two Knights.

And now, Sir, let that glorious and gallant Cavalier Sir *Walter Rawleigh* (*who lived long enough for his own Honour, though not for his Country*, as it was ſaid of a *Roman* Conſul) reſt quietly in his Grave, and his Vertues live in his Poſterity, as I find they do ſtrongly, and very eminently in you: I have heard his Enemies confeſs, that he was one of the weightieſt and wiſeſt Men that this Iſland ever bred; Mr. *Nath. Carpenter*, a learned and judicious Author, was not in the wrong when he gave this diſcreet Character of him, *Who hath not known or read of this Prodigy of Wit and Fortune, Sir* Walter Rawleigh, *a Man infortunate in nothing elſe but in the greatneſs of his Wit and Advancement, whoſe eminent Worth was ſuch, both in domeſtic Policy, forren Expeditions, and Diſcoveries, in Arts and Literature, both Practic and Contemplative, that it might ſeem at once to conquer Example and Imitation.*

Now Sir, hoping to be rectified in your judgment, touching my opinion of that Illuſtrious Knight your Father; give me leave to kiſs your Hands very affectionately, for the reſpectful mention you pleaſe to make of my Brother, once your Neighbor; he ſuffers, good Soul, as well as I, though in a differing manner: I alſo much value that favourable Cenſure you give of thoſe rambling *Letters* of mine, which indeed are nought elſe than a Legend of the cumberſome Life, and various Fortunes of a *Cadet*; but whereas you pleaſe to ſay, *That the World of learned Men is much beholden to me for them, and that ſome of them are freighted with many excellent and quaint paſſages, delivered in a Maſculine and Solid Stile, adorn'd with much Eloquence, and ſtuck with choiceſt Flowers,*

pick'd

pick'd from the Muſes Garden: Whereas you alſo pleaſe to Write, *That you admire my great Travels, my ſtrenuous endeavours, at all times, and in all places, to accumulate Knowledge, my active laying hold upon all occaſions, and on every handle, that might (with Reputation) advantage either my Wit or Fortune.* Theſe high gallant ſtrains of expreſſions, I confeſs, tranſcend my Merit, and are a Garment to gawdy for me to put on, yet I will lay it up among my beſt Reliques, whereof I have divers ſent me of this kind. And whereas in publiſhing theſe Epiſtles at time, you pleaſe to ſay, *That I have done like* Hezekiah, *when he ſhewed his Treaſures to the* Babylonians, *that I have diſcovered my Riches to Thieves, who will bind me faſt, and ſhare my Goods:* To this I anſwer, that if thoſe innocent *Letters* (for I know none of them but is ſuch) fall among ſuch Thieves, they will have no great Prize to carry away, it will be but *petty larceny:* I am already, God wot, bound faſt enough, having been a long time coopt up between theſe Walls, bereft of all my means of ſubſiſtance and employment; nor do I know wherefore I am here, unleſs it be for my Sins: For I bear as upright a Heart to my King and Country, I am as conformable and well affected to the Government of this Land, 'ſpecially to the High Court of Parliament, as any one whatſoever that breaths Air under this Meridian, I will accept none: And for my Religion, I defie any Creature 'twixt Heaven and Earth, that will ſay, that I am not a true *Engliſh* Proteſtant. I have from time to time employed divers of my beſt Friends to get my Liberty; at leaſtwiſe leave to go abroad upon Bail, (for I do not expect, as you pleaſe alſo to believe in your *Letter*, to be delivered hence as St. *Peter* was, by Miracle) but nothing will yet prevail.

To conclude, I do acknowledge in the higheſt way of recognition, the free and noble proffer you pleaſe to make me of your endeavours to pull me out of this doleful Sepulcher, wherein you ſay I am entomb'd alive; I am no leſs oblig'd to you for the opinion I find you have of my weak Abilities, which you pleaſed to wiſh heartily, *may be no longer eclipſed:* I am not in deſpair, but a day will ſhine, that may afford me opportunity to improve this good opinion of yours (which I value at a high rate) and let the World know how much I am,

Sir,

Fleet, 5 May, 1645.

Your real and ready Servitor,

J. H.

LXIV.

To Mr. T. V. *at* Bruſſels.

My dear Tom,

WHO would have thought poor *England* had been brought to this paſs? Could it ever have entred into the imagination of Man, that the Scheme and whole Frame of ſo ancient and well-molded a Government, ſhould be ſo ſuddenly ſtruck off the Hinges, quite out of joynt, and tumbled into ſuch a horrid Confuſion! who would have held it poſſible, that to fly from *Babylon*, we ſhould fall into ſuch a *Babel?* that to avoid Superſtition, ſome People ſhould be brought to belch out ſuch a horrid prophaneneſs, as to call the Temples of God, the Tabernacles of Satan; the Lord's-Supper, a Two-penny Ordinary; to make the Communion-Table, a Manger; and the Font, a Trough to water their Horſes in; to term the white decent Robe of the Presbyter, the Whore's Smock; the Pipes, through which nothing came but Anthems and Holy Hymns, the Devil's Bagpipes; the Liturgy of the Church, though extracted moſt of it out of the Sacred Text, call'd by ſome, another kind of *Alchoran*; by others, raw Porredge, by ſome a piece forg'd in Hell: Who would have thought to have ſeen in *England*, the Churches ſhut, and the Shops open, upon *Chriſtmas* Day? Could any Soul have imagined, that this Iſle would have produc'd ſuch Monſters, as to rejoyce at the *Turks* good Succeſſes againſt *Chriſtians*, and wiſh he were in the midſt of *Rome?* who would have dream'd ten years ſince, when Archbiſhop *Laud* did ride in State through *London*-Streets, accompanying my Lord of *London* to be ſworn Lord High Treaſurer of *England*; that the *Mitre* ſhould have now come to ſuch a ſcorn, to ſuch a National kind of hatred, as to put the whole Iſland in a combuſtion: which makes me call to memory a ſaying of the Earl of *Kildare* in *Ireland*, in the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth, which Earl, having deadly feud with the Biſhop of *Caſſiles*, burnt a Church belonging to that Dioceſs, and being ask'd upon his Examination before the Lord Deputy, at the Caſtle of *Dublin*, why he had committed ſuch a horrid Sacriledge, as to burn God's Church? He anſwer'd, *I had never burnt the Church, unleſs I had thought the Biſhop had been in't.* Laſtly, who would have imagined that the *Acciſe* would have taken footing here? A Word I remember in the laſt Parliament ſave one, ſo odious, that when Sir *D. Carleton*, then Secretary of State, did but Name it in the Houſe of Commons, he was like to be ſent to the Tower; although he nam'd it to no ill ſenſe, but to ſhew what advantage of Happineſs, the People of *England* had

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o're other Nations, having neither the Gabels of *Italy*, the Tallies of *France*, or the Accise of *Holland* laid upon them; yet upon this he was suddenly interrupted, and call'd to the Bar. Such a strange Metamorphosis poor *England* is now come unto; and I am afraid our Miseries are not come to their height, but the longest shadows stays till the Evening.

The freshest News that I can write unto you, is, that the *Kentish* Knight of your acquaintance, whom I writ in my last had an Apostacy in his Brain, dyed suddenly this Week of an Imposthume in his Breast, as he was reading a Pamphlet of his own that came from the Press, wherein he shew'd a great mind to be nibling with my *Trees*; but he only shew'd his Teeth; for he could not bite them to any purpose.

William Ro. is return'd from the Wars, but he is grown lame in one of his Arms, so he hath no mind to bear Arms any more, he confesseth himself to be an egregious Fool to leave his Mercer-ship, and go to be a Musqueteer: It made me think upon the Tale of the *Gallego* in *Spain*, who in the Civil Wars against *Aragon*, being in the Field he was shot in the Forehead, and being carried away to a Tent, the Surgeon search'd his Wound, and found it mortal; so he advised him to send for his Confessor, for he was no Man for this World, in regard the Brain was touch'd, the Souldier wish'd him to search it again, which he did, and told him that he found he was hurt in the Brain, and could not possibly 'scape; whereupon, the *Gallego* fell into a chafe, and said he lyed, for he had no Brain at all, *por que si tuviera seso, nunca huviera venido est a guerra*, for if I had had any Brain, I would never have come to this War. All your Friends here are well, except the maim'd Souldier, and remember you often, 'specially Sir *J. Brown* a good gallant Gentleman, who never forgets any who deserv'd to have a place in his Memory. Farewel my dear *Tom*, and God send you better days than we have here; for I wish you as much Happiness as possibly Man can have; I wish your Mornings may be good, your Noons better, your Evenings and Nights best of all: I wish your Sorrows may be short, your Joys lasting, and all your desires end in success, let me hear once more from you before you remove thence, and tell me how the squares go in *Flanders*. So I rest,

Fleet, 3. Aug. 1644.

Your entirely affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

LXV.

To His Majeſtie at Oxon.

Sir,

I Proſtrate this Paper at your Majeſties Feet, hoping it may find way thence to your Eyes, and ſo deſcend to your Royal Heart. The Forren Miniſters of State, by whoſe conveyance this comes, did lately intimate unto me, that among divers Things which go abroad under my Name reflecting upon the Times, there are ſome which are not ſo well taken, your Maieſty being inform'd that they diſcover a Spirit of Indifferency, and luke-warmneſs in the Author: This added much to the weight of my preſent ſuffrances; and exceedingly imbitter'd the ſenſe of them unto me, being no other than a Corriſif to one already in a Hectic Condition. I muſt confeſs that ſome of them were more moderate than others; yet (moſt humbly under favour) there were none of them but diſplayed the Heart of a conſtant true Loyal Subject, and as divers of thoſe who are moſt zealous to your Majeſty's Service told me, they had the good ſucceſs to rectifie multitudes of People in their opinion of ſome things: Inſomuch, that I am not only not conſcious, but moſt confident that none of them could tend to your Majeſties diſſervice any way imaginable: Therefore I humbly beſeech, that your Majeſtie would vouchſafe to conceive of me accordingly; and of one who by this recluſe paſſive condition hath his ſhare of this hideous Storm: Yet he is in aſſurance, rather hopes, that though divers croſs Winds hath blown, theſe times will bring in better at laſt. There have been divers of your Royal Progenitors who have had as ſhrew'd ſhocks: And 'tis well known how the next tranſmarine Kings have been brought to lower ebbs: At this very day he of *Spain* is in a far worſe condition; being in the midſt of two ſorts of People, (the *Catalan* and *Portugais*) which were lately his Vaſſals, but now have torn his Seals, renounc'd all Bonds of Allegiance: And are in actual Hoſtility againſt him. This great City I may ſay is like a Cheſs-board chequer'd, inlaid with White and Black Spots, though I believe the White are more in number, and your Majeſties Countenance by returning to your great Council, and your Court at *White-Hall*, would quickly turn them all White. That Almighty-Majeſty who uſeth to draw light out of darkneſs, and ſtrength out of weakneſs, making Mans extremity, his opportunity, preſerve and proſper your Majeſty accordingly to the Prayers early and late, of your Majeſties moſt Loyal Subject, Servant, and Martyr,

Fleet, 3. Sept, 1644.

Howell,

LXVI. *To*

LXVI.

To E. Benlowes *Esq*; *upon the receipt of a Table of exquisit Latine Poems.*

Sir,

I Thank you in a very high degree, for that precious Table of Poems you pleas'd to send me: When I had well view'd them, I thought upon that famous *Table of Proportion*, which *Ptolomy* is recorded by *Aristæus* to have sent *Eliezer* to *Hierusalem*, which was counted a stupendious piece of Art, and the wonderment of those times: What the curiosity of that Table was, I have not read, but I believe it consisted in extern mechanical Artifice only: The Beauty of your Table is of a far more Noble Extraction, being a pure Spiritual Work, so that it may be called the Table of your Soul; in confirmation of the Opinion of that Divine, though Pagan Philosopher, the high Wing'd *Plato*, who fancied that our Souls at the first infusion, were as so many Tables, they were *Abrasa Tabulæ*, and that all our future Knowledge was but a Reminiscence; but under favour, the Rich and Elaborate Poems which so loudly eccho out your Worth and Ingenuity, deserve a far more lasting Monument to preserve them from the injury of time, than such a slender Board; they deserve to be engraven in such durable dainty Stuff, that may be fit to hang up in the Temple of *Apollo*: Your eccho deserves to dwell in some Marble or Porphyry Grot, cut about *Parnassus* Mount, near the Source of *Helicon*, rather than upon such a slight superficies.

I much thank you for your Visits, and other fair respects you shew me; 'specially that you have enlarg'd my Quarters 'mong these melancholy Walls, by sending me a whole Isle to walk in, I mean that delicate *Purple Island* I receiv'd from you, where I meet with *Apollo* himself and all his Daughters, with other excellent Society; I stumble also there often upon my self, and grow better acquainted with what I have within me, and without me; Insomuch, that you could not make choice of a fitter ground for a Prisoner, as I am, to pass over, than of that *Purple Isle*, that *Isle of Man* you sent me, which as the ingenious Author hath made it, is a far more dainty Soil, than that *Scarlet Island* which lies near the *Baltic* Sea.

I remain still Wind-bound in this *Fleet*, when the Weather mends, and the Wind sits, that I may launch forth, I will repay you your Visits, and be ready to correspond with you in the reciprocation of any other Offices of Friendship, for I am Sir,

Fleet, 25. *Aug.* 1645. *Your Affectionate Servitor*, J. H.

LXVII.

To my Honourable Lady, the Lady A. Smith.

Madam,

WHereas you were pleas'd lately to ask leave, you may now take Authority to command me: And did I know any of the Faculties of my Mind, or Limbs of my Body, that were not willing to ſerve you, I would utterly renounce them, they ſhould be no more mine, at leaſt I ſhould not like them near ſo well; but I ſhall not be put to that, for I ſenſibly find that by a natural Propenſity, they are all moſt ready to obey you, and to ſtir at the leaſt beck of your Commands, as Iron moves towards the Load-ſtone: Therefore, *Madam*, if you bid me go, I will run; If you bid me run, I'le fly, (if I can) upon your Errand: But I muſt ſtay till I can get my Heels at liberty, from among theſe Walls, till when, I am as perfectly as Man can be,

Madam,

Fleet, 5. May, 1645. *Your moſt obedient humble Servitor,* J. H.

LXVIII.

To Maſter G. Stone.

Sir,

I Heartily rejoyce with the reſt of your Friends, that are ſafely return'd from your Travels, 'ſpecially that you have made ſo good returns of the time of your Travel, being, as I underſtand, come home fraighted with Obſervations and Languages; your Father tells me, that he finds you are ſo wedded to the *Italian* and *French*, that you utterly neglect the Latine Tongue; That's not well, though you have learnt to play at *Baggammon*, you muſt not forget *Iriſh*, which is a ſerious and ſolid Game; but I know you are ſo diſcreet in the courſe and method of your Studies, that you will make the Daughters to wait upon their Mother, and Love ſtill your old Friend: To truck the Latine for any other vulgar Language, is but an ill barter, it is as bad as that which *Glaucus* made with *Diomedes*, when he parted with his Golden Arms for Brazen ones; the proceed of this exchange will come far ſhort of any Gentlemans expectations, though haply it may prove advantagious to a Merchant, to whom common Languages are more uſeful. I am big with deſire to meet you, and to mingle a days diſcourſe with you, if not two, how you eſcap'd the Claws of

of the Inquiſition, whereinto I underſtand you were like to fall, and of other Traverſes of your Peregrination. Farewell my precious *Stone*, and believe it, the leaſt Grain of thoſe high Reſpects you pleaſe to profeſs unto me is not loſt, but anſwer'd with ſo many Caratts: So I reſt,

Weſtmin. 30. Novem. 1635. *Your moſt Affectionate Servitor,* J. H.

LXIX.

To Mr. J. J. *Eſquire.*

Sir,

I Received thoſe Sparkles of Piety you pleas'd to ſend me in a Manuſcript, and whereas you favour me with a deſire of my Opinion concerning the publiſhing of them. Sir, I muſt confeſs that I found among them many moſt fervent and flexanimous ſtrains of Devotion; I found ſome Prayers ſo piercing and powerful, that they are able to invade Heaven, and take it by violence, if the Heart doth its Office as well as the Tongue: But Sir, you muſt give me leave (and for this leave you ſhall have Authority to deal with mine in ſuch a caſe) to tell you, that whereas they conſiſt only of Requeſts, being all Suplicatory Prayers, you ſhould do well to interſperſe among them ſome Euchariſtical Ejaculations, and Doxologies, ſome Oblations of Thankfulneſs; we ſhould not be always whining in a puling Petitionary way (which is the Tone of the time now in faſhion) before the Gates of Heaven, without Fingers in our Eyes, but we ſhould lay our Hands upon our Hearts, and break into raptures of Joy and Praiſe: A Soul thus elevated, is the moſt pleaſing Sacrifice that can be offer'd to God Almighty, it is the beſt ſort of Incenſe: Prayer cauſeth the firſt Shower of Rain, but Praiſe brings down the ſecond, the one fructifieth the Earth, the other makes the Hills to Skip; all Prayers aim at our own ends and intereſts, but Praiſe proceeds from the pure motions of Love and Gratitude, having no other Object but the Glory of God: that Soul which rightly diſchargeth this part of Devotion may be ſaid to do the Duty of an Angel upon Earth. Among other Attributes of God, Preſcience or fore-knowledge is one, for he knows our thoughts, our deſires, our wants long before we propound them. And this is not only one of his Attributes but Prerogative Royal; therefore to uſe ſo many Iterations, Inculcatings, and Tautologies, as it is no good manner in morral Philoſophy, no more is it in Divinity, it argues a puſillanimous and miſtruſtful Soul: of the two, I had rather be overlong in Praiſe than Prayer, yet I would be careful it ſhould be free from any Phariſaical babling: Prayer compar'd with

with Praiſe, is but a fuliginous Smoak, iſſuing from the Senſe of Sin, and Humane Infirmities, Praiſes are the true clear Sparkles of Piety, and ſooner fly upwards.

Thus have I been free with you, in delivering my Opinion, touching that piece of Devotion you ſent me, whereunto I add my humble thanks to you for the peruſal of it: So I am

Fleet, 1. Sept. 1645. *Yours moſt ready to be Commanded*, J. H.

LXX.

To Captain William Bridges, *in* Amſterdam.

My Noble Captain,

I Had yours of the tenth Current, and beſides your *Aviſos*, I muſt thank you for thoſe rich Flouriſhes wherewith your *Letter* was Imbrodered every where. The News under *Clime* is, that they have mutined lately in divers places about the *Exciſe*, a Bird that was firſt hatch'd there amongſt you: Here in *London* the Tumult came to that height, that they burnt down to the ground the *Exciſe*-houſe in *Smithfield*; but now all is quiet again: God grant our *Exciſe* here, have not the ſame Fortune as yours there, to become perpetual; or as that new Gabel of *Orleans*, which began in the time of the *Ligue*, which continueth to this day, notwithſtanding the Cauſe ceas'd about threeſcore Years ſince; touching this, I remember a pleaſant Tale that is recorded of *Henry* the Great, who ſome Years after Peace was eſtabliſhed throughout all the whole Body of *France*, going to his own Town of *Orleans*; The Citizens petitioned him, that His Majeſty would be pleaſed to aboliſh that new Tax; the King asked who had impos'd it upon them? they anſwered *Monſieur de la Chaire*, (during the Civil Wars of the *Ligue*) who was now dead; the King replyed, *Monſieur de la Chatre vous a ligué qu'il vous deſligue*, *Monſieur de la Chatre* ligu'd you, let him then unligue you for my part; now that we have a kind of Peace, the Goals are full of Souldiers, and ſome Gentlemens Sons of Quality ſuffer daily; the laſt Week, Judge *Rives* condemned Four in your Country, at *Maidſtone* Aſſizes; but he went out of the World before them, though they were Executed four days after. You know the ſaying in *France*, that *la guerra fait les latrons, & la paix les ameine au gibet*, War makes Thieves, and Peace brings them to the Gallows. I lie ſtill here *in limbo*, *in limbo innocentium*, though not *in limbo infantum*, and I know not upon what Star to caſt this misfortune; Others are here for their good *Conditions*, but I am here for my good *Qualities* as your Couſin *Forteſcue* geer'd me not long ſince, I know none

none I have, unleſs it be to love you, which I would continue to do, though I tug'd at an Oar in a Gally, much more as I walk in the Galleries of this Fleet: In this reſolution I reſt

Fleet, 2. Septem. 1645. *Your moſt Affectionate Servitor*, J. H.

LXXI.

To Mr. W. B. *at* Grundesburgh.

Gentle Sir,

YOurs of the ſeventh I received yeſternight, and read o're with no vulgar delight; in the peruſal of it, me thought to have diſcern'd a gentle ſtrife 'twixt the fair reſpects you pleas'd to ſhew me therein, and your Ingenuity in expreſſing them, who ſhould have Superiority; ſo that I knew not to which of the two I ſhould adjudge the Palm.

If you continue to wrap up your young Acquaintance, which you ſay is but yet in *faſciis*, in ſuch warm choiſe ſwadlings, it will quickly grow up to maturity, and for my part, I ſhall not be wanting to contribute that reciprocal nouriſhment which is due from me.

Whereas you pleaſe to magnifie ſome pieces of mine, and that you ſeem to ſpie the Muſes pearching upon my Trees, I fear 'tis but *deceptio viſus*, for they are but Satyrs, or happily ſome of the homilier ſort of Wood-Nymphs, the Muſes have choicer Walks for their Recreation.

Sir, I muſt thank you for the Viſit you vouchſafed me in this ſimple Cell, and whereas you pleaſe to call it the *Cabinet that holds the Jewel of our time*, you may rather term it a wicker Casknet, than keeps a jet Ring, or a horn Lantern, that holds a ſmall Taper of courſe Wax; I hope this Taper ſhall not extinguiſh here, and if it may afford you any light, either from hence or hereafter, I ſhould be glad to impart it in a plentiful proportion, becauſe I am, Sir,

Fleet, 1. July, *Your moſt Affectionate Friend to ſerve you*,

J. H.

LXXII. *To*

LXXII.

To J. W. *of* Grays-Inn, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

I Was yours before in a high degree of Affection; but now I am much more yours, ſince I perus'd that parcel of choice Epiſtles you ſent me; they diſcover in you a knowing and a candid clear Soul; for *Familiar* Letters *are the Keys of the Mind, they open all the Boxes of one's Breaſt, all the Cells of the Brain, and truly ſet forth the inward Man; nor can the Penſil ſo lively repreſent the Face, as the Pen can do the Fancy:* I much thank you that you would pleaſe to impart them, unto

Your moſt faithful Servitor,

Fleet, 1. April, 1645.

J. H.

LXXIII.

To Capt. T. P. *From* Madrid.

Captain Don Tomas,

COuld I Write my Love unto you, with a Ray of the Sun, as once *Aurelius* the *Roman* Emperor wiſh'd to a Friend of his, you know this clear Horizon of *Spain* could afford me plenty, which cannot be had ſo conſtantly all the Seaſons of the Year in your clowdy Clime of *England: Apollo* with you makes not himſelf ſo common, he keeps more State, and doth not ſhew his Face, and ſhoot his Beams ſo frequently as he doth here, where 'tis *Sunday* all the Year. I thank you a thouſand times for what you ſent by Mr. *Greſley*, and that you let me know how the pulſe of the times beats with you: I find you caſt not your eyes ſo much Southward as you were us'd to do towards us here; and when you look this way, you caſt a cloudy Countenance, with threatning Looks, which makes me apprehend ſome fear, that it will not be ſafe for me to be longer under this Meridian. Before I part, I will be careful to ſend you thoſe things you Write for, by ſome of my Lord Ambaſſadour *Aſton*'s Gentlemen: I cannot yet get that Grammar, which was made for the Conſtable of *Caſtile*, who you know was Born Dumb, wherein an Art is invented to ſpeak with Hands only, to carry the Alphabet upon ones Joynts, and at his Fingers ends, which may be learn'd without any great difficulty, by any mean Capacity, and whereby one may diſcourſe, and deliver the conceptions of his Mind, without ever wagging

of

of his Tongue, provided there be a reciprocal Knowledge and co-understanding of the Art 'twixt the Parties, and it is a very ingenious peice of Invention. I thank you for the Copy of Verſes you ſent me, glancing upon the Times: I was lately perusing ſome of the *Spaniſh* Poets here, and lighted upon two Epigrams or Epitaphs more properly, upon our *Henry* the Eighth, and upon his Daughter Queen *Elizabeth*, which in requital I thought worth the ſending you.

A Henrique octavo Rey de Ingalatierra.

Mas de eſta loſa fria
Cubre Henrique tu valor,
De una Muger clamor,
Y de un Error la porfia
Como cupo en tu grandeza,
Dezidme enganado Ingles
Querer una muger a loſpies,
Ser de la yglefia cabeſa?

Pros'd thus in *Engliſh*, for I had no time to put it on Feet.

O *Henry* more than this cold Pavement covers thy Worth, the love of a Woman and pertinancy of Error, how could it ſubſiſt with thy Greatneſs; tell me O coſen'd *Engliſh-man*, to caſt thy ſelf at a Womans Feet, and yet to be Head of the Church? That upon Queen *Elizabeth*, was this,

De Iſabela Reyna de Ingalitierra.

Aqui yaze Iſabel,
Aqui la nueva Athalia,
Del oro Antartico Harpia,
Del mar incendio cruel:

Aqui el ingenio, mas dino
De loor que ha tenida el ſuelo,
Si parallegara al cielo
No huniera errado el camino.

Here lies *Jezabel*, here lies the new *Athalia*, the *Harpy* of the Weſtern Gold, the cruel Firebrand of the Sea: Here lies a Wit, the moſt worthy of Fame, which the Earth had, if to arrive to Heaven ſhe had not miſt her way.

You cannot blame the *Spaniard* to be Satyrical againſt Queen *Elizabeth*, for he never ſpeaks of her, but he fetcheth a ſhrink in the

the Shoulder; ſince I have begun, I will go on with as witty an Anagram as I have heard or read, which a Gentleman lately made upon his own Name *Tomas*, and a Nun call'd *Maria*, for ſhe was his *devota*: the occaſion was that going one Evening to diſcourſe with her at the Grate, he wrung her by the hand, and joyn'd both their Names in this Anagram. *To Maria mas*, I would take more; I know I ſhall not need to expound it to you; hereunto I will add a ſtrong and deep fetch'd Character, as I think you will confeſs when you have read it, that one made in this Court of a Courteſan.

Eres puta tan artera
Qu'en el vientre de tu madre
Tu cumiſtes de manera
Que te cavalgue el padre,

To this I will joyn that which was made of *de Vaca* Husband to *Juſepe de Vaca* the famous Comedian, who came upon the Stage with a Cloak lin'd with black Pluſh, and a great Chain about his Neck, whereupon the D. of *Mediana* broke into theſe witty Lines,

Contanta felpa en la Capa
Y tanta cadena de oro,
El marido de la Vaca
Que purde ſer ſino toto?

The concluſion of this rambling *Letter* ſhall be a time of certain hard Throary Words, which I was taught lately, and they are accounted the difficulteſt in all the whole *Caſtilian* Language, inſomuch, that he who is able to pronounce them, is accounted *Buen Romanciſta*, a good ſpeaker of *Spaniſh*: *Abeia y oueia y piedra que rabeia, y pendola tras oreia, y lugar en la y greia, deſſea a ſu hijo la vieia.* A Bee and a Sheep, a Mill, a Jewel in the Ear, and a Place in the Church, the old Woman deſires her Son. No more now, but that I am, and will ever be, my Noble Captain in the Front of

Madrid, 1. Aug. 1622. *Your moſt Affectionate Servitor*, J. H.

LXXIV.

To Sir Tho. Luke, *Knight.*

Sir,

HAD you traverſed all the World over, 'ſpecially thoſe large Continents, and Chriſtian Countries, which you have ſo exactly ſurveyed, and whence you have brought over with you ſuch ufe-

uſeful Obſervations and Languages, you could not have lighted upon a choicer piece of Womankind for your Wife; the Earth could not have afforded a Lady, that by her diſcretion and ſweetneſs could better quadrate with your diſpoſition: As I heartily congratulate your Happineſs in this particular, ſo I would deſire you to know that I did no ill offices towards the advancement of the Work, upon occaſion of ſome diſcourſe with my Lord *George* of *Rutland*, not long before, at *Hambledon*.

My thoughts are now puzled about my Voyage to the *Baltic* Sea, upon the King's Service; otherwiſe, I would have ventur'd upon an Epithalamium, for there is matter rich enough to work upon: And now that you have made an end of Wooing, I could wiſh you had made an end of Wrangling, I mean of Lawing; ſpecially with your Mother, who hath ſuch reſolutions where ſhe once takes: Law is not only a Pickpurſe, but a Purgatory; you know the ſaying they have in *France*, *Les plaideurs ſont les oyſeaux l'palais l'Champ, les Juges, rets les Advocats les Rats, les procureurs les ſouris de eſtas.* The poor Clients are the Birds, *Weſtminſter-Hall* the Field, the Judge the Net, the Lawyers the Rats, the Attornies the Mice of the Common-wealth. I believe this ſaying was ſpoken by an angry Clyent, for my part, I like his reſolution who ſaid, he would never uſe Lawyer nor Phyſitian, but upon urgent neceſſity: I will conclude with this Rime:

Pouvre playdeur,
Jay gran pitie de ta douleur.

Weſtmin. 1. May, 1629. *Your moſt affectionate Servitor,* J. H

LXXV.
To Mr. R. K.

Dear Sir,

YOU and I are upon a Journey, though bound for ſeveral places, I for *Hamborough*, you for your laſt Home, as I underſtand by Doctor *Baskervil*, who tells me much to my grief, that this hectical Diſeaſe will not ſuffer you to be long among us: I know by ſome experiments which I have had of you, you have ſuch a Noble Soul within you, that will not be daunted by thoſe natural apprehenſions which Death doth uſually carry along with it, among vulgar Spirits: I do not think that you fear Death as much, now, though it be to ſome (φοβερων φοβερώτατον) as you did to go in the dark when you were a Child, you have had a fair time to prepare your ſelf; God give you a boon Voyage to the Haven you are bound for (which I doubt not will be Heaven) and me the

grace to follow, when I have paſs'd the boyſterous Sea, and ſwelling Billows of this tumultuary Life, wherein I have already ſhot divers dangerous Gulfs, paſs'd o're ſome Quicksands, Rocks, and ſundry ill-favor'd Reaches; while others Sail in the ſleeve of Fortune: You and I have eaten a great deal of Salt together, and ſpent much Oyl in the communication of our Studies, by literal correſpondence, and otherwiſe, both in Verſe and Proſe; therefore I will take my laſt leave of you now in theſe few Stanza's.

1. *Weak crazy Mortal, why doſt fear*
To leave this earthly Hemiſphear?
Where all Delights away do paſs,
Like thy Effigies in a Glaſs.
Each Thing beneath the Moon is frail and fickle,
Death ſweeps away what Time cuts with his Sickle.

2. *This Life at beſt, is but an Inn,*
And we the Paſſengers, wherein
The Cloth is laid to ſome, before
They peep out of Dame Nature's Dore,
And warm Lodgings left: Others there are,
Muſt trudge to find a Room, and ſhift for Fare.

3. *This Life's, at longeſt, but one Day,*
He who in Youth *poſts hence away,*
Leaves us 'th Morn; *He who hath run*
His Race till Manhood, *parts at* Noon;
And who at Seventy odd *forſakes this Light,*
He may be ſaid to take his leave at Night.

4. *One Paſte makes up the Prince and Peaſant,*
Though one eat Roots, the other Feaſant,
They nothing differ in the Stuff,
But both extinguiſh like a Snuff:
Why then fond Man ſhould it thy Soul diſmay,
To Sally out of theſe groſs Walls of Clay?

And now my dear Friend Adieu, and live eternally in the World of endleſs Bliſs, where you ſhall have Knowledge, as well all Things elſe, commenſurate to your deſires; where you ſha clearly ſee the real cauſes, and perfect truth, of what we arg with that incertitude, and beat our Brains about here below; y though you be gone hence, you ſhall never dye in the Memory o

Your J. H.

Weſtmin. 15. Aug. 1630.

LXXVI.

To Sir R. Gr. *Knight and Bar.*

Noble Sir,

I Had yours upon *Maunday Thurſday*, late; and the reaſon that ſuſpended my Anſwer till now, was, that the Seaſon engaged me to ſequeſter my thoughts from my wonted Negotiations, to contemplate the great Work of Mans Redemption, ſo great, that were it caſt in counterballance with his Creation, it would out-poyze it far. I ſummon'd all my Intellectuals to meditate upon thoſe Paſſions, upon thoſe Pangs, upon that deſpicable and moſt dolorous Death, upon that Croſs whereon my Saviour ſuffer'd; which was the firſt Chriſtian Altar that ever was; and I doubt that he will never have any benefit of the Sacrifice, who hates the harmleſs reſemblance of the Altar whereon it was offer'd; I applyed my Memory to faſten upon't, my Underſtanding to comprehend it, my Will to embrace it: From theſe three Faculties, methought, I found by the meditation of the Fancy of ſome Beams of Love, gently gliding down from the Hand to the Heart, and inflaming all my affections: If the human Soul had far more powers than the Philoſophers afford her; if ſhe had as many faculties within the Head, as there be hairs without, the ſpeculation of this Miſtery would find work enough for them all: Truly, the more I ſcrue up my Spirits to reach it, the more I am ſwallowed in a gulf of admiration, and of a thouſand imperfect notions, which makes me ever and anon to quarrel that my Soul cannot lay hold on her Saviour; much more my Heart, that my pureſt affections cannot hug him as much as I would.

They have a Cuſtom beyond the Seas (and I could wiſh it were the worſt Cuſtom they had) that during the Paſſion-Week divers of their greateſt Princes, and Ladies, will betake themſelves to ſome Covent or reclus'd Houſe, to wean themſelves from all worldly encumbrances, and converſe only with Heaven, with performance of ſome kind of Penances, all the Week long. A worthy Gentleman that came lately from *Italy*, told me, that the Count of *Byron*, now Marſhal of *France*, having been long perſecuted by Cardinal *Richelieu*, put himſelf ſo into a Monaſtery, and the next day news was brought him of the Cardinal's Death; which I believe made him ſpend the reſt of the Week with the more Devotion in that way. *France* brags that our Saviour had his Face turn'd towards her, when he was upon the Croſs; there is more cauſe to think that it was towards this Iſland, in regard the Rays of Chriſtianity firſt reverberated upon her, her King being Chri-

ſtian 400 years before him of *France*, (as all Hiſtorians concur) notwithſtanding that he arrogates to himſelf the Title of the firſt Son of the Church.

Let this ſerve for part of my Apology. The day following, my Saviour being in the Grave, I had no liſt to look much abroad, but continued my retiredneſs; there was another reaſon alſo why, becauſe I intended to take the Holy Sacrament the *Sunday* enſuing: Which is an Act of the greateſt conſolation and conſequence that poſſibly a Chriſtian can be capable of; it imports him ſo much, that he is made or marr'd by it; it tends to his Damnation or Salvation, to help him up to Heaven, or tumble him down headlong to Hell. Therefore it behoves a Man to prepare and recollect himſelf; to winnow his thoughts from the chaff and tares of the World beforehand: This then took us a good part of that day to provide my ſelf a Wedding-Garment, that I might be a fit Gueſt at ſo precious a Banquet, ſo precious, that Manna and Angels Food, are but coarſe Viands in compariſon of it.

I hope that this excuſe will be of ſuch validity, that it may procure my Pardon, for not correſponding with you this laſt Week. I am now as freely, as formerly

Your moſt ready and humble

Fleet, 30. April, 1647. *Servitor*, J. H.

LXXVII.

To Mr. R. Howard.

Sir,

THere is a ſaying that carrieth with it a great deal of Caution, *From him whom I truſt, God defend me, for from him whom I truſt not, I will defend my ſelf.* There be ſundry ſorts of Truſts, but that of a Secret is one of the greateſt: I truſted *T. P.* with a weighty one, conjuring him that he ſhould nor let it take air and go abroad; which was not done according to the Rules and Religion of Friendſhip, but it went out of him the very next day: Though the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his, nor would I exchange my damage, for his diſgrace: I would wiſh you take heed of him, for he is ſuch as the *Comic* Poet ſpeaks of, *plenus rimarum*, he is full of Chinks, he can hold nothing: You know a Secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two; but *Tom* muſt be none of thoſe two, unleſs there were a trick to ſoder up his Mouth: If he had committed a Secret to me, and injoyn'd me ſilence, and I had promis'd it, though I had been ſhut up in *Perillus*'s brazen Bull, I ſhould not have bellowed it out: I find it now true, that he who diſcovers his Secrets to another,

ther, ſells him his Liberty, and becomes his Slave. Well, I ſhall be warier hereafter, and learn more Wit. In the interim the beſt ſatisfaction I can give my ſelf is to expunge him quite *ex albo amicorum*, to raze him out of the Catalogue of my Friends, (though I cannot of my Acquaintance) where your Name is inſerted in great golden Characters: I will endeavour to loſe the Memory of him, and that my thoughts may never run more upon the faſhion of his Face, which you know he hath no great cauſe to brag of, I have ſuch blateroons.

Odi illos ſeu clauſtra Erebi——

I thought good to give you this little Mot of Advice, becauſe the times are tickliſh of committing Secrets to any; though not to

From the Fleet, 14. Febr. 1647. *Your moſt affectionate Friend to ſerve you*, J. H.

LXXVIII.

To my Hon. Friend, Mr. E. P. *at* Paris.

Sir,

LET me never ſally hence, from among theſe diſconſolate Walls, if the Literal correſpondence you pleaſe to hold ſo punctually with me be not one of the greateſt Solaces I have had in this ſad condition: For I find ſo much Salt, ſuch indearments and flouriſhes, ſuch a gallantry and neatneſs in your Lines, that you may give the Law of *Lettering* to all the World: I had this Week a twin of yours, of the 10. and 15. Current, I am ſorry to hear of your *achaques*, and ſo often indiſpoſition there, it may be very well (as you ſay) that the Air of that dirty Town doth not agree with you, becauſe you ſpeak *Spaniſh*, which Language you know is us'd to be breath'd out under a clearer Clime; I am ſure it agrees not with the ſweet breezes of Peace, for 'tis you there that would keep poor *Chriſtendom* in perpetual Whirl-winds of Wars: But I fear, that while *France* ſets all Wheels a going, and ſtirs all the *Cacodæmons* of Hell to pull down the Houſe of *Auſtria*, ſhe may chance at laſt to pull it upon her own Head: I am ſorrry to underſtand what they write from *Venice* this Week, that there is a diſcovery made in *Italy*, how *France* had a hand to bring in the *Turk*, to invade the Territories of Saint *Mark*, and puzzle the Peace of *Italy*. I want faith to believe it yet, nor can I entertain in my Breaſt any ſuch conceit of the *Moſt Chriſtian King*, and *firſt Son of the Church*, as he terms himſelf: Yet I pray in your next to pull this Thorn out of my Thoughts, and tell me whether one may give any Credit to this Report.

We are now *Scot*-free, as touching the *Northern* Army, for our *dear* Brethren have truſs'd up their Baggage, and put the *Tweed* 'twixt us and them once again; *dear* indeed, for they have coſt us firſt and laſt, above nineteen hundred thouſand pound Sterling, which amounts to near eight Millions of Crowns with you there: Yet if reports be true, they left behind them more than they loſt, if you go to number of men, which will be a brave race of *Meſtiſo's* hereafter, who may chance, meet their Fathers in the Field, and kill them unwittingly: He will be a wiſe Child that knows his right Father. Here we are like to have four and twenty Seas emptied ſhortly, and ſome do hope to find abundance of Treaſure in the bottom of them, as no doubt they will; but many doubt that it will prove but *aurum Toloſanum* to the finders: God grant that from *Aereans* we turn not to be *Arrians*. The Earl of *Straſford* was accounted by his very Enemies, to have an extraordinary Talent of Judgment and Parts (though they ſay he wanted Moderation) and one of the prime Precepts he left his Son upon the Scaffold, was, that he ſhould not *meddle with Church-Land, for they would prove a Canker to his Eſtate.* Here are ſtarted up ſome great knowing Men lately, that can ſhew the very track by which our Saviour went to Hell; they will tell you preciſely whoſe Names are Written in the Book of Life, whoſe not: God deliver us from ſpiritual Pride, which of all ſorts is the moſt dangerous. Here are alſo notable Star-gazers, who obtrude to the World ſuch confident bold Predictions, and are ſo familiar with heavenly Bodies, that *Ptolomy*, and *Tychobrach* were but Ninnies to them. We have likewiſe multitude of Witches among us, for in *Eſſex* and *Suffolk* there were above two hundred Indicted within theſe two years, and above the one half of them executed, more I may well ſay, than ever this Iſland bred ſince the Creation, I ſpeak it with horrour. God guard us from the Devil; for I think he was never ſo buſie upon any part of the Earth that was enlightned with the Beams of Chriſtianity; nor do I wonder at it; for there's never a Croſs left to fright him away. *Edenburgh* I hear is fallen into a relapſe of the Plague, the laſt they had rag'd ſo violently, that the fortieth Man or Woman lives not of thoſe that dwelt there four years ſince, but it is all peopled with new Faces. *Don* and *Hans*, I hear are abſolutely accorded; nor do I believe that all the Artifices of Policy that you uſe there can hinder the Peace, though they may puzzle it for a while; if it be ſo the People which Button their Dublets upward, will be better able to deal with you there.

Much notice is taken, that you go on there too faſt in your Acqueſts, and now that the *Eagle's* Wings are pretty well clip'd, 'tis time to look that your *Flower-de-luce* grows not too rank, and ſpread

ſpread too wide. Whereas you deſire to know how it fares with your Maſter; I muſt tell you, that like the glorious Sun, he is ſtill in his own Orb, though clouded for a time, that he cannot ſhoot the beams of Majeſty with that luſtre he was wont to do: Never did Cavalier Woe fair Lady, as he Woes the Parliament to a Peace: 'Tis much the Head ſhould ſo ſtoop to the Members.

Farewel my Noble Friend, cheer up, and reſerve your ſelf for better days; take out Royal Maſter for your Pattern, who for his Longanimity, Patience, Courage, and Conſtancy is admir'd of all the World; and in a paſſive way of fortitude, hath out-gone all the Nine Worthies. If the Cedar be ſo Weather-beaten, we poor Shrubs muſt not murmur to bear part of the Storm: I have had my ſhare, and I know you want not yours: The Stars may change their Aſpects; and we may live to ſee the Sun again in his full Meridian: In the interim, come what will come, I am

Entirely Yours,

Fleet, 3. Feb. 1646. J. H.

LXXIX.

To Sir K. D. *at* Rome.

Sir,

THough you know well, that in the carriage and courſe of my rambling Life, I had occaſion to be as the *Dutchman* ſaith, a *Landloper*, and to ſee much of the World abroad; yet methinks, I have travell'd more ſince I have been Immur'd, and Martyr'd, 'twixt theſe Walls, than ever I did before, for I have travelled the *Iſle of Man*, I mean this little World, which I have carried about me, and within me ſo many years, for as the wiſeſt of Pagan Philoſophers ſaid, that the greateſt Learning was the knowledge of ones ſelf, to be his own Geometrician: If one do ſo, he need not gad abroad to ſee Faſhions, he ſhall find enough at home, he ſhall hourly meet with new fancies, new humors, new paſſions within doors.

This travelling o're of ones ſelf, is one of the Paths that leads a Man to Paradiſe, it is true, that it is a dirty and dangerous one, for it is thick ſet with extravagant deſires, irregular affections and concupiſcences, which are but odd Comerades, and oftentimes do lie in Ambuſh to cut our Throats; there are alſo ſome melancholy Companions in the way, which are our Thoughts, but they turn many times to be good Fellows, and the beſt Company; which makes me, that among theſe diſconſolate Walls, I am never

leſs alone, then when I am alone; I am oft-times ſole, but ſeldom ſolitary: Some there are, who are over peſtered with theſe Companions, and have too much mind for their Bodies; but I am none of thoſe.

There have been (ſince you ſhook hands with *England*) many ſtranger things happened here, which Poſterity muſt have a ſtrong Faith to believe: But for my part, I wonder not at any thing, I have ſeen ſuch monſtrous things. You know there is nothing that can be caſual, there is no ſucceſs good or bad, but is contingent to man ſometimes or other, nor are there any contingencies preſent or future, but they have their parallels from time paſſed: For the great Wheel of Fortune, upon whoſe Rim (as the twelve Signs upon the *Zodiac*) all worldly chances are emboſs'd, turns round perpetually, and the Spokes of that Wheel, which points at all humane Actions, return exactly to the ſame place after ſuch a time of revolution: which makes me little marvel at any of the ſtrange traverſes of theſe diſtracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or ſuch like formerly. If the *Liturgy* is now ſuppreſs'd, the *Miſſal* and the *Roman Breviary* was us'd ſome hundred years ſince: If *Croſſes*, *Church-Windows*, *Organs*, and *Fonts*, are now battered down, I little wonder at it, for *Chappels*, *Monaſteries*, *Hermitages*, *Nunneries*, and other Religious Houſes, were us'd ſo in the time of old King *Henry*: If *Biſhops* and *Deans* are now in danger to be demoliſhed, I little wonder at it, for *Abbots*, *Priors*, *and the Pope himſelf*, had that Fortune here, an Age ſince. That our King is reduc'd to this paſs, I do not much wonder at it, for the firſt time I travell'd *France*, *Lewis* the thirteenth (afterwards a moſt triumphant King as ever that Country had) in a dangerous Civil War, was brought to ſuch ſtreights, for he was brought to diſpence with part of his Coronation Oath, to remove from his *Court of Juſtice*, from the *Council Table*, from his very *Bed-Chamber*, his greateſt Favourites: He was driven to be content to pay the expence of the War, to reward thoſe that took up Arms againſt him; and Publiſh a Declaration that the ground of their Quarrel was good: Which was the ſame in effect with ours, *viz.* A diſcontinuance of the Aſſembly of the three Eſtates, and that *Spaniſh* Counſels did predominate in *France*.

You know better than I, that all Events, good or bad, come from the All-diſpoſing High Deity of Heaven, *if good, he produceth them; if bad, he permits them:* He is the Pilot that ſits at the Stern, and ſteers the great Veſſel of the World, and we muſt not preſume to direct him in his courſe, for he underſtands the Uſe of the Compaſs better than we: He commands alſo the Winds and the Weather, and after a Storm he never fails to ſend us a Calm, and to recompence ill Times with

with better, if we can live to ſee them, which I pray you may do, whatſoever becomes of

From the Fleet,
Lond. 3. *Mar.*
1647.

Your ſtill moſt faithful
humble Servitor,
J. H.

LXXX.

To Sir K. D. *at his Houſe in St.* Martins-*Lane.*

Sir,

THat Poem which you pleaſed to approve of ſo highly in a Manuſcript, is now manumitted, and made free Denizen of the World; it hath gone from my Study to the Stall, from the Pen to the Preſs, and I ſend you one of the Maiden-Copies herewith, to attend you; 'twas your judgment, which all the World holds to be Sound and Sterling, induced me hereunto; therefore, if there be any, you are to bear your part of the blame.

Holborn, 3. Jan.
1641.

Your moſt entirely devoted
Servitor,
J. H

To

To the Intelligent READER.

AMongſt other Reaſons which make the Engliſh *Language of ſo ſmall extent, and put Strangers out of conceit to learn it, one is, that we do not Pronounce as we Write, which proceeds from divers ſuperfluous Letters, that occur in many of our Words, which adds to the difficulty of the Language: Therefore the* Author *hath taken pains to retrench ſuch redundant unneceſſary Letters in this Work (though the* Printer *hath not been ſo careful as he ſhould have been) as amongſt multitudes of other Words may appear in theſe few,* done, ſome, come; *which though we to whom the Speech is* connatural, *pronounce as Monoſyllables, yet when Strangers come to read them, they are apt to make them Diſſyllables, as* do-ne, ſo-me, co-me; *therefore ſuch an* e *is ſuperfluous.*

Moreover, thoſe Words that have the Latin *for their Original, the* Author *prefers that* Orthography, *rather than the* French, *whereby divers Letters are ſpar'd, as* Phyſic, Logic, Afric, *not* Phyſique, Logique, Afrique; favor, honor, labor, *not* favour, honour, labour, *and very many more, as alſo he omits the* Dutch k, *in moſt words; here you ſhall read* people, *not* pe-ople, treſure, *not* tre-aſure, toung, *not* ton-gue, *&c.* Parlement, *not* Parliament, buſines, witnes, ſickneſs, *not* buſineſſe, witneſſe, ſickneſſe; ſtar, war, far, *not* ſtarre, warre, farre, *and multitudes of ſuch Words, wherein the two laſt Letters may well be ſpar'd. Here you ſhall alſo read* pity, piety, witty, *not* piti-e, pieti-e, witti-e, *as Strangers at firſt ſight pronounce them, and abundance of ſuch like Words.*

The new Academy of Wits, call'd L' Academie de beaux eſprits, *which the late Cardinal* de Richelieu *founded in* Paris, *is now in hand to reform the* French *Language in this particular, and to weed it of all ſuperfluous Letters, which makes the* Toung *differ ſo much from the* Pen, *that they have expos'd themſelves to this contumelious Proverb,* The *Frenchman* doth neither Pronounce as he Writes, nor Speak as he Thinks, nor Sing as he Pricks.

Ariſtotle *hath a topic Axiom, that* Fruſtra fit per plura, quod fieri poteſt per pauciora, When fewer may ſerve the turn, more is in vain. *And as this Rule holds in all things elſe, ſo it may be very well obſerv'd in Orthography.*

A
THIRD VOLUME
OF
Familiar LETTERS,
Of a Freſher Date.

I.

To the Right Honourable Edward *Earl of* Dorſet, *(Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſties Houſhold,* &c.) *at* Knowles.

My Lord,

HAving ſo advantagious a Hand as Doctor *S. Turner*, I am bold to ſend your Lordſhip a new Tract of *French* Philoſophy, call'd *L'uſage de Paſſions*, which is cryed up to be a choice Piece: It is a Moral Diſcourſe of the right uſe of *Paſſions*, the *Conduct* whereof as it is the principal Employment of *Vertue*, ſo the *Conqueſt* of them is the difficulteſt part of *Valour:* To know ones ſelf is much, but to conquer ones ſelf is more: We need not pick Quarrels and ſeek Enemies without doors, we have too many Inmates at home, to exerciſe our Proweſs upon; and there is no Man, let him have his humours, never ſo well ballanc'd, and in ſubjection unto him, but like *Muſcovia* Wives, they will oftentimes inſult, unleſs they be check'd, yet we ſhould make them our Servants, not our Slaves. Touching the Occurrences of times; ſince the King was ſnatch'd away from the Parliament, the Army they ſay, uſe him with more civility and freedom, but for the main work of reſtoring him, he

is

is yet, as one may ſay, but tantaliz'd, being brought often within the ſight of *London*, and ſo off again; there are hopes that ſomething will be done to his advantage ſpeedily; becauſe the *Gregarian* Soldiers and groſs of the Army is well affected to him, though ſome of the chiefeſt Commanders be ſtill averſe.

For Forreign News, they ſay St. *Mark* bears up ſtoutly againſt *Mahomet*, both by Land and Sea: In *Dalmatia* he hath of late ſhaken him by the Turban illfavouredly; I could heartily wiſh that our Army here were there, to help the *Republic*, and combat the common Enemy, for then one might be ſure to dye in the Bed of Honour. The Commotion in *Sicily* are quaſh'd, but thoſe of *Naples* increaſe, and 'tis like to be a more raging and voracious Fire than *Veſuvius*, or any of the ſulphurious Mountains about her did ever belch out. The *Catalan* and *Portuguez* bait the *Spaniard* on both ſides, but the firſt hath ſhrewder Teeth than the other, and the *French* and *Hollander* find him work in *Flanders*. And now, my Lord, to take all Nations in a lump: I think God Almighty hath a quarrel lately with all Mankind, and given the Reigns to the ill Spirit to compaſs the whole Earth, for within theſe twelve Years, there have the ſtrangeſt revolutions, and horridſt things hapen'd, not only in *Europe*, but all the World over, that have befallen Mankind; I dare boldly ſay, ſince *Adam* fell, in ſo ſhort a revolution of time: there is a kind of popular Planet reigns every where, I will begin with the hotteſt parts, with *Afric*, where the Emperor of *Ethiopia* (with two of his Sons) was encountred and kill'd in open field, by the Groom of his Camells and Dromedaries, who had levied an Army out of the dreggs of the People againſt him, and is like to hold that ancient Empire in *Aſia*. The *Tartar* broke o're the four hundred mil'd Wall, and ruſh'd into the heart of *China*, as far as *Quinzay*, and beleager'd the very Palace of the Emperor, who rather than to become Captif to the baſe *Tartar*, burnt his Caſtle, and did make away himſelf, his thirty Wives and Children; the Great *Turk* hath been lately ſtrangled in the *Seraglio*, his own Houſe: The Emperor of *Moſcovia* going in a ſolemn Proceſſion upon the Sabbath day, the Rable broke in, knocked down, and cut in pieces, divers of his chiefeſt Councellors, Favourites, and Officers before his face; and dragging their Bodies to the Market-place, their Heads were chop'd off, thrown into Veſſels of hot Water, and ſo ſet upon Poles to burn more bright before the Court Gate. In *Naples* a common Fruterer hath raiſed ſuch an Inſurrection, that they ſay above 60 Men have been ſlain already upon the Streets of that City alone: *Catalonia* and *Portugal* have quite revolted from *Spain*. Your Lordſhip knows what knocks have been 'twixt the Pope and *Parma*: The *Pole* and the *Coſacks* are hard at it, *Venice* wraſtleth with the *Turk*, and is like

to

to loſe her Maiden-head unto him, unleſs other Chriſtian Princes look to it in time: and touching theſe three Kingdoms, there's none more capable than your Lordſhip, to judge what monſtrous things have hapen'd; ſo that it ſeems the whole Earth is off the Hinges: And (which is the more wonderful) all theſe prodigious Paſſages have fallen out in leſs than the compaſs of 12 Years. But now that all the World is together by the Ears, the States of *Holland* would be built, for advice is come, that the Peace is concluded, and enterchangably ratified 'twixt them and *Spain*, but they defer the publiſhing of it yet, till they have collected all the Contribution Money for the Army: The *Spaniard* hopes that one day this Peace may tend to his advantage, more than all his Wars have done theſe fourſcore Years, relying upon the old Propheſie.

Marte triumphabis Batavia, Pace *peribis.*

The King of *Denmark* hath buried lately, his eldeſt Son *Chriſtian*, ſo that he hath now but one living, viz. *Frederic*, who is Arch-Biſhop of *Breme*, and is ſhortly to be King Elect.

My Lord, this *Letter* runs upon Univerſals, becauſe I know your Lordſhip hath a public great Soul, and a ſpacious Underſtanding, which comprehends the whole World, ſo in a due poſture of Humility, I kiſs your hands, being,

My Lord,

Fleet, 20. Jan. 1646. *Your moſt obedient and moſt faithful Servitor,* J. H.

II.

To Mr. E. P. *at* Paris.

Sir,

SInce we are both agreed to truck Intelligence, and that you are contented to barter *French* for *Engliſh*, I ſhall be careful to ſend you hence, from time to time, the currenteſt and moſt ſtaple Stuff I can find, with weight and good meaſure to boot; I know in that more ſubtil Air of yours, *Tinſell* ſometimes paſſes for *Tiſſue*, *Venice* Beads for Pearl, and Demicaſters for Bevers; But I know you have ſo diſcerning a judgment, that you will not ſuffer your ſelf to be ſo cheated; they muſt riſe betimes, that can put Tricks upon you, and make you take ſemblances for realities, probabilities for certainties, or ſpurious for true things: To hold this litteral correſpondence, I deſire but the pairings of your time, that you may have ſomething to do, when you have nothing elſe to do while

I make a buſineſs of it to be punctual in my anſwers to you, let our *Letters* be as Eccheos, let them bound back, and make mutual repercuſſions; I know you that breath upon the Continent have clearer Eccheos there, witneſs that in the *Twilleries*, ſpecially that at *Chaventon* Bridge, which quavers and renders the Voice ten times, when 'tis open Weather, and it were a vertuous curioſity to try it.

For News, the World is here turn'd upſide down, and it hath been long a going ſo; you know a good while ſince, we have had Leather Caps, and Bever Shooes, but now the Arms are come to be Leggs, for Biſhops Laun-ſleeves are worn for Boot-Hoſe tops; the Weſt is come to the Knee, for the Points that were uſed to be about the middle are now dangling there; Boots and Shooes are ſo long ſnouted, that one can hardly kneel in God's Houſe, where all Genuflection and Poſtures of Devotion and Decency are quite out of uſe: The Devil may walk freely up and down the Streets of *London* now, for there is not a Croſs to fright him any where, and it ſeems he was never ſo buſie in any Country upon Earth, for there have been more Witches Arraign'd and Executed here lately, than ever were in this Iſland ſince the Creation.

I have no more to communicate unto you at this time, and this is too much, unleſs it were better; God Almighty ſend us patience, you in your Baniſhment, me in my Captivity, and give us Heaven for our laſt Country, where Deſires turn to Fruition, Doubts to Certitudes, and dark Thoughts to clear Contemplations: Truly, my dear *Don Antonia*, as the times are, I take little contentment to live among the Elements, and (were it my Makers pleaſure) I could willingly, had I quit ſcores with the World, make my laſt account with Nature, and return this ſmall skinful of Bones to my common Mother: If I chance to do ſo before you, I love you ſo entirely well, that my Spirit ſhall viſit you, to bring you ſome tidings from the other World; and if you precede me, I ſhall expect the like from you, which you may do without affrighting me, for I know your Spirit will be a *bonus Genius*. So deſiring to know what's become of my Manuſcript, I kiſs your hands, and reſt moſt paſſionately,

Fleet, 20. Feb. 1646.

Your faithful Servitor.

J. H.

III.

To Maſter W. B.

Sir,

I Had yours of the laſt Week, and by reaſon of ſome ſudden encombrances, I could not correſpond with you by that Carrier: As for your deſire to know the Pedigree and firſt riſe of thoſe we call *Presbyterians*; I find that your Motion hath as much of Piety as Curioſity in it, but I muſt tell you, 'tis a Subject fitter for a Treatiſe than a *Letter*, yet I will endeavour to ſatisfie you in ſome part.

Touching the word Πρεσβύτερος, it is as ancient as Chriſtianity it ſelf, and every Church-man compleated in holy Orders, was called *Presbyter*, as being the chiefeſt Name of the Function, and ſo 'tis us'd in all Churches, both Eaſtern and Occidental to this day: We by contraction call him *Prieſt*, ſo that all Biſhops and Archbiſhops are Prieſts, though not *Vice Verſa*: Theſe holy Titles of Biſhop and Prieſt, are now grown odious among ſuch poor Scioliſts who ſcarce know the hoties of things, becauſe they favor of Antiquity: Though their *Miniſter* that Officiates in their Church be the ſame thing as *Prieſt*, and their *Superintendent* the ſame thing as *Biſhop*: but becauſe they are lovers of Novelties, they change old *Greek* words for new *Latine* ones. The firſt broacher of the *Presbyterian* Religion, and made it differ from that of *Rome* and *Luther*, was *Calvin*; who being once baniſhed, *Geneva* was revok'd, at which time he no leſs petulantly than prophanely applyed to himſelf that Text of the Holy Prophet which was meant of Chriſt, *The ſtone which the Builders refuſed, is made the head Stone of the Corner*, &c. Thus *Geneva* Lake ſwallowed up the Epiſcopal See, and Church-Lands were made ſecular, which was the white they levell'd at. This *Geneva* Bird flew thence to *France*, and hatch'd the *Huguenots*, which make about the tenth part of that People; it took wing alſo to *Bohemia* and *Germany*, high and low, as the *Palatinate*, the land of *Heſſe*, and the confederate Provinces of the States of *Holland*, whence it took flight to *Scotland*, and *England*: It took firſt footing in *Scotland*, when King *James* was a Child in his Cradle, but when he came to underſtand himſelf, and was manumitted from *Buchanan*, he grew cold in it, and being come to *Eng.* he utterly diſclaimed it, terming it in a public Speech of his to the Parliament, a *Sect* rather than a *Religion*. To this Sect may be imputed all the Sciſſures that have happen'd in Chriſtianity, with moſt of the Wars that have lacerated poor *Europe* ever ſince, and it may be called the

ſource

Source of the Civil Diſtractions that now afflict this poor Iſland.

Thus have I endeavoured to fulfil your deſires in part, I ſhall enlarge my ſelf further, when I ſhall be made happy with your Converſation here, till when, and always, I reſt

Fleet, 29. Novem. 1647. *Your moſt Affectionate to love and ſerve you.*

J. H.

IV.

To Sir J. S. *Knight, at* Rouen.

Sir,

OF all the bleſſings that ever dropt down from Heaven upon Man that of his *Redemption* may be call'd the Bleſſing Paramont; and of all thoſe comforts, and exerciſes of Devotion which attend that Bleſſing; the Euchariſt or Holy Sacrament may claim the prime place; but as there is Devotion, ſo there is Danger in't, and that in the higheſt degree, 'tis rank poiſon to ſome, though a moſt ſoveraign Cordial to others, *ad modum recipientis*, as the Schoolmen ſay, whither they take *panem Dominum*, as the *Roman Catholic*, or *panem Domini*, as the *Reformed Churches*. The Bee and the Spider, ſuck Honey and Poiſon out of one Flower: This, Sir, you have divinely expreſſed in the Poem you pleas'd to ſend me upon this ſubject, and whereas you ſeem to wooe my Muſe to ſuch a task; ſomething you may ſee ſhe hath done in pure Obedience onely to your Commands.

Upon the Holy Sacrament.

1.

Hail Holy Sacrament,
The Worlds great Wonderment,
Myſterious Banquet, much more rare
Then Manna, *or the Angels fare;*
Each Crum, though Sinners on thee feed,
Doth Cleopatra's *Pearl exceed:*
Oh how my Soul doth hunger, thirſt, and pine,
After theſe Cates ſo precious ſo divine!

2.

She need not bring her Stool,
As ſome unbidden Fool;
The Maſter of this heavenly Feaſt,
Invites and wooes her for his Gueſt,

Though

Though Deaf and Lame, Forlorn and Blind,
Yet welcome here she's sure to find;
So that she bring a Vestment for the day,
And her old tatter'd Rags throw quite away.

3.

This is Bethsaida's *Pool,*
That can both cleanse and cool,
Poor leprous and diseased Souls:
An Angel here, keeps and controuls,
Descending gently from the Heavens above,
To stir the Waters, may he also move
My mind, and Rocky Heart so strike and rend,
That Tears may thence gush out with them to blend.

This Morning Fancy drew on another towards the Evening, as followeth:

As to the Pole the Lilly bends,
In a Sea-compass, and still tends,
By a magnetic Mystery,
Unto the Artic point in Skie:
Whereby the wandring Piloteer,
His Course in gloomy Nights doth Steer,

So the small Needle of my Heart
Moves to her Maker, who doth dart
Attomes *of Love, and so attracts*
All my Affections, which like Sparks
Fly up, and guide my Soul by this,
To the true Centre of her Bliss.

As one Taper lightneth another, so were my Spirits enlightned and heated by your late Meditations in this kind; and well fare your Soul with all her faculties for them. I find you have a great care of her, and of the main chance, *Præ quo quisquiliæ cæteræ* You shall hear further from me within a few days, in the interim, be pleas'd to reserve still in your thoughts, some little room for

Fleet, 10. Decem. 1747. *Your most entirely Affectionate Servitor*,

J. H.

V.

To Mr. T. W. *at* P. Caſtle.

My precious Tom,

HE is the happy Man who can ſquare his mind to his means, and fit his Fancy to his Fortune: He who hath a competency to live in the Port of a Gentleman, and as he is free from being a head Conſtable, ſo he cares not for being a Juſtice of Peace, or Sheriff. He who is before-hand with the World, and when he comes to *London*, can whet his Knife at the Counter Gate, and needs not trudge either to a Lawyers Study, or Scriveners Shop, to pay Fees, or ſqueze Wax. 'Tis conceit chiefly that gives contentment, and he is happy, who thinks himſelf ſo, in any condition, though he have but enough to keep the Wolf from the door: Opinion is that great Lady which ſways the World, and according to the impreſſions ſhe makes in the mind, renders one contented or diſcontented. Now touching Opinion, ſo various are the intellectuals of Humah Creatures, that one can hardly find out two who jump pat in one, witneſs that Monſter in *Scotland*, in *James* the 4ths Reign, with two Heads, one oppoſite to the other, and having but one bulk of Body throughout, theſe two Heads would often fall into alterations, *pro* and *con* one with the other, and ſeldom were they of one Opinion, but they would knock one againſt the other in eager Diſputes; which ſhews that the Judgment is ſeated in the *Animal* parts, not in the *Vital*, which are lodg'd in the Heart.

We are ſtill in a turbulent Sea of Diſtractions, nor as far as I ſee, is there yet any ſight of Shore. Mr. *T. M.* hath had a great loſs at Sea lately, which I fear will light heavily upon him: when I conſider his caſe, I may ſay, that as the Philoſopher made a queſtion whether the *Mariner* be to be ranked among the number of the living or dead (being but four Inches diſtant from drowning, only the thickneſs of a Plank) ſo 'tis a doubt whether the Merchant Adventurer be to be numbred twixt the Rich or the Poor, his Eſtate being in the mercy of that devouring Element the Sea, which hath ſo good a Stomack that he ſeldom caſts up what he hath once ſwallowed. This City hath bred of late Years, Men of monſtrous ſtrange Opinions, that as all other rich places beſides, ſhe may be compar'd to a fat Cheeſe, which is moſt ſubject to Ingender Magots. God amend all, and me firſt, who am

Fleet, this St. *Tho. Day.*

Yours moſt faithfully to ſerve you, J. H.

VI. *To*

VI.

To Mr. W. Blois.

My worthy eſteemed Nephew,

I Received thoſe rich Nuptial Favours you appointed me for *Bands* and *Hat*, which I wear with very much contentment and reſpect, moſt heartily wiſhing that this late double condition may multiply new Bleſſings upon you, that it may uſher in fair and golden days, according to the Colour and Subſtance of your Bridal *Riband*, that thoſe days may be perfum'd with Delight and Pleaſure, as the rich ſented Gloves I wear for your ſake; May ſuch Benedictions attend you both, as the Epithalamiums of *Stella* in *Statius*, and *Julia* in *Catullus*, ſpeaks of; I hope alſo to be married ſhortly, to a Lady whom I have wooed above theſe five Years, but I have found her Coy and Dainty hitherto, yet I am now like to get her good Will in part, I mean the Lady *Liberty*.

When you ſee my *N. Brownrigg*, I pray tell him that I did not think *Suffolk* Waters had ſuch a *Lethæan* quality in them, as to cauſe ſuch an *Amneſtia* in him, of his Friends here upon the *Thames*, among whom for reality and ſeriouſneſs, I may march among the foremoſt, but I impute it to ſome new task, that his Muſe might haply impoſe upon him, which hath ingroſs'd all his ſpeculations; I pray preſent my cordial kind reſpects unto him.

So praying that a thouſand Bliſſes may attend this confarreation, I reſt my dear Nephew,

Fleet, 20. March, 1647. *Yours moſt Affectionately to love and ſerve you,* J. H.

VII.

To Henry Hopkins, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

TO uſher in again old *Janus*, I ſend you a parcel of *Indian* perfume, which the *Spaniard* calls the *Holy Herb*, in regard of the various Virtues it hath, but we call it *Tobacco*; I will not ſay it grew under the K. of *Spain*'s Window, but I am told it was gather'd near his Gold-Mines of *Potoſi* (where they report that in ſome places there is more of that Oar than Earth) therefore it muſt needs be precious Stuff, if moderately and ſeaſonably taken, (as I find you always do) 'tis good for many things; it helps Digeſtion taken a while after Meat, it makes one void Rheume, break Wind, and keeps the Body open: A Leaf or two being ſteept o're night,

in a little White-wine, is a vomit that never fails in its Operation: It is a good Companion to one that converſeth with dead men, for if one hath been poring long upon a Book, or is toil'd with the Pen, and ſtupified with Study, it quickneth him, and diſpels thoſe Clouds that uſually o'reſet the Brain. The Smoak of it is one of the wholeſomeſt Sents that is, againſt all contagious Airs, for it o'remaſters all other Smells, as King *James* they ſay found true, when being once a Hunting, a ſhower of Rain drave him into a Pigſty for ſhelter, where he caus'd a Pipe full to be taken of purpoſe: It cannot endure a Spider, or a Flea, with ſuch like Vermin, and if your Hawk be troubled with any ſuch, being blown into his Feathers it frees him; It is good to fortifie and preſerve the ſight, the ſmoak being let in round about the Balls of the Eyes once a week, and frees them from all Rheumes, driving them back by way of repercuſſion; being taken backward, 'tis excellent good againſt the Cholick, and taken into the Stomach, 'twill heat and cleanſe it; for I could inſtance in a great Lord, (my Lord of *Sunderland*, Preſident of *York*) who told me, that he taking it downward into his Stomach, it made him caſt up an Impoſthume, bag and all, which had been a long time engendring out of a Bruiſe he had receiv'd at Foot-ball, and ſo preſerv'd his life for many Years. Now to deſcend from the ſubſtance of the Smoak, to the Aſhes, 'tis well known that the Medicinal Virtues thereof are very many, but they are ſo common, that I will ſpare the inſerting of them here: But if one would try a pretty concluſion how much Smoak there is in a pound of Tobacco, the Aſhes will tell him; for let a pound be exactly weighed, and the Aſhes kept charily, and weigh'd afterwards, what wants of a pound weight in the Aſhes, cannot be denied to have been ſmoak, which evaporated into Air; I have been told that Sir *Walter Rawleigh* won a Wager of Queen *Elizabeth* upon this nicety.

The *Spaniards* and *Iriſh* take it moſt in Powder or Smutching, and it mightily refreſhes the Brain, and I believe there's as much taken this way in *Ireland*, as there is in Pipes in *England*: One ſhall commonly ſee the Serving-maid upon the Waſhing-block, and the Swain upon the Plow-ſhare; when they are overtir'd with Labour, take out their Boxes of Smutching, and draw it into their Noſtrils with a Quil, and it will beget new Spirits in them with a freſh Vigour to fall to their work again. In *Barbary* and other parts of *Afric*, 'tis wonderful what a ſmall Pill of Tobacco will do; for thoſe who uſe to ride Poſt through the ſandy Deſarts, where they meet not with any thing that's Potable or Edible, ſometimes three days together, they uſe to carry ſmall Balls, or Pills of Tobacco, which being put under the Tongue, it affords them a perpetual moyſture, and takes of the Edge off the Appetite for ſome days.

If you deſire to read with Pleaſure all the Virtues of this modern Herb, you muſt read Doctor *Thorius Potologis*, an accurate piece couch'd in a ſtrenuous Heroic Verſe full of matter, and continuing its ſtrength from firſt to laſt; inſomuch, that for the bigneſs, it may be compar'd to any piece of Antiquity, and in my opinion, is beyond βατραχομυομαχία, or γαλεομυομαχία.

So I conclude theſe rambling Notions, preſuming you will accept this ſmall argument of my great reſpects unto you: If you want Paper to light your Pipe, this Letter may ſerve the turn; and if it be true what the Poets frequently ſing, that *Affection* is *Fire*, you ſhall need no other than the clear Flames of the Donor's Love to make Ignition, which is comprehended in this Diſtich.

Ignis Amor ſi ſit, Tobaccum accendere noſtrum,
Nulla petenda tibi fax niſi Dantis Amor.

If *Love* be *Fire*, to light this Indian Weed,
The Donor's *Love* of Fire may ſtand inſtead.

So I wiſh you as to my ſelf, a moſt happy New Year; may the beginning be good, the middle better, and the end beſt of all.

1 January, 1646. *Your moſt faithful and truly Affectionate Servant*, J. H.

VIII.

To the Right Honourable my Lord of D.

My Lord,

THE ſubject of this *Letter* may peradventure ſeem a *Paradox* to ſome, but not, I know, to your Lordſhip, when you have pleas'd to weigh well the Reaſons: *Learning* is a thing that hath been much cryed up, and coveted in all Ages, ſpecially in this laſt Century of Years, by people of all ſorts, though never ſo mean and mechanical; every man ſtrains his Fortunes to keep his Children at School; the Cobler will Clout it till Midnight, the Porter will carry Burthens till his Bones crack again, the Ploughman will pinch both Back and Belly to give his Son *Learning*; and I find that this Ambition reigns no where ſo much as in this Iſland. But under favour, this word *Learning* is taken in a narrower ſenſe among us, than among other Nations, we ſeem to reſtrain it onely to the *Book*, whereas indeed, any Artiſan whatſoever (if he know the ſecret and myſtery of his Trade) may be call'd a Learned Man: A good *Maſon*, a good *Shoemaker*, that can manage Saint *Criſpin*'s Lance handſomly; a skilful *Yeoman*, a good *Shipwright*, &c. may

be all call'd Learned Men, and indeed the uſefulleſt ſort of Learned Men, for without the two firſt, we might go barefoot, and lye abroad as Beaſts, having no other Canopy than the wild Air, and without the two laſt we might ſtarve for Bread, have no commerce with other Nations, or ever be able to tread upon a Continent: Theſe with ſuch like dexterous Artiſans, may be termed Learned Men, and the more behoveful for the ſubſiſtence of a Country, than thoſe *Polymathiſts*, that ſtand poring all day in a corner upon a Moth-eaten Author, and converſe only with dead men: The *Chineſes* (who are the next Neighbours to the riſing Sun on this part of the Hemiſphere, and conſequently the acuteſt) have a wholeſome piece of policy, *that the Son is always of the Fathers Trade*, and 'tis all the Learning he aims at, which makes them admirable Arteſans, for beſides the dextrouſneſs and propenſity of the Child, being deſcended lineally from ſo many of the ſame Trade, the Father is more careful to inſtruct him, and to diſcover unto him all the Myſtery thereof; this general Cuſtom or Law, keeps their Heads from running at random after Book-learning, and other Vocations. I have read a Tale of *Rob. Groſtbead* Biſhop of *Lincoln*, that being come to his greatneſs, he had a Brother who was a Husbandman, and expected great matters from him in point of Preferment, but the Biſhop told him, that if he wanted Money to mend his Plow or his Cart, or to buy Tacklings for his Horſes, with other things belonging to his Husbandry, he ſhould not want what was fitting; but he *wiſhed him to aim no higher, for a Husbandman he found him, and a Husbandman he would leave him.*

The extravagant humour of our Country is not to be altogether commended, that all Men ſhould aſpire to Book-learning; there is not a ſimpler Animal, and a more ſuperfluous Member of a State, than a meer Scholler, than a only ſelf pleaſing Student, he is,

——— *Telluris inutile pondus.*

The *Goths* forbore to deſtroy the Liberaries of the *Greeks* and *Italians*, becauſe Books ſhould keep them ſtill ſoft, ſimple or too cautious in Warlike Affairs. *Archimedes* though an excellent Engineer, when *Syracuſa* was loſt, was found at his Book in his Study, intoxicated with Speculations; who would not have thought another great Learned Philoſopher to be a Fool or Frantic, when being in a Bath, he leap'd out naked among the People and cried, *I have found it, I have found it*, having hit then upon an extraordinary concluſion in Geometry. There is a famous Tale of *Thomas Aquinas*, the *Angelical* Doctor, and of *Bonadventure* the *Seraphical* Doctor, of whom *Alexander Hales* (our Country-man and his Maſter) reports whether it appear'd not in him that *Adam* had ſinn'd: Both theſe great Clerks being invited to Dinner

by

by the *French* King, of purpose to observe their humours, and being brought to the Room where the Table was laid, the first fell a eating of Bread as hard as he could drive, at last breaking out of a brown Study, he cryed out, *Conclusum est contra Manichæos*; the other fell a gazing upon the Queen, and the King asking him how he lik'd her, he answered, Oh Sir, *if an earthly Queen be so beautiful, what shall we think of the Queen of Heaven?* The latter was the better Courtier of the two. Hence we may infer, that your meer Book-men, your deep Clerks, whom we call the only Learned-men, are not always the civilleſt or the beſt Moral-men, nor is too great a number of them convenient for any State, leading a ſoft ſedentary life, ſpecially thoſe who feed their own fancies only upon the public Stock. Therefore it were to be wiſh'd that there raign'd not among the People of this Land ſuch a general Itching after Book-learning, and I believe ſo many *Free-Schools* do rather hurt than good: nor did the Art of Printing, much avail the Chriſtian Common-Wealth, but may be ſaid to be well near as fatal as *Gunpowder*, which came up in the ſame Age; For, under Correction, to this may be partly aſcrib'd that ſpiritual Pride, that variety of Dogmatiſts which ſwarm among us: Add hereunto, that the exceſſive number of thoſe which converſe only with Books, and whoſe Profeſſion conſiſts in them, is ſuch, that one cannot live for another, according to the Dignity of the Calling: A Phyſician cannot live for the Phyſicians, a Lawyer (civil and common) cannot live for Lawyers, nor a Divine for Divines. Moreover, the Multitudes that profeſs theſe three beſt Vocations, ſpecially the laſt make them of far leſs eſteem. There is an odd Opinion among us, that he who is a Contemplative Man, a Man who wedds himſelf to his Study, and ſwallows many Books, muſt needs be a profound Scholar and a great Learned Man, though in reality he be ſuch a Dolt, that he hath neither a retentive faculty to keep what he hath read, nor wit to make any uſeful application of it in common diſcourſe; what he draws in, lyeth upon dead lees, and never grows fit to be broach'd; beſides, he may want Judgment in the choice of his Authors, and knows not how to turn his hand, either in weighing or winnowing the ſoundeſt Opinions: There are divers who are cryed up for great Clerks, who want Diſcretion. Others though they wade deep into the Cauſes and Knowledge of things, yet they are ſubject to ſcrue up their Wits, and ſoar ſo high, that they loſe themſelves in their own Speculations, for thinking to tranſcend the ordinary pitch of reaſon; they come to involve the common Principles of Philoſophy in a Miſt, inſtead of illuſtrating things they render them more obſcure, inſtead of a plainer and ſhorter way to the Palace of Knowledge, they lead us through Bryery odd uncouth Paths, and ſo fall into

the fallacy call'd *notum per ignotius.* Some have the hap to be term'd Learned Men, though they have gathered up but the ſcraps of Knowledge here and there, though they be but ſmatterers and meer ſciolifts, ſcarce knowing the Rories of things, yet like empty Casks, if they can make a ſound, and have a gift to vent with confidence, what they have ſuck'd in, they are accounted great Scholers. Amongſt all Book-learned-men, except the Divine, to whom all Learned Men ſhould be Laqueys; the Philoſopher who hath waded through all the Mathematicks, who hath div'd into the Secrets of the Elementary World, and converſeth alſo with Celeſtial Bodies, may be termed a Learned Man: The Critical *Hiſtorian* and *Antiquary*, may be call'd alſo a Learned Man, who hath convers'd with our Forefathers, and obſerv'd the carriage and contingencies of matters paſs'd, whence he draws Inſtances and Cautions for the benefit of the Times he lives in: The *Civilian* may be call'd likewiſe a Learned Man, if the revolving of huge Volums may entitle one ſo, but touching the Authors of the *Common Law*, which is peculiar only to this Meridian; they may be all carried in a Wheelbarrow, as my Countryman Dr. *Gwin* told Judge *Finch:* The Phyſician muſt needs be a Learned Man, for he knows himſelf inward and outward, being well vers'd in *Autology*, in that Leſſon *Noſce Teipſum*; and as *Adrian* the ſixth ſaid, he is very neceſſary to a Populous Country, for *were it not for the Phyſitian, Men would live ſo long, and grow ſo thick, that one could not live for the other, and he makes the Earth cover all his Faults.*

But what Dr. *Gwin* ſaid of the common Law Books, and Pope *Adrian* of the Phyſitian, was ſpoken, I conceive, in merriment; for my part, I honour thoſe two worthy Profeſſions in a high degree. Laſtly, a *Polygot*, or good *Linguiſt* may be alſo term'd a uſeful Learned Man, ſpecially if vers'd in School-Languages.

My Lord, I know none of this Age more capable to ſit in the Chair, and cenſure what is true Learning, and what not, then your ſelf, therefore in ſpeaking of this Subject to your Lordſhip, I fear to have committed the ſame Error, as *Phormio* did in diſcourſing of War before *Hannibal.* No more now, but that I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt humble and obedient Servant.

J. H.

IX. *To*

IX.

To Doctor J. D.

Sir,

I Have many ſorts of Civilities to thank you for; but among the reſt, I thank you a thouſand times (twice told) for that delightful fit of Society, and conference of Notes we had lately in this little *Fleet*-Cabin of mine, upon divers Problems, and upon ſome which are exploded (and that by thoſe who ſeem to ſway moſt in the Common-wealth of Learning) for *Paradoxes*, meerly by an implicit Faith, without diving at all into the Reaſons of the Aſſertors. And whereas you promiſed a further expreſſion of your ſelf, by way of a diſcourſive *Letter*, what you thought of *Copernicus*'s Opinion touching the movement of the Earth; which hath ſo ſtirr'd all our modern Wits. And whereof Sir *J. Brown* pleaſed to oblige himſelf to do the like touching the Philoſophers Stone, the Powder of Projection, and portable Gold; provided, that I would do the ſame concerning a peopled Country, and a ſpecies of moving Creatures in the Concave of the Moon; which I willingly undertook upon thoſe Conditions, to acquit my ſelf of this obligation, and to draw on your performances the ſooner, I have adventured to ſend you this following Diſcourſe (ſuch as it is) touching the *Lunary* World.

I believe 'tis a Principle which not many will offer to controvert, that as *Antiquity cannot priviledge an Error*; *ſo Novelty cannot prejudice Truth*: Now *Truth* hath her degrees of growing and expanding her ſelf, as all other things have, and as Time begets her, ſo he doth the obſtetricious Office of a Midwife to bring her forth. Many Truths are but Embryo's or Problems; nay, ſome of them ſeem to be meer Paradoxes at firſt: the Opinion that there were Antipodes was exploded when it was firſt broach'd, it was held abſurd and rediculous, and the Thing it ſelf to be as impoſſible as it was for Men to go upon their heads, with their heels upwards; nay, 'twas adjudg'd to be ſo dangerous a Tenet, that you know well the Biſhop's Name, who, in the Primitive Church, was by Sentence of Condemnation ſent out of this World without a Head, to go and dwell amongſt his *Antipodes*; becauſe he firſt hatch'd and held that Opinion: But now our late Navigators, and *Eaſt-India* Mariners, who uſe to croſs the Equator and Tropiques ſo often, will tell you, that it is as groſs a Paradox to hold there are no *Antipodes*, and that the negative is now as abſurd as the affirmative ſeem'd at firſt. For Man to walk upon the Ocean when the Surges were at the higheſt; and to make a heavy dull piece of Wood

to

to ſwim; nay, fly upon the Water was held as impoſſible a thing at firſt, as it is now thought impoſſible for Man to fly in the Air; Sails were held then as uncouth, as if one ſhould attempt to make himſelf Wings to mount up to Heaven *a la volie:* Two hundred and odd years agoe he would have been taken for ſome frantic Fool that would undertake to batter and blow up a Caſtle, with a few Barrels of a ſmall contemptible black Powder.

The great Architect of the World hath been obſerv'd not to throw down all Gifts and Knowledge to Mankind confuſedly at once, but in a regular parſimonious method, to diſperſe them by certain degrees, periods, and progreſs of time, leaving man to make induſtrious re-ſearches, and inveſtigations after Truth, *He left the World to the diſputations of Men*, as the wiſeſt of Men ſaith, who in acquiſition of natural Truths, went from the Hyſop to the Cedar: *One day certifieth another*, and one Age rectifieth another: The Morrow hath more experience than the precedent Day, and is oft-times able to be his Schoolmaſter: The Grandchild laughs at ſome things that were done in his Grandſires days: Inſomuch, that hence it may well be inferr'd, that natural human knowledge is not yet mounted to its Meridian, and higheſt point of Elevation. I confeſs, it cannot be denyed without groſs ingratitude, but we are infinitely obliged to our fore-Fathers, for the fundamentals of Sciences, and as the Herald hath a Rule, *Mallem cum patribus, quam cum fratribus errare: I had rather err with my Fathers, than Brothers:* So it holds in other kinds of Knowledge. But thoſe times which we term vulgarly the *Old World*, was indeed the Youth or Adoleſcence of it; and though if reſpect be had to the particular and perſonal Acts of Generation, and to the relation of Father and Son, they who fore-liv'd and preceded us, may be called our Anceſtors; yet if you go to the Age of the World in general, and to the true length and longevity of Things, we are more properly the older Coſmopolites: In this reſpect the *Cadet* may be term'd more ancient than his elder Brother, becauſe the World was older when he entred into it. Moreover, beſides Truth, Time hath alſo another Daughter, which is Experience, who holds in her Hands the great Looking-glaſs of Wiſdom and Knowledge.

But now to the intended Task, touching an *habitable World, and a ſpecies of living Creatures in the Orb of the Moon, which may bear ſome analogy with thoſe of this elementary World:* Although it be not my purpoſe to maintain and abſolutely aſſert this Problem, yet I will ſay this, that whoſoever cryeth it down for a new neoterical Opinion, as divers do, commit a groſſer Error than the Opinion may be in its own Nature: For 'tis almoſt as ancient as

Philoſophy

Philosophy her self; I am sure, 'tis as old as *Orpheus*, who sings of divers fair Cities and Castles, within the Circle of the Moon: Moreover, the profoundest Clerks, and most renowned Philosophers in all Ages, have affirmed it. Towards the first Age of Learning, among others, *Pythagoras* and *Plato* avouch'd it, the first of whom was pronounc'd the wisest of Men by the Pagan Oracle, as our *Solomon* is by Holy Writ. In the middle Age of Learning *Plutarch* speaks of it: And in these Modern times the most speculative and scientificall'st Men, both in *Germany* and *Italy*, seem to adhere to it, subinuating that not only the Sphear of the Moon is peopled with *Selenites* or Lunary-Men; but that likewise, every Star in Heaven is a peculiar World of it self, which is coloniz'd and repleniſh'd with *Aſtrean* Inhabitants, as the Earth, Sea, and Air, are with Elementary; the Body of the Sun not excepted; who hath also his *Solar* Creatures, and they are accounted the most sublime, the most pure and perfectest of all: The Elementary Creatures are held the grossest of all, having more Matter than Form in them: The *Solar* have more Form than matter, the *Selenites* with other *Aſtrean* Inhabitants, are of a mixt Nature, and the nearer they approach the Body of the Sun, the more pure and spiritual they are. Were it so, there were some ground for his Speculation, who thought that human Souls, be they never so pious and pure, ascend not immediately after the Dissolution from the corrupt Mass of Flesh, before the glorious Presence of God, presently, to behold the *Beatifical Vision*; but first into the Body of the Moon, or some other Star, according to their degrees of goodness, and actuate some Bodies there, of a purer composition; when they are refin'd there, they ascend to some higher Star, and so to some higher than that, till at last by these degrees they be made capable to behold the lustre of that glorious Majesty, in whose sight no impurity can stand. This is illustrated by a comparison, that if one after he hath been kept close in a dark Dungeon a long time, should be taken out, and brought suddenly to look upon the Sun in the Meridian, it would endanger him to be struck stark Blind: So no human Soul suddenly sallying out of a dirty Prison, as the Body is, would be possibly able to appear before the incomprehensible Majesty of God, or be susceptible of the brightness of His All-glorious Countenance, unless he be fitted thereunto before-hand by certain degrees, which might be done by passing from one Star to another, who, we are taught, differ one from the other in Glory and Splendor.

Among our Modern Authors that would furbish this old Opinion of Lunary-Creatures, and plant Colonies in the Orb of the Moon, with the rest of the Celestial Bodies, *Gaſper Galileo Galilei* is one, who by artificial Prospectives, hath brought us to a nearer commerce

commerce with Heaven, by drawing it ſixteen times nearer Earth then it was before in occular appearance, by the advantage of the ſaid optic Inſtrument.

Among other Arguments which the Aſſertors of *Aſtrean* Inhabitants do produce for proof of this high point, one is, that it is neither repugnant to Reaſon or Religion, to think, that the Almighty Fabricator of the Univerſe, who doth nothing in vain, nor ſuffers his Handmaid Nature to do ſo, when he created the Erratic and Fixed Stars, he did not make thoſe huge immenſe Bodies, whereof moſt are bigger than the Earth and Sea, though conglobated, to twinkle only, and to be an ornament to the Roof of Heaven; but he plac'd in the convex of every one of thoſe vaſt capacious Sphears, ſome living Creatures to glorifie his Name, among whom there is in every one of them, one ſupereminent like Man upon Earth, to be Lord paramount of all the reſt: To this haply may allude the old opinion, that there is a peculiar Intelligence which guides and governs every Orb in Heaven.

They that would thus colonize the Stars with Inhabitants, do place in the body of the Sun, as was ſaid before, the pureſt, the moſt immaterial, and refined'ſt intellectual Creatures; whence the Almighty calls thoſe he will have to be immediately about his Perſon, and to be admitted to the Hierarchy of Angels. This is far diſſonant from the opinion of the *Turk*, who holds that the Sun is a great burning Globe deſign'd for the damned.

They who are tranſported with this high Speculation, that there are Manſions, and habitable Conveniences, for Creatures to live within the bodies of the celeſtial Orbs, ſeem to tax Man of a high preſumption, that he ſhould think all things were created principally for him; that the Sun and Stars are ſerviceable to him in chief, *viz.* To meaſure his Days, to diſtinguiſh his Seaſons, to direct him in his Navigations, and pour wholſome influences upon him.

No doubt they were created to be partly uſeful and comfortable to him, but to imagine that they are ſolely and chiefly for him, is a Thought that may be ſaid to be above the Pride of Lucifer: They may be beneficial unto him in the generation and encreaſe of all elementary Creatures, and yet have peculiar Inhabitants of their own beſides, to concur with the reſt of the World, in the Service of the Creator. 'Tis a fair Prerogative for Man to be Lord of all terreſtial, aquatic, and airy Creatures; that with his Harping-Iron he can draw aſhore the great Leviathan, that he can make the Camel and huge Dromedary to kneel unto him, and take up his Burthen; that he can make the fierce Bull, though ten times ſtronger than himſelf, to endure his Yoke; that he can fetch down the Eagle from his Neſt, with ſuch Priviledges: But let him

no:

not presume too far in comparing himself with heavenly Bodies, while he is no other thing than a Worm crawling upon the surface of this Earth. Now the Earth is the basest Creature which God hath made, therefore 'tis call'd his *footstool*; and though some take it to be the Centre, yet it is the very sediment of the elementary World, as they say the Moon is of the celestial: 'tis the very Sink of all Corruption and Frailty, which makes *Trismegist* say, that *Terra non Mundus est nequitiæ locus*, the Earth, not the World, is the seat of wickedness. And though, 'tis true, she be susceptible of light; yet the light terminates only in her Superficies, being not able to enlighten any thing else, as the Stars can do.

Thus have I proportioned my short Discourse, upon this spacious Problem, to the size of an Epistle: I reserve the fulness of my opinion in this point, till I receive yours touching *Copernicus*.

It hath always been my practice in the search and eventilation of natural Verities, to keep to my self a Philosophical Freedom, as not to make any ones Opinion so magisterial and binding, but that I might be at liberty to recede from it upon more pregnant and powerful reasons. For as in Theological Tenets 'tis a Rule, *Quicquid non descendit a monte Scripturæ, eadem authoritate contemnitur, qua aprobatur:* Whatsoever descends not from the Mount of Holy Scripture, may be by the same authority rejected, as well as received: So in the disquisitions and winnowing of Physical Truths, *Quicquid non descendit a monte Rationis*, &c. Whatsoever descends NOT from the Mount of Reason, may be as well rejected as approved of.

So longing after an opportunity to pursue this Point by mixture of oral Discourse, which hath more Elbow room than a *Letter*: I rest with all candor and cordial affection,

Your faithful Servant,

Fleet, 2. Novem. 1647. J. H.

X.

To the Right Honourable the La. E. D.

Madam,

THose rays of Goodness which are diffusedly scatter'd in others, are all concentred in you, which were they divided into equal portions, were enough to compleat a whole Jury of Ladies: This draws you a mixture of Love and Envy, or rather an Admiration from all who know you, 'specially from me, and that in so high a degree, that if you would suffer your self to be ador'd, you should quickly find me religious in that kind: Howsoever I am bold to send your Ladyship this, as a kind of Homage,

or

or Heriod, or Tribute, or what you please to term it; in regard I am a true Vassal to your Vertues. And if you please to lay any of your Commands upon me, your Will shall be a Law unto me, which I will observe with as much allegiance as any Branch of *Magna Charta*; they shall be as binding to me, as *Lycurgus*'s Laws were to the *Spartans*, and to this I subscribe

Fleet, 10. Aug, 1646. J. H.

XI.

To Mr. R. B. *Esquire, at* Grunsburgh.

Sir,

WHen I o're-look'd the List of my choicest Friends, to insert your Name, I paus'd a-while, and thought it more proper to begin a new collateral File, and put you in the Front thereof, where I make account you are plac'd. If any thing upon Earth, partakes of Angelic Happiness (in Civil Actions) 'tis Friendship, it perfumes the Thoughts with such sweet Ideas; and the Heart with such melting Passions; such are the effects of yours to me, which makes me please my self much in the speculation of it.

I am glad you are so well return'd to your own Family; and touching the Wheel-wright you write of, who from a Cart came to be a Captain: it made me think of the perpetual Rotations of Fortune, which you know Antiquity seated upon a Wheel in restless, though not violent, Volubility: And truly it was never more verified than now, that those Spokes which were formerly but collateral, and some of them quite underneath, are now coming up apace to the top of the Wheel: I hope there will be no cause to apply to them the old Verse I learnt at School:

Ait periis nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.

But there is a transcendent over-ruling Providence, who cannot only check the rowling of this petty Wheel, and strike a Nail into it that it shall not stir; but stay also when he pleaseth the motions of those vast Spheres of Heaven, where the Stars are always stirring; as likewise the whirlings of the *Primum Morbile* it self, which the Astronomers say, draws all the World after it in a rapid Revolution; that Divine Providence vouchsafe to check the motions of that malevolent Planet, which hath so long lowr'd upon poor *England*, and send us better Days. So Saluting you with no vulgar Respects, I rest, my dear Nephew,

Yours, most affectionately to serve you,

Fleet, 26. July, 1646. J. H.

XII.

To Mr. En. P. *at* Paris.

Sir,

THat which the Plots of the Jeſuits in their dark Cells; and the Policy of the greateſt *Roman* Catholic Princes have driven at theſe many years, is now done to their Hands; which was, to divide and break the ſtrength of theſe three Kingdoms; becauſe they held it to be too great a Glory and Power, to be in one *Hereticał* Princes Hands (as they eſteem'd the King of Great *Britain*) becauſe he was in a capacity to be Umpire, if not Arbiter of this part of the World, as many of our Kings have been.

You write thence, that in regard of the ſad condition of our Queen, their Country-woman, they are ſenſible of our Calamities; but I believe 'tis the Populaſs only, who ſee no further than the Rind of Things; your Cabinet-Council rather rejoyce at it; who, or I am much deceiv'd, contributed much in the time of the late ſanguine Cardinal, to ſet a-foot theſe diſtractions, beginning firſt with *Scotland*, who you know hath always ſerv'd that Nation for a Brand to ſet *England* a Fire, for the advancement of their own ends. I am afraid we have ſeen our beſt days, we knew not when we were well, ſo that the *Italian* ſaying, may be applyed to poor *England*, *I was well, I would be better, I took Phyſic, and Dyed* No more now, but that I reſt ſtill

Yours, entirely to ſerve you, J. H.

Fleet, 20. Jan. 1647.

XIII.

To John Wroth *Eſquire, at* Petherton-*Park.*

Sir,

I Had two of yours lately, one in *Italian*, the other in *French*, (which were anſwered in the ſame Dialect) and as I read them with ſingular delight; ſo I muſt tell you they ſtruck an admiration into me, that in ſo ſhort a revolution of time, you ſhould come to be ſo great a Maſter of thoſe Languages, both for the *Pen* and *Parley*: I have known divers, and thoſe of pregnant and ripe Capacities, who had ſpent more Oyl and Time in thoſe Countries, yet could they not arrive to that double perfection, which you have; for if they got one, they were commonly defective in the other: Therefore I may ſay, that you have *Spartam nactus* which

was

was but a petty Republic, *ſed Italiam & Gallicum nactus es, has orna:* you have got all *Italy* and *France*, adorn theſe.

Nor is it Language that you have only brought home with you; but I find that you have ſtudied the Men and the Manners of thoſe Nations you have convers'd withal: Neither have you courted only all their fair Cities, Caſtles, Houſes of Pleaſure, and other places of Curioſity; but you have pryed into the very Myſteries of their Government, as I find by thoſe choice Manuſcripts and Obſervations you have brought with you: In all theſe things you have been ſo curious, as if the Soul of your great Uncle, who was employed Ambaſſador in the *Imperial* Court; and who held correſpondence with the greateſt Men of *Chriſtendom* in their own Language, had tranſmigrated into you.

The freſheſt News here is, that thoſe heart-burnings, and fires of civil Commotions, which you left behind you in *France*, cover'd over with thin Aſhes for the time, are broken out again; and I believe they will be never quite extinguiſhed till there be a Peace or Truce with *Spain*, for till then there is no hope of abatement of Taxes: And 'tis fear'd the *Spaniſh* will out-weary the *French* at laſt in fighting, for the Earth her ſelf, I mean his Mines of *Mexico* and *Peru*, afford him a conſtant and yearly Treaſure to ſupport his Armies; whereas, the *French* King digs his Treaſure out of the Bowels and vital Spirits of his own Subjects.

I pray let me hear from you by the next opportunity; for I ſhall hold my time well employed to correſpond with a Gentleman of ſuch choice and gallant Parts: In which deſires I reſt,

Your moſt affectionate and faithful Servitor,

29. *Aug.* 1649.

J. H.

XIV.

To Mr. W. B.

HOW glad was I, my choice and precious Nephew, to receive yours of the 24th Current; wherein I was ſorry, though ſatisfied in point of Belief, to find the ill fortune of interception which befel my laſt unto you.

Touching the condition of things here, you ſhall underſtand, that our Miſeries lengthen with our Days; for though the Sun and the Spring advance nearer us, yet our times are not grown a whit the more comfortable. I am afraid this City hath fool'd her

her ſelf into a Slavery; the Army, though forbidden to come within ten Miles of Her, by Order of Parliament, Quarters now in the Bowels of Her; they threaten to break her Percullices, Poſts and Chains, to make her pervious upon all occaſions; they have ſecured alſo the Tower, with addition of Strength for themſelves: Beſides, a Famine doth inſenſibly creep upon us, and the Mint is ſtarv'd for want of Bullion: Trade which was ever the Sinew of this Iſland doth viſibly decay; and the Inſurance of Ships is riſen from two to ten in the Hundred: Our Gold is ingroſſed in private Hands, or gone beyond Sea to travel without Licenſe; and much I believe of it is return'd to the Earth (whence it firſt came) to be buried, where our late Nephews may chance to find it a thouſand years hence, if the World laſts ſo long; ſo that the exchanging of White Earth into Red (I mean Silver into Gold) is now above ſix in the Hundred: and all theſe, with many more, are the diſmal effects and concomitants of a Civil War. 'Tis true, we have had many ſuch black days in *England* in former Ages; but thoſe parallel'd to the preſent, are as the Shadow of a Mountain, compar'd to the Eclipſe of the Moon. My Prayers early and late are, that God-Almighty would pleaſe not to turn away his Face quite, but chear us again with the light of his Countenance. And I am well aſſur'd you will joyn with me in the ſame Oriſon to Heaven's Gate: In which confidence I reſt,

Yours moſt affectionately to ſerve you,

Fleet, 10. Decemb. 1647.

J. H.

XV.

To Sir K. D. *at* Paris.

Sir,

NOW that you are return'd, and fix'd a while in *France*, an old Servant of yours, takes leave to kiſs your Hands, and Salute you in an intenſe degree, of heat and height of Paſſion. 'Tis well you ſhook hands with this Infortunate Iſle when you did, and got your Liberty by ſuch a Royal Mediation as the Qu. Regents; for had you ſtaid, you would have taken but little comfort of your Life; in regard that ever ſince, there have been the fearfulleſt diſtractions here, that ever happen'd upon any part of the Earth, a *Beluin* kind of Immanity never rag'd ſo among Men; inſomuch, that the whole Countrey might have taken its appellation from the ſmalleſt part thereof, and be call'd the *Iſle of Dogs*: For all Humanity, common Honeſty, and that Manſuetude, with other

Moral Civilities, which ſhould diſtinguiſh the rational Creature from other Animals, have been loſt here a good while: Nay, beſides this *Cynical*, there is a kind of *Wolviſh* humor hath ſeiz'd upon moſt of this People, a true *Lycanthropy*, they ſo worry and ſeek to devour one another; ſo that the wild *Arab*, and fierceſt *Tartar*, may be call'd civil Men in compariſon of us; therefore he is happieſt who is furtheſt off from this woful Iſland. The King is ſtreightned of that Liberty he formerly had in the Iſle of *Wight*, and as far as I ſee, may make up the number of *Nebuchadnezzar*'s years before he be reſtored: The Parliament perſiſt in their firſt Propoſitions, and will go nothing leſs. This is all I have to ſend at this time; only I will adjoyn the true Reſpects of

Your moſt faithful humble
Servitor,

Fleet, 5. May, 1647.

J. H.

XVI.

To Mr. W. Blois *in* Suffolk.

Sir,

YOurs of the Seventeenth Current came ſafely to hand, and I kiſs your hands for it, you mention there two others that came not, which made me condole the loſs of ſuch Jewels; for I eſteem all your *Letters* ſo, being the precious effects of your Love, which I value at a high rate, and pleaſe myſelf much in the contemplation of it; as alſo in the continuance of this literal correſpondence, which is perform'd on your part with ſuch ingenuous expreſſions, and embroider'd ſtill with new flouriſhes of Invention. I am ſtill under hold in this fatal *Fleet*; and like one in a Tempeſt at Sea, who hath been often near the Shoar, yet is ſtill toſs'd back by contrary Winds; ſo I have had frequent hopes of Freedom, but ſome croſs accident or other always intervened; inſomuch, that I am now in half deſpair of an abſolute Releaſe, till a general Goal-delivery: yet notwithſtanding this outward Captivity, I have inward Liberty ſtill, I thank God for it.

The greateſt News is, that between twenty and thirty thouſand well armed *Scots* have been utterly routed, rifled, and all taken Priſoners, by leſs than 8000 *Engliſh*, I muſt confeſs 'twas a great Exploit, whereof I am not ſorry, in regard that the *Engliſh* have regain'd hereby the Honour which they had loſt abroad of late years, in the opinion of the World, ever ſince the Pacification at *Barwick*, and divers traverſes of War ſince. What *Hamilton*'s deſign was, is a Myſtery, moſt think that he intended no good, either to King or Parliament.

So

So with my daily more and more endeared Affections unto you, I reſt,

Flett, 7. May, 1647.

Yours, ever to love and ſerve you,

J. H.

XVII.

To Mr. R. Baron, *in* Paris.

Gentle Sir,

I Receiv'd and preſently ran over your *Cyprian Academy*, with much gredineſs, and no vulgar delight; and Sir, I hold my ſelf much honor'd for the Dedication you have been pleas'd to make thereof to me, for it deſerv'd a far higher Patronage. Truly, I muſt tell you without any Complement, that I have ſeldom met with ſuch an ingenuous mixture of Proſe and Verſe, interwoven with ſuch varieties of Fancy, and charming ſtrains of amorous Paſſions, which have made all the Ladies of the Land in Love with you: If you begin already to Court the Muſes ſo handſomly, and have got ſuch footing on *Parnaſſus*, you may in time be Lord of the whole Hill; and thoſe *nice Girls*, becauſe *Apollo* is now grown unweldy and old, may make choice of you to officiate in his room, and preſide over them.

I much thank you for the punctual Narration you pleas'd to ſend me of thoſe Commotions in *Paris*; I believe *France* will never be in perfect repoſe while a *Spaniard* ſits at the Stern, and an *Italian* ſteers the Rudder: In my opinion *Mazarini* ſhould do wiſely, now that he hath feather'd his Neſt ſo well, to truſs up his Baggage, and make over the *Alps* to his own Countrey; leſt the ſame Fate betide him, as did the Marqueſs of *Ancre* his Compatriot. I am glad the Treaty goes on 'twixt *Spain* and *France*, for nothing can portend a greater good to *Chriſtendom*, than a conjunction of thoſe two great Luminaries, which if it pleaſe God to bring about; I hope the Stars will change their Aſpects, and we ſhall ſee better days.

I ſend you here inclos'd a ſecond Bill of Exchange, in caſe the firſt I ſent you in my laſt hath miſcarried. So my dear Nephew, I embrace you with both my Arms, and reſt

Flett, 20. June, 1647.

Yours, moſt intirely to love and ſerve you, while

James Howel.

XVIII.

To Mr. Tho. More, *at* York.

Sir,

I Have often partak'd of that Pleaſure which *Letters* uſe to carry along with them; but I do not remember to have found a greater proportion of Delight than yours afford me: Your laſt of the fourth Current came to ſafe Hand; wherein me-thought each Line, each Word, each Syllable, breath'd out the Paſſions of a clear and candid Soul, of a vertuous and gentle Spirit: Truly Sir, as I might perceive by your ingenious, and pathetical Expreſſions therein, that you were tranſported with the heat of true Affection towards me in the Writing; ſo was I in the Reading, which wrought upon me with ſuch an Energy, that a kind of Extaſie poſſeſs'd me for the time: I pray Sir, go on in this correſpondence, and you ſhall find that your Lines will not be ill-beſtowed upon me; for I love and reſpect you dearly well: Nor is this Love grounded upon vulgar Principles; but upon thoſe extraordinary parts of Vertue and Worth which I have diſcover'd in you; and ſuch a Love is the moſt permanent, as you ſhall find in

Your moſt affectionate

Fleet, 1. Sep. 1647. *Uncle*, J. H.

XIX.

To Mr. W. B. 30. Maii.

Sir,

YOur laſt Lines to me were as delightful as the Seaſon, they were as ſweet as Flowers in *May*; nay, they were far more fragrant than thoſe fading Vegetals; they did caſt a greater ſuavity than the *Arabian* Spices uſe to do in the Gran *Cayro*, where when the Wind is Southward, they ſay, the Air is as ſweet as a perfum'd *Spaniſh* Glove. The Air of this City is not ſo, 'ſpecially in the Heart of the City, in and about *Paul*'s-Church, where Horſe-dung is a yard deep; inſomuch, that to cleanſe it, would be as hard a Task, as it was for *Hercules* to cleanſe the *Augean*-Stable, by drawing a great River through it; which was accounted one of his twelve Labors. But it was a bitter Taunt of the *Italian*, who paſſing by *Paul*'s-Church, and ſeeing it full of Horſes, *Now I perceive* (ſaid he) *that in* England, *Men and Beaſts ſerve God alike.* No more now, but that I am

Your moſt faithful Servant, J. H.

XX.

To Sir Paul Pinder *Knight, upon the Verſion of an* Italian *Piece into* Engliſh, *call'd* St. *Paul's* Progreſs upon Earth; *a new and a notable kind of Satyr.*

Sir,

ST. *Paul* having deſcended lately to view *Italy*, and other Places, as you may trace him in the following Diſcourſe, he would not take Wing back to Heaven before he had given you a ſpecial Viſit, who have ſo well deſerv'd of his Church here, the goodlieſt Pile of Stones in the Chriſtian World of that kind.

Of all the Men of our times you are one of the greateſt examples of Piety, and conſtant Integrity; which diſcovers a noble Soul to dwell within you, and that you are very converſant with Heaven: So that me-thinks, I ſee St. *Paul* ſaluting and ſolacing you in theſe black Times; aſſuring you that thoſe pious Works of Charity you have done, and daily do (and that in ſuch a manner, *that the left hand knows not what the right hand doth*) will be as a triumphant Chariot to carry you one day up to Heaven, to partake of the ſame Beatitude with him. Sir, among thoſe that truly honour you, I am one, and have been ſo ſince I firſt knew you, therefore as a ſmall teſtimony hereof, I ſend you this freſh Fancy, compos'd by a Noble Perſonage in *Italian*, of which Language you are ſo great a Maſter.

For the firſt part of the Diſcourſe, which conſiſts of a Dialogue 'twixt the two firſt Perſons of the Holy Trinity, there are examples of that kind in ſome of the moſt ancient Fathers, as *Apollinarius*, and *Nazianzen*; and lately *Grotius* hath the like in his Tragedy of *Chriſt's Paſſion*, which may ſerve to free it from all exceptions. So I moſt affectionately kiſs your hands, and am,

Sir,

Fleet, 25. Martii. 1646.

Your very humble and ready Servant,

J. H.

XXI.

To Sir Paul Neale *Knight, upon the ſame Subject.*

Sir,

ST. *Paul* cannot reaſcend to Heaven before he gives you alſo a Salute, My Lord, your Father having been a Star of the great-

eſt Magnitude in the Firmament of the Church. If you pleaſe to obſerve the manner of his late Progreſs upon Earth, which you may do by the guidance of this Diſcourſe, you ſhall diſcover many things which are not vulgar, by a curious mixture of Church and State-affairs, you ſhall feel herein the pulſe of *Italy*, and how it beats at this time, ſince the beginning of theſe late Wars 'twixt the Pope and the Duke of *Parma*, with the grounds, procedure, and ſucceſs of the ſaid War; together with the intereſt and grievances, the pretences and quarrels that moſt Princes there have with *Rome*.

I muſt confeſs, my Genius hath often prompted me, that I was never cut out for a Tranſlator; there being a certain kind of ſervility therein: For it muſt needs be ſomething tedious to one that hath any free-born thoughts within him, and genuin conceptions of his own, (whereof I have ſome, though ſhallow ones) to enchain himſelf to a verbal Servitude, and the ſenſe of another. Moreover, Tranſlations are but as turn-coated things at beſt, ſpecially among Languages that have advantages one of the other, as the *Italian* hath of the *Engliſh*, which may be ſaid to differ one from the other, as *Silk* doth from *Cloth*, the common wear of both Countries where they are ſpoken: And as *Cloth* is the more ſubſtantial, ſo the *Engliſh* Tongue by reaſon it is ſo knotted with Conſonants, is the ſtronger, and the more ſinewy of the two; but *Silk* is more fair and ſlik, and ſo is the *Italian* Tongue compar'd to the *Engliſh*. Or I may ſay Tranſlations are like the wrong ſide of a *Turky*-Carpet, which uſeth to be full of Thrums and Knots, and nothing ſo even as the right ſide: Or one may ſay, (as I ſpake elſewhere) that Tranſlations are like Wine ta'ne off the Lees, and pour'd into other Veſſels, that muſt needs loſe ſomewhat of their firſt ſtrength and briskneſs, which in the pouring, or paſſage, rather evaporates into Air.

Moreover, touching Tranſlations, it is to be obſerv'd that every Language hath certain Idioms, Proverbs, and peculiar expreſſions of its own, which are not rendible in any other but paraphraſtically; therefore he over-acts the office of an Interpreter, who doth enſlave himſelf too ſtrictly to Words or Phraſes: I have heard of an exceſs among Limbners, call'd too much to the Life, which happens when one aims at Similitudes more than Skill: So in Verſion of Languages one may be ſo over punctual in Words, that he may mar the Matter: The greateſt fidelity that can be expected in a Tranſlator, is to keep ſtill a-foot and entire, the true genuine ſenſe of the Author, with the main deſign he drives at: And this was the principal thing which was obſerv'd in this Verſion.

Furthermore, let it not be thought ſtrange that there are ſome

Italian

Italian Words made free Denizons of *England* in this Diſcourſe; for by ſuch means our Language hath grown from time to time to be copious, and ſtill grows more rich, by adopting, or naturalizing rather, the choiceſt forren Words of other Nations; as a Noſegay is nothing elſe but a tuft of Flowers gather'd from divers Beds.

Touching this preſent Verſion of *Italian* into *Engliſh*, I may ſay 'tis a Thing I did, when I had nothing to do; 'twas to find ſomething, whereby, to paſs away the ſlow hours of this ſad condition of Captivity.

I pray be pleas'd to take this as a ſmall Argument of the great Reſpects I owe you, for the ſundry rare and high Virtues I have diſcover'd in you; as alſo for the obligations I have to your Noble Lady, whoſe Hands I humbly kiſs, wiſhing you both, as the Seaſon invites me, a good New Year (for it begins but now in Law) as alſo a holy Lent, and a healthful Spring.

Your much obliged and ready

Fleet, 25. Martii. *Servant*, J. H.

XXII.

To Dr. W. Turner.

Sir,

I Return you my moſt thankful acknowledgements, for that Collection, or Farago of Prophecies, as you call them, (and that very properly, in regard there is a mixture of good and bad) you pleas'd to ſend me lately; ſpecially that of *Noſtredamus*, which I ſhall be very chary to preſerve for you, I could requite you with divers Predictions more, and of ſome of the *Britiſh* Bards, which were they tranſlated to *Engliſh*, would transform the World to wonder.

They ſing of a *Red* Parliament, and *White* King; of a Race of People which ſhould be call'd *Pengruns*; of the Fall of the Church, and divers other things which glance upon theſe times. But I am none of thoſe that afford much Faith to rambling Prophecies, which (as was ſaid elſewhere) are like ſo many odd Grains ſown in the vaſt Field of Time, whereof not one in a thouſand comes to grow up again and appear above ground. But that I may correſpond with you in ſome part for the like Courteſie, I ſend you theſe following Prophetic Verſes of *White-Hall*, which were made above twenty years agoe, to my knowledge, upon a Book call'd *Balaam's Aß*, that conſiſted of ſome Invectives againſt King *James*, and the Court, *in ſtatu quo tunc*: It was compos'd by one Mr. *Williams* a Counſellor of the Temple, but a *Roman* Catholic, who

was hang'd drawn and quarter'd at *Charing-Croſs* for it; and I believe there be hundreds that have Copies of theſe Verſes ever ſince that time, about Town, yet living. They were theſe:

Some Seven years ſince Chriſt rid to Court,
And there he left his Aſs;
The Courtiers kick'd him out of Doors,
Becauſe they had no Graſs: (Grace
The Aſs went Mourning up and down,
And thus I heard him bray,
If that they could not give me Graſs,
They might have given me Hay:
But Sixteen Hundred Forty Three,
Whoſo e're ſhall ſee that Day,
Will nothing find within that Court,
But only Graſs and Hay, &c.

Which was found to happen true in *White-Hall*, till the Soldiers coming to Quarter there, trampled it down.

Truly Sir, I find all things conſpire to make ſtrange mutations in this miſerable Iſland, I fear we ſhall fall from under the *Scepter*, to be under the *Sword*: and ſince we ſpeak of Prophecies, I am afraid among others, that which was made ſince the Reformation will be verified, *The Church-man was, the Lawyer is, the Soldier ſhall be.* Welcome be the Will of God, who tranſvolves Kingdoms, and tumbles down Monarchies, as Mole-hills, at his Pleaſure. So I reſt my dear Doctor,

Your moſt faithful
Fleet, 9. Aug. 1684. *Servant*, J. H.

XXIII.

To the Honourable Sir Edward Spencer *Knight, at his Houſe near* Branceford.

Sir,

WE are not ſo bare of Intelligence between theſe Walls, but we can hear of your doings in *Branceford*: that ſo general Applauſe, whereby you were cryed up Knight of the Shire for *Middleſex*, ſounded round about us upon *London*-Streets, and ecchoʼd in every Corner of the Town; nor do I mingle Speech with any, though half affected to you, but highly approves of, and congratulates the Election, being glad that a Gentleman of ſuch extraordinary Parts and Probity, as alſo of ſuch a mature Judgement, ſhould be choſen to ſerve the Public.

I return you the Manuſcript you lent me of *Dæmonologie*; but the Author thereof and I are two, in point of opinion that way, for he ſeems to be on the negative part; and truly he writes as much as can be produc'd for his purpoſe. But there are ſome Men that are of a meer negative genius, like *Johannes ad oppoſitum*, who will deny, or at leaſt croſs and puzzle any thing, though never ſo clear in it ſelf, with their *but*, *yet*, *if*, &c. they will flap the lie in *Truth*'s teeth, though ſhe viſibly ſtand before their Face without any Viſard; ſuch perverſe croſs-grain'd Spirits, are not to be dealt withal by Arguments, but palpable Proofs; as if one ſhould deny that the Fire burns, or that he hath a Noſe on his Face; there is no way to deal with him, but to pull him by the tip of the one, and put his Finger into the other: I will not ſay that this Gentleman is ſo perverſe; but to deny there are any Witches, to deny that there are not ill Spirits, which ſeduce, tamper, and converſe in divers ſhapes with human Creatures, and impel them to Actions of Malice; I ſay that he who denies there are ſuch buſie Spirits, and ſuch poor paſſive Creatures upon whom they work, which commonly are call'd *Witches*; I ſay again, that he who denies there are ſuch Spirits, ſhews that he himſelf hath a Spirit of contradiction in him, oppoſing the current and conſentient opinion of all Antiquity. We read that both *Jews* and *Romans*, with all other Nations of *Chriſtendom*, and our Anceſtors here in *Engl.* enacted Laws againſt *witches*: Sure they were not ſo ſilly, as to waſte there Brains in making Laws againſt Chymera's, againſt *non entia*, or ſuch as *Plato*'s *Kteretiſmata*'s were: The *Judaical* Law is apparent in the holy *Codex*, *Thou ſhalt not ſuffer a Witch to live*: The *Roman* Law, which the *Decemviri* made, is yet extant in the twelve Tables, *Qui fruges incantaſſent pœnas danto*: *They who ſhall inchant the Fruit of the Earth, let them be puniſh'd*: The *Imperial* Law is known by every *Civilian*, *Hi cum hoſtes naturæ ſint ſupplicio afficiantur*: *Theſe*, meaning Witches, *becauſe they are Enemies to Nature, let them be puniſh'd*: And the Acts of Parliament in *England*, are againſt thoſe *that invoke ill Spirits, that take up any dead Man, Woman, or Child, or take the Skin or Bone of any dead Body, to employ it to Sorcery or Charm, whereby any one is lam'd, or made to pine away*, &c. *ſuch ſhall be guilty of flat Felony, and not capable of Clergy or Sanctuary*, &c.

What a multitude of examples are there in good authentic Authors, of divers kinds of Faſcinations, Incantations, Preſtigiations, of Philtres, Spells, Charms, Sorceries, Characters, and ſuch like; as alſo of Magic, Necromancy, and Divinations, ſurely the Witch of *Endor* is no Fable, the burning of *Joan d' Arc*, the Maid of *Orleans*, in *Roven*; and of the Marchioneſs of *d'Ancre* of late years in *Paris*, are no Fables: the execution of *Noſtredamus* for a kind of Witch, ſome fourſcore years ſince, is but a modern Story, who among other things

things foretold, *Le Senat de Londres tuerra ſun Roy*, The Senate of *London* ſhall kill their King. The beſt Hiſtorians have it upon record, how *Charlemains* Miſtreſs inchanted him with a Ring, which as long as ſhe had about her, he would not ſuffer her dead Carcaſe to be carried out of his Chamber to be buried, and a Biſhop taking it out of her Mouth, the Emperor grew to be as much bewitch'd with the Biſhop, but he being cloyed with his exceſs of favor, threw it into a Pond, where the Emperors chiefeſt pleaſure was to walk till his dying day: The Story tells us how the *Waldenſes* in *France* were by ſolemn Arreſt of Parliament accus'd and condemn'd of *Witchcraft*: The *Malteſes* took Saint *Paul* for a *Witch*: Saint *Auguſtin* ſpeaks of Women who could turn Men to Horſes, and make them carry their Burthens: *Danaus* writes of an enchanted Staff, which the Devil ſummoner like, was us'd to deliver ſome Market-Women to ride upon. In ſome of the Nothern Countries, 'tis as ordinary to buy and ſell *Winds*, as it is to do *Wines* in other parts; and hereof I could inſtance in ſome examples of my own Knowledge. Every one knows what *Olaus Magnus* writes of *Erich*'s (King of *Swethlands*) corner'd Cap, who could make the wind ſift to any point of the Compaſs, according as he turn'd it about.

Touching Diviners of things to come, which is held a ſpecies of *Witchcraft*, we may read they were frequent among the *Romans*, yea, they had Colledges for their Augurs and Aruſpices, who us'd to make their Predictions ſometimes by Fire, ſometimes by flying of Fowls, ſometimes by inſpection into the Entrails of Beaſts, or invoking the Dead, but moſt frequently by conſulting with the Oracles, to whom all Nations had recourſe, except the *Jews*. But you will ſay, that ſince Chriſtianity diſplayed her Banners, the *Croſs* hath ſcar'd away the Devil, and ſtruck the Oracles dumb, as *Plutarch* reports a notable paſs of *Thamus* an *Italian* Pilot; who a little after the Birth of Chriſt, ſailing along the Coaſts of *Calabria* in a ſtill ſilent Night, all his Paſſengers being aſleep, an airy cold Voice came to his Ears, ſaying, *Thamus, Thamas, Thamus, The great God* Pan *is dead*, who was the chiefeſt Oracle of that Country; yet though the light of the Goſpel chas'd away thoſe great Owls, there be ſome Bats and little Night-Birds that fly ſtill abroad, I mean petty Spirits, that by ſecret Pactions, which are made always without Witneſs, enable Men and Women to do evil. In ſuch Compacts beyond the Seas the Party muſt *firſt renounce Chriſt, and the extended Woman, meaning the bleſſed Virgin, he muſt contemn the Sacrament, tread on the Croſs, ſpit at the Hoſt*, &c. There is a famous Story of ſuch a Paction, which Fryer *Louis* made ſome half hundred Years ago, with the Devil in *Marſeilles*, who appear'd to him in ſhape of a Goat, and promis'd him the enjoy-

ment

ment of any Woman whom he fancied, with other Pleaſures for 41 Years, but the Devil being too cunning for him, put the Figure of 1 before, and made it 14 Years in the contract, (which is to be ſeen to this day, with the Devils Claw to it) at which time the Fryer was detected for Witchcraft, and burnt, and all thoſe Children whom he had Chriſtned, during that term of 14 Years, were rebaptized; The Gentlewomen whom he had abus'd, put themſelves into a Nunnery by themſelves. Hereunto may be added the great rich Widdow that was burn'd in *Lions*, becauſe 'twas prov'd the Devil had lain with her; as alſo the Hiſtory of Lieutenant *Jaquette*, which ſtands upon record with the former, but if I ſhould inſert them here at large, it would make this *Letter* ſwell too much.

But we need not croſs the Sea for Examples of this kind, we have too too many (God wot) at home: King *James* a great while was loth to believe there were Witches, but that which hapen'd to my Lord *Francis* of *Rutlands* Children, convinc'd him, who were bewitch'd by an old Woman, that was Servant at *Belvoir Caſtle*, but being diſpleas'd, ſhe contracted with the Devil (who convers'd with her in form of a Cat, whom ſhe call'd *Rutterkin*) to make away thoſe Children, out of meer Malignity and thirſt of Revenge.

But ſince the beginning of theſe unnatural Wars, there may be a Cloud of Witneſſes produc'd for the proof of this black Tenet, for within the compaſs of two Years, near upon three hundred Witches were Arraign'd, and the major part Executed in *Eſſex* and *Suffolk* only. *Scotland* ſwarms with them now, more than ever, and Perſons of good Quality executed daily.

Thus, Sir, have I huddled together a few Arguments touching this Subject; becauſe in my laſt Communication with you, me thought I found you ſomewhat unſatisfied, and ſtaggering in your Opinion, touching the affirmative part of his Theſis, the diſcuſſing whereof is far fitter for an elaborate large Treatiſe, than a looſe *Letter*.

Touching the new Common-wealth you intend to eſtabliſh now, that you have aſſign'd me my part among ſo many choice Legiſlators: Something I ſhall do to comply with your Deſires, which ſhall be always to me as Commands, and your Commands as Laws, becauſe I love and honour you in a very high Degree, for thoſe gallant free-born Thoughts, and ſundry parts of Vertue which I have diſcern'd in you, which makes me entitle my ſelf

Fleet, 20. Febr. 1647.

Your moſt humble and Affectionate faithful Servant,

J. H.

XXIV. *To*

XXIV.

To Sir William Boſwel, *at the* Hague.

Sir,

THat black Tragedy which was lately acted here, as it hath fill'd moſt Hearts among us with Conſternation and Horror, ſo I believe it hath been no leſs reſented abroad: For my own particular, the more I ruminate upon it, the more it aſtoniſheth my Imagination, and ſhaketh all the Cells of my Brain, ſo that ſometimes I ſtruggle with my Faith, and have much ado to believe it yet: I ſhall give over wondring at any thing hereafter, nothing ſhall ſeem ſtrange unto me, only I will attend with patience how *England* will thrive now that ſhe is let Bloud in the *Baſilical* Vein, and Cur'd, as they ſay, of the *Kings-Evil.*

I have one of yours by Mr. *Jacob Bocue*, and I much thank you for the account you pleaſe to give me of what I ſent you by his conveyance: *Holland* may now be proud, for there is a younger Common-wealth in *Chriſtendom*, than her ſelf. No more now, but that I always reſt,

Sir,

Fleet, 20. Mar. 1648. *Your moſt humble Servitor,* J. H.

XXV.

To Mr. W. B. *at* Grundsburgh.

Sir,

NEver credit me, if *Liberty* it ſelf be as dear to me as your *Letters*, they come ſo full of choice, and learning Applications, with ſuch free unforc'd ſtrains of Ingenuity, inſomuch, that when I peruſe them, me thinks they caſt ſuch a kind of fragrancy, that I cannot more aptly compare them, than to the Flowers which are now in their prime Seaſon, *viz.* to Roſes in *June*: I had two of them lately, which methought were like Quivers full of barb'd Arrows pointed with Gold, that penetrated my Breaſt.

——— Tali quis nollet ab ictu
Ridendo tremulas mortis non ire ſub umbras?

Your Expreſſions were like thoſe Mucrones and *Melliti globuli* which you ſo ingenuouſly apply mine unto; but theſe Arrows of yours though they have hit me, they have not hurt me, they ha

had no killing Quality, but they were rather as ſo many Cordials; for you know Gold is reſtorative. I am ſuddenly ſurpriz'd by an inexpected occaſion, therefore I muſt abruptly break off with you for this time; I will only add, my moſt dear Nephew, that I reſt

Yours intirely to love and

June, 3. 1648. *ſerve you,* J. H.

XXVI.

To R. K. *Eſquire, at St.* Giles.

Sir,

DIfference in Opinion, no more than a differing Complexion, can be cauſe enough for me to hate any; A differing Fancy is no more to me, than a differing Face; if another hath a fair Countenance, though mine be black, or if I have a fair Opinion, though another have a hard favour'd one, yet it ſhall not break that common league of Humanity which ſhould be betwixt rational Creatures, provided he correſponds with me in the general Offices of Morality, and civil uprightneſs; this may admit him to my Acquaintance and Converſation, though I never concur with him in Opinion: He bears the Image of *Adam*, and the Image of the Almighty as well as I; He had God for his Father, though he hath not the ſame Church for his Mother. The Omniſcient Creator, as he is only *Kardiognoſtic*, ſo he is the ſole Lord of the whole inward Man; it is he who reigns o're the faculties of the Soul, and the Affections of the Heart; 'tis he who reguiates the Will, and rectifies all Obliquites in the underſtanding, by ſpecial Illuminations, and oftentimes reconciles Men as oppoſit in Opinions, as *Meridians* and *Parrallels* are in point of Extenſion, whereof the one draws from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, the other from *North* to *South*:

Some of the Pagan Philoſophers, 'ſpecially *Themiſtius* who was Prætor of *Byzantium*, maintain'd an Opinion, that as the Pulchritude and Preſervation of the World, conſiſted in Varieties and Diffimilitudes (as alſo in Eccentric and contrary Motions) that as it was repleniſhed with ſuch numberleſs ſorts of ſeveral ſpecies, and that the Individuals of thoſe ſpecies differ'd ſo much one from the other, 'ſpecially Mankind, amongſt whom one ſhall hardly find two in ten thouſand, that hath exactly (though Twins) the ſame Tone of Voice, Similitude of Face, or Idæas of Mind. Therefore the God of Nature ordain'd from the beginning, that he ſhould be worſhip'd in various and ſundry forms of Adorations, which nevertheleſs like ſo many Lines ſhould tend all to the ſame Centre. But Chriſtian Religion preſcribes another Rule, *viz.* that there is but

one

una via, una veritas, there is but one true way to Heaven, and that but a narrow one, whereas there be huge large Roads that lead to Hell.

God Almighty guide us in the firſt, and guard us from the ſecond, as alſo from all croſs and uncouth By-paths, which uſe to lead ſuch giddy Brains that follow them to a confus'd Labyrinth of Errors, where being entangled, the Devil, as they ſtand gaping for new Lights to lead them out, takes his advantage to ſeize on them for their *Spiritual Pride*, and *Inſobriety* in the ſearch of more Knowledge.

July, 28. 1648.

Your moſt faithful Servant,

J. H.

A FOURTH VOLUME OF Familiar LETTERS.

I.

To Sir James Crofts *Knight, at his Houſe near* Lemſter.

SIR,

EPiſtles, or (according to the word in uſe) *Familiar Letters*, may be call'd the *Larum Bells of Love*, I hope this will prove ſo to you, and have power to awaken you out of that Silence wherein you have ſlept ſo long; yet I would not have this *Larum* make any harſh obſtreperous ſound, but gently ſummon you to our former Correſpondence; your returns to me ſhall be more then *Larum Bells*, they ſhall be like *Silver Trumpets* to rouze up my Spirits, and make me take Pen in hand, to meet you more than half way, in the old field of friendſhip.

It is recorded of *Galen*, one of Natures *Cabinet Clerks*, that when he ſlept his *Sieſta* (as the *Spaniard* calls it) or Afternoon Sleep, to avoid Exceſs that way, he us'd to ſit in ſuch a poſture, that having a gold Ball in his hand, and a Copper Veſſel underneath, as ſoon as his Senſes were ſhut, and the *Phantaſie* began to work, the Ball would fall down, the noiſe whereof would awake him, and draw the Spring-lock back again, to ſet the outward Senſe at Liberty; I have ſeen in *Italy* a Finger-Ring, which in the boſs thereof had a Watch, and there was ſuch a trick of Art in it, that it might be ſo wounded up, that it would make a ſmall pin to prick him, who wore it at ſuch an hour he pleas'd in the night; Let the Pen

Pen between us have the Vertue of that Pin, but the Pen hath a thouſand Vertues more; you know that *Anſer*, *Apis*, *Vitulus*, the Gooſe, Bee, and the Calf do rule the *World*; the one affording Parchment, the other two Sealing-Wax, and Quils to write withal: You know alſo how the gaggling of Geeſe did once preſerve the Capitol from being ſurpriz'd by my Country-man *Brennus*, which was the firſt forreign Force that *Rome* felt, but the Gooſe Quill doth daily greater things, it conſerves Empires (and the Feathers of it gets Kingdoms; witneſs what Exploits the *Engliſh* perform'd by it in *France*) the Quill being the chiefeſt Inſtrument of Intelligence, and the Embaſſadors prime Tool; Nay, the Quill is the uſefulleſt thing which preſerves that Noble Vertue Friendſhip, who elſe would periſh among Men for want of Practice.

I ſhall make no more Sallies out of *London* this Summer, therefore your *Letters* may be ſure where to find me: Matters are ſtill involv'd here in a ſtrange Confuſion, but the Stars may let down milder Influences, therefore chear up, and reprieve your ſelf againſt better times, for the World would be irkſome unto me if you were out of it: Hap what will, you ſhall be ſure to find me,

Your ready and real
Servant,

J. H.

II.

To Mr. T. Morgan.

Sir,

I Receiv'd two of yours upon *Tueſday* laſt, one to your Brother, the other to me, but the Superſcriptions were miſtaken, which makes me think on that famous Civilian Doctor *Dale*, who being employed to *Flanders* by Queen *Elizabeth*, ſent in a Packet to the Secretary of State two *Letters*, one to the Queen, the other to his Wife, but that which was meant for the Queen, was ſuperſcrib'd, To his dear Wife, and that for his Wife, To her moſt Excellent Majeſty; ſo that the Queen having open'd his *Letters*, ſhe found it beginning with Sweet Heart, and afterwards with my Dear, and Dear Love, with ſuch Expreſſions, acquainting her with the ſtate of his Body, and that he began to want Money; you may eaſily gueſs what motions of Mirth this miſtake rais'd, but the Doctor by this overſight (or cunningneſs rather) got a ſupply of Money: This perchance may be your Policy to endorſe me your Brother, thereby to endear me the more unto you; but you needed not to have done that, for the Name Friend goes ſometimes

times further than *Brother*, and there be more examples of *Friends* that did ſacrifice their Lives for one another, than of Brothers, which the Writer doth think that he ſhould do for you, if the caſe requir'd. But ſince I am fallen upon Doctor *Dale*, who was a witty kind of Drole, I will tell you inſtead of news (for there is little good ſtirring now) of two other facetious Tales of his; and *Familiar Tales* may become *Familiar Letters* well enough: When Queen *Elizabeth* did firſt propoſe to him that forren employment to *Flanders*, among other encouragements, ſhe told him, *That he ſhould have* 20 *s.* per diem, *for his expences*; *Then, Madam*, ſaid he, *I will ſpend* 19 *s a day: What will you do with the odd Shilling*, the Queen replyed? *I will reſerve that for my* Kate, *and* Tom, *and* Dick meaning his Wife and Children, this induc'd the Queen to enlarge his allowance. But this that comes laſt is the beſt of all, and may be call'd the Superlatif of the three, which was, when at the overture of the Treaty, the other Ambaſſadors came to propoſe in what Language they ſhould treat, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador anſwer'd, *That the* French *was the moſt proper, becauſe his miſtreſs entitled her ſelf* Queen of France: *Nay, then*, ſaid Dr. *Dale, let us treat in* Hebrew, *for your Maſter calls himſelf* King of Jeruſalem.

I perform'd the Civilities you enjoyn'd me to your Friends here; who return you the like contuplicated, and ſo doth

Your entire Friend,

May 12. J. H.

III.

To the R. H. the Lady E. D.

Madam,

THere is a *French* ſaying, *That Courteſies and Favours, are like Flowers, which are ſweet only while they are freſh; but afterwards they quickly fade and wither.* I cannot deny but your Favours to me, might be compar'd to ſome kind of Flowers, (and they would make a thick Poſie) but they ſhould be to the Flower call'd *Life everlaſting*; or that pretty Vermilion Flower which grows at the Foot of the Mountain *Ætna* in *Sicily*, which never loſes any thing of its firſt Colour and Sent. Thoſe Favours you did me 30 years agoe, in the Life-time of your incomparable Brother Mr. *R. Altham* (who left us in the Flower of his Age) methinks are as freſh to me as if they were done yeſterday.

Nor were it any danger to compare Courteſies done to me, to other Flowers, as I uſe them; for I diſtil them in the Limbec of my Memory, and ſo turn them to Eſſences.

But Madam, I honour you not ſo much for Favours, as for that precious brood of Vertues, which ſhine in you with that brightneſs; but ſpecially for thoſe high motions, whereby your Soul ſoars up ſo often towards Heaven: Inſomuch, Madam, that if it were ſafe to call any Mortal a Saint, you ſhould have that Title from me, and I would be one of your chiefeſt Votaries: Howſoever, I may without any Superſtition, ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Your truly devoted Servant,

April 8. J. H.

IV.

To the Lord Marqueſs of Hartford.

My Lord,

I Receiv'd your Lordſhip's of the eleventh Current, with the Commands it carried, whereof I ſhall give an account in my next.

Forren Parts afford not much matter of Intelligence, it being now the dead of Winter, and the Seaſon unfit for Action: But we need not go abroad for News, there is ſtore enough at home. We ſee daily mighty things, and they are marvellous in our eyes; but the greateſt marvel is, that nothing ſhould now be marvell'd at; for we are ſo habituated to Wonders, that they are grown familiar unto us.

Poor *England* may be ſaid to be like a Ship toſs'd up and down the Surges of a turbulent Sea, having loſt her old Pilot, and God he knows when ſhe can get into ſafe Harbor again: Yet doubtleſs this Tempeſt according to the uſual operations of Nature, and the ſucceſſion of mundane effects, by contrary Agents, will turn at laſt into a Calm; though many who are yet in their Nonage may not live to ſee it. Your Lordſhip knows that this κόσμος, this fair Frame of the Univerſe, came out of a *Chaos*, an indigeſted Lump: And that this elementary World was made of a Million of Ingredients repugnant to themſelves in Nature (and the whole is ſtill preſerved by the reluctancy and reſtleſs combatings of theſe Principles.) We ſee how the Shipwright doth make uſe of Knee-timber, and other croſs-grain'd Pieces, as well as of ſtreight and even, for framing a goodly Veſſel to ride on *Neptune*'s Back. The Printer uſeth many contrary Characters in his Art, to put forth a fair Volume, as *d* is a *p* revers'd, and *n* is an *u* turn'd upward, with other differing Letters, which yet concur all to the perfection of the whole Work: There go many and various diſſonant Tones, to make an harmonious Conſort. This puts me in mind of an excellent paſſage, which a noble ſpeculative

culative Knight (Sir *P. Herbert*) hath in his late *Conceptions* to's Son: How a holy Anchorit being in a Wilderneſs, among other Contemplations he fell to admire the Method of Providence, how out of cauſes which ſeem bad to us, he produceth oftentimes good effects; how he ſuffers vertuous, loyal, and religious Men to be oppreſs'd; and others to proſper. As he was tranſported with theſe Idea's, a goodly young Man appear'd to him; and told him, Father, I know your thoughts are diſtracted, and I am ſent to quiet them; therefore if you will accompany me a few days, you ſhall return very well ſatisfied of thoſe doubts that now encumber your Mind; ſo going along with him, they were to paſs over a deep River, whereon there was a narrow Bridge, and meeting there with another Paſſenger, the young Man juſled him into the Water, and ſo drown'd him: the old Anchorit being much aſtoniſh'd hereat, would have left him; but his Guide ſaid, Father, be not amaz'd, becauſe I ſhall give you good reaſons for what I do; and you ſhall ſee ſtranger things than this, before you and I part; but at laſt I ſhall ſettle your judgement, and put your mind in full repoſe. So going that Night to lodge in an Inn, where there was a Crue of *Banditi*, and debauch'd Ruffians, the young Man ſtruck into their Company, and revell'd with them till the Morning; while the Anchorit ſpent moſt of the Night in numbring his Beads: but as ſoon as they were departed thence, they met with ſome Officers, who went to apprehend that Crue of *Banditi* they had left behind them. The next day they came to a Gentleman's Houſe, which was a fair Palace, where they receiv'd all the courteous Hoſpitality which could be; but in the Morning as they parted, there was a Child in a Cradle, which was the only Son of the Gentleman's, and the young Man ſpying his opportunity ſtrangled the Child, and ſo got away. The third day they came to another Inn, where the Man of the Houſe treated them with all the Civility that could be, and *gratis*; yet the young Man imbezzel'd a Silver Goblet, and carried it away in his Pocket; which ſtill encreas'd the amazement of the Anchorit. The fourth day in the Evening, they came to lodge at another Inn, where the Hoſt was very ſullen, and uncivil to them, exacting much more than the value of what they had ſpent; yet at parting the young Man beſtow'd upon him the Silver Goblet he had ſtolen from that Hoſt who had uſed them ſo kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich Town; but ſome Miles before they came at it, they meet with a Merchant at the cloſe of the day, who had a great charge of Mony about him, and asking the next paſſage to the Town, the young Man put him in a clean contrary way: the Anchorit and his Guide being come to the Town, at the Gate they ſpied a Devil, which lay as it were Centinel, but he was a

ſleep: They found alſo both Men and Women at ſundry kind of Sports, ſome Dancing, others Singing, with divers ſorts of Revellings. They went afterwards to a Convent of *Capuchins*, where about the Gate they found Legions of Devils, laying Siege to that Monaſtery; yet they got in and lodg'd there that Night. Being awaked the next Morning, the young Man came to that Cell where the Anchorit was lodg'd, and told him, I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confuſion, aſtoniſhments, and doubts, for what you have ſeen ſince the firſt time of our Aſſociation: But know, that I am an Angel ſent from Heaven to rectifie your Judgment, as alſo to correct a little your Curioſity, in the re-ſearches of the Ways and Acts of Providences too far; for though ſeperately they ſeem ſtrange to the ſhallow apprehenſion of Man, yet conjunctly they all tend to produce good effects.

That man which I tumbled into the River, was an Act of Providence; for he was going upon a moſt miſchievous deſign, that would have damnified not only his own Soul, but deſtroyed the Party againſt whom it was intended; therefore I prevented it.

The cauſe why I convers'd all Night with that Crue of Rogues, was alſo an Act of Providence; for they intended to go a robbing all that Night; but I kept them there purpoſely till the next Morning, that the hand of Juſtice might ſeize upon them.

Touching the kind Hoſt from whom I took the Silver Goblet, and the clowniſh or knaviſh Hoſt, to whom I gave it; let this demonſtrate unto you, that good Men are liable to Croſſes and Loſſes, whereof bad Men oftentimes reap the benefit; but it commonly produceth Patience in the one, and Pride in the other.

Concerning that Noble Gentleman whoſe Child I ſtrangled, after ſo courteous Entertainment; know, that that alſo was an Act of Providence; for the Gentleman was ſo indulgent and doting on that Child, that it leſſen'd his Love to Heaven; ſo I took away the Cauſe.

Touching the Merchant whom I miſguided in his way; it was likewiſe an Act of Providence; for had he gone the direct way to this Town, he had been robb'd, and his Throat cut; therefore I preſerv'd him by that deviation.

Now concerning this great luxurious City, whereas we ſpied but one Devil, which lay aſleep without the Gate, there being ſo many about this poor Convent; you muſt conſider, that *Lucifer* being already aſſur'd of that riotous Town, by corrupting their manners every day more and more, he needs but one ſingle Centinel to ſecure it: But for this holy Place of retirement, this Monaſtery, inhabited by ſo many devout Souls who ſpend their whole Lives in Acts of Mortification, as exerciſes of Piety and Penance,

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he hath brought ſo many Legions to beleaguer them; yet he can do no good upon them, for they bear up againſt him moſt undauntedly, maugre all his infernal power and ſtratagems: So the young Man, or Divine Meſſenger, ſuddenly diſappear'd and vaniſh'd; yet leaving his Fellow-traveller in good hands.

My Lord, I crave your pardon for this extravagancy and the tediouſneſs thereof; but I hope the ſublimity of the matter will make ſome compenſation; which if I am not deceived, will well ſute with your genius; for I know your Contemplation, to be as high as your Condition, and as much above the Vulgar. This figurative Story ſhews, that the ways of Providence are inſcrutable, his intention and method of operation, not conformable oftentimes to human judgment, the Plummets and Lines whereof is infinitly too ſhort to ſadom the depth of his Deſigns; therefore let us acquieſce in an humble admiration, and with this confidence, that all things co-operate to the beſt at laſt, as they relate to his Glory, and the general good of his Creatures; thô ſometimes they appear to us, by uncouth circumſtances, and croſs mediums.

So in a due diſtance, and poſture of Humility, I kiſs your Lordſhip's Hands, as being,

My moſt highly honoured Lord,

Your thrice obedient, and obliged
Servitor,

J. H.

V.

To R. Baker, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

NOW that *Lent* and the *Spring* do make their approach, in my opinion, Faſting would conduce much to the advantage of Soul and Body; though our Second Inſtitution of obſerving *Lent* aim'd at Civil Reſpects, as to preſerve the Brood of Cattle, and advance the Profeſſion of Fiſhermen, yet it concurs with the firſt Inſtitution, *viz.* a pure ſpiritual end, which was to ſubdue the Fleſh, and that being brought under, our other two ſpiritual Enemies the World and the Devil, are the ſooner overcome. The Naturaliſts obſerve, that Morning Spittle kills *Dragons*; ſo Faſting helps to deſtroy the Devil, provided it be accompanied with other Acts of Devotion: to faſt for one day only, from about Nine in the Morning to four in the Afternoon, is but a Mock-faſt.

The *Turks* do more than ſo in their *Ramirams* and *Beirams*; and the *Jew* alſo, for he faſts from the dawn in the Morning, till the Stars be up in the Night; as you obſerve in the devout and delicate Poem you pleas'd to communicate unto me lately: I was ſo taken with the Subject, that I preſently lighted my Candle at your Torch, and fell into theſe Stanza's.

1. *Now* Lent *is come, let us refrain*
From carnal Creatures quick or ſlain:
Let's faſt, and macerate the Fleſh,
Impound, and keep it in diſtreſs.

2. *For forty days, and then we ſhall*
Have a Replevin *from the Thrall,*
By that bleſs'd Prince, who for this Faſt,
Will give us Angels Food at laſt.

3. *But to abſtain from* Beef, *Hog, Gooſe,*
And let our Appetites go looſe
To Lobſters, Crabs, Prawns, or ſuch Fiſh;
We do not Faſt, but Feaſt in this.

4. *Not to let down Lamb, Kid, or Veal,*
Hen, Plover, Turkey-cock, or Teal;
And eat Botargo, Caviar,
Anchovies, Oyſters, and like Fare.

5. *Or to forbear from Fleſh, Fowl, Fiſh;*
And eat Potatoes in a Diſh
Done o're with Amber, or a Meſs
Of Ringo's, in a Spaniſh *dreſs.*

6. *Or to refrain from each hot Thing,*
Which Water, Earth, or Air doth bring;
And loſe a hundred pound at Gleek,
Or be a Saint when we ſhould ſleep.

7. *Or to leave Play with all high Diſhes,*
And feed our Thoughts with wanton Wiſhes;
Making the Soul like a light Wench,
Wear Patches of Concupiſcence.

8. *This*

8. This is not to keep Lent *aright,*
But play the juggling Hipocrit:
He truly Lent *obſerves, who makes the inward Man*
To faſt, as well as make the outward feed on Bran.

The *French* Reformiſts have an odd way of keeping *Lent*, for I have ſeen the Walls of their Temples, turn'd to Shambles, and Fleſh hanging upon them on *Lent*-Sundays: Inſomuch, that he who doth not know their practice, would take their Churches to be Synagogues of *Jews*, and that the bloody Levitical Sacrifices were offer'd there.

And now that my thoughts are in *France*, a witty paſſage of *Henry* the Great comes into my mind, who being himſelf in the Field, ſent to the old Count of *Soiſſons*, to accompany him with what Forces he could make: The Count anſwer'd, *That he was grown decrepit and crazy; beſides, his Eſtate was ſo, being much exhauſted in the former Wars, and all that he could do now for His Majeſty was to pray for him. Doth my Coſen of* Soiſſons, ſaid the King, *anſwer me ſo? They ſay, that Prayer without Faſting, hath nothing of that efficacy, as when they are joyn'd*; Ventre de St. Gris, *By the Belly of St.* Gris, *I will make him Faſt as well as Pray, for I will not pay him a Penny of his ten thouſand Crowns Penſion, which he hath yearly for theſe reſpects.*

The Chriſtian Church hath a longer and more ſolemn way of Faſting, than any other Religion, take *Lent* and *Emberweeks* together. In ſome Churches the Chriſtians uſeth the old way of Mortification, by Sackcloth and Aſhes, to this day: which makes me think on a facetious Tale of a *Turkiſh* Ambaſſador in *Venice*; who being return'd to *Conſtantinople*, and ask'd, *What he had obſerved moſt remarkable in that ſo rare a City?* he anſwer'd, *That among other Things, the Chriſtians hath a kind of Aſhes, which thrown upon the Head, doth preſently cure Madneſs; for in* Venice *I ſaw the People go up and down the Streets* (ſaid he) *in ugly and antick ſtrange Diſguiſes, as being in the eye of human Reaſon ſtark mad; but the next day* (meaning *Aſhwedneſday*) *they are ſuddenly cur'd of that madneſs, by a ſort of Aſhes which they caſt upon their Heads.*

If the ſaid Ambaſſador were here among us, he would think our Modern Gallants were alſo all mad, or ſubject to be mad; becauſe they *aſhe*, and powder their Pericraniums all the year long.

So wiſhing your Meditations ſuitable to the Seaſon, and good Thoughts, which are beſt when they are the off-ſprings of good Actions, I reſt,

Your ready and real
Friend,
J. H.

Aſhwedneſday
1654.

VI.

To Mr. R. Manwayring.

My dear Dick,

IF you are as well when you read this, as I was when I wrote it, we are both well; I am certain of the one, but anxious of the other, in regard of your ſo long ſilence: I pray at the return of this Poſt, let your Pen pull out this Thorn, that hath gotten into my Thoughts, and let me have oftner room in yours, for you know I am your perfect Friend,

J. H.

VII.

To Sir Edward Spencer, *Knight.*

Sir,

I Find by your laſt of the firſt Current, that your Thoughts are much buſied in forming your new Common-wealth; and whereas the Province that is allotted to me, is to treat of a right way to govern the Femal Sex; I hold my Lot to be fallen upon a fair ground, and I will endeavour to husband it accordingly; I find alſo, that for the eſtabliſhment of this new Republic, you have culled out the choiceſt Wits in all Faculties; therefore I account it an honour that you have put me in the Liſt, though the leaſt of them.

In every ſpecies of Government, and indeed among all Societies of Mankind (reclus'd Orders, and other Regulars excepted) there muſt be a ſpecial care had of the Female kind; for nothing can conduce more to the propagation, and perpetuity of a Republic, than the well managing of that gentle and uſeful Sex: For thô they be accounted the weaker Veſſels; yet are they thoſe in whom the whole Maſs of Mankind is moulded; therefore they muſt not be us'd like Saffron-Bags, or *Verde*-Bottles, which are thrown into ſome by-Corner, when the Wine and Spice are taken out of them.

It was an opinion truly befitting a *Jew* to hold, That Woman is of an inferior Creation to Man, being made only for Multiplication and Pleaſure; therefore hath ſhe no admittance into the body of the Synagogue: Such another opinion was that of the Pagan Poet, who ſtutter'd out this Verſe, that there are but two good hours of any Woman.

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Τὴν μίαν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θαλάττῃ: *Unam in thalamo alteram in tumulo*, one hour in Bed, the other in the Grave. Moreover, I hold also that of the Orator to be a wild extravagant Speech, when he said, that if *Women were not conterranean and mingled with Men, Angels would descend and dwell among us.* But a far wilder Speech was that of the *Dog-Philosopher*, who term'd Women *Necessary Evils*. Of this *Cynical* Sect, it seems was he, who would needs make *Orcus* to be the Anagram of *Uxor*, by contracting *c*, *s* into an *x*. *Uxor & Orcus*——*idem*.

Yet I confess, that among this Sex, as among Men, there are some good, some bad, some vertuous, some vicious, and some of an indifferent Nature, in whom Vertue makes a compensation for Vice. If there was an Empress in *Rome*, so cunning in her Lust, that she would take in no Passenger until the Vessel was freighted, (for fear the resemblance of the Child might discover the true Father) There was a *Zenobia* in *Asia*, who would not suffer her Husband to know her Carnally, no longer when once she found her self quick. If there were a Q. of *France* that poyson'd her K. there was a Q. in *England*, who when her Husband had been shot with an envenom'd Arrow in the Holy Land, suck'd out the poyson with her own mouth, when none else would do it. If the Lady *Barbara*, Wife to *Sigismond* the Emperor, being advis'd by her Ghostly Father, after his death to live like a *Turtle*, having lost such a *Mate*, that the World had not the like, made this wanton answer, *Father, since you would have me to lead the life of a Bird, why not of a* Sparrow, *as well as of a Turtle?* which she did afterwards. I say, if there were such a Lady *Barbara*, there was the Lady *Beatrix*, who after *Henry*, her Emperors Death, liv'd after like a *Dove*, and immur'd her self in a Monastic Cell. But what shall I say of Q. *Artemisia* who had an Urnful of her Husband *Mausolus*'s Ashes in her Closet, whereof she would take down a Dram every Morning next her Heart, saying, that her Body was the fittest place to be a Sepulcher to her dear Husband, notwithstanding that she had erected such a Tomb for the rest of his Body, that to this day is one of the Wonders of the World.

Moreover, it cannot be denied, but some Females are of a high and harsh Nature, witness those, that two of our greatest Clerks for Law and Learning (Lord *B.* and *C.*) did meet withal, one of whom was said to have brought back her Husband to his Horn-book again: As also *Moyses* and *Socrates* Wives, who were *Zipporah* and *Zantippe*, you may guess at the humour of one in the holy Code: And for *Zantippe*, among many other Instances which might be produc'd, let this serve for one: After she had scolded her Husband one day out of doors, as

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the poor man was going out, ſhe whipp'd up into an upper Loft, and threw a Piſpot full upon his Sconce, which made the Patient *Philoſopher* (or *Fooloſopher*) to break into this Speech, for the venting of his Paſſion, *I thought after ſo much Thunder we ſhould have Rain.* To this may be added my Neighbour *Strowd*'s Wife in *Weſtminſter*, who once ringing him a Peal as ſhe was baſting his Roaſt, (for he was a Cook) after he had newly come from the Tavern upon *Sunday* Evening; ſhe grew hotter and hotter againſt him, having Hell and the Devil in her Mouth, to whom ſhe often bequeath'd him: The ſtairing Husband having heard her a great while with ſilence, at laſt anſwer'd, I prithee ſweet heart do not talk ſo much to me of the *Devil*, becauſe I know he will do me no hurt, for I have married his Kinſwoman. I know there are many that wear Horns, and ride daily upon Colt-ſtaves, but this proceeds not ſo often from the fault of the Female, as the ſillineſs of the Husband who know not how to manage a Wife.

But a thouſand ſuch Inſtances are not able to make me a Myſogenes, a Female Foe, therefore towards the policing and perpetuating of this your new Republic; there muſt be ſome ſpecial rules for regulating of Marriage, for a Wife is the beſt or the worſt Fortune that can betide a man throughout the whole train of his Life: *Plato*'s *Promiſcuus concubitus*, or Copulation is more proper for Beaſts than Rational Creatures. That inceſtuous cuſtom they have in *China*, that one ſhould marry his own Siſter, and in defaut of one, the next akin; I utterly diſlike: Nor do I approve of that goatiſh latitude of Luſt, which the *Alchoran* allowes, for one Man to have eight Wives, and as many Concubines as he can well maintain; nor of another branch of their Law, that a man ſhould marry after ſuch an Age, under pain of mortal Sin, (for then what would become of me?) No, I would have every man left at liberty in this point, for there are men enough beſides to people the Earth.

But that Opinion of a poor ſhallow-brain'd Puppy, who upon any cauſe of diſaffection, would have men to have a priviledge to change their Wives, or repudiat them, deſerves to be hiſs'd at, rather than confuted; for nothing can tend more to uſher in all confuſion and beggery throughout the world; therefore that Wiſeaker deſerves to wear a toting Horn. In this Republic one Man ſhould be contented with one Wife, and he may have work enough to do with her, but whereas in other Common-wealths, men uſe to wear inviſible Horns; it would be a wholſome Conſtitution, that they who upon too much jealouſie and Reſtrant, or ill uſage of their Wives, or indeed not knowing how to uſe and man them aright, (which is one of the prime points of maſculine diſcretion.

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As alſo) they who according to that barbarous cuſtom in *Ruſſia*, do uſe to beat their Wives duly once a week; but ſpecially they who in their abſence coop them up and ſecure their Bodies with Locks, I ſay it would be a very fitting Ordinance in this new moulded Common-wealth, that all ſuch who impel their Wives by theſe means to change their Riders ſhould wear plain viſible Horns, that Paſſengers may beware of them as they go along, and give warning to others,---*Cornu ferit ille, Caveto.* For indeed nothing doth incite the Maſs of Bloud, and muſter up libidinous thoughts, more than diffidence, and reſtraint.

Moreover, in coupling Women by way of Matrimony, it would be a good Law, and conſentaneous to Reaſon, if out of all Dowries exceeding a 100 *l.* there ſhould be two out of every *cent.* deducted and put into a common Treaſury, for putting off hard-favor'd and poor Maids.

Touching Virginity, and the Veſtal Fire, I could wiſh 'twere the worſt cuſtom the *Roman* Church had, when gentle Souls to endear themſelves the more unto their Creator, do immure their Bodies within perpetual bounds of Chaſtity, Dieting themſelves, and uſing Auſterities accordingly, whereby, bidding a farewel, and dying unto the World, they bury themſelves alive, as it were, and ſo paſs their time in conſtant exerciſes of Piety, and Penance, night and day, or in ſome other employments of Vertue, holding Idleneſs to be a mortal Sin: were this cloyſter'd courſe of life meerly ſpontaneous and unforc'd, I could well be contented that it were practis'd in your new Republic.

But there are other kind of Cloyſters in ſome Common-wealths, and among thoſe who are accounted the wiſeſt and beſt policed, which Cloyſters are of a clean contrary Nature to the former: theſe they call the Courteſan Cloyſters. And as in other, ſome Femals ſhut up themſelves to keep the ſacred Fire of Pudicity and continence, ſo in theſe latter there are ſome of the hanſom'd ſorts of Femals, who are conniv'd at to quench the Flames of irregular Luſt, leſt they ſhould break into the lawful married Bed. 'Tis true, Nature hath pour'd more active, and hotter bloud into the Veins of ſome Men, wherein there are ſtronger Appetites and Motions, which Motions were not given by Nature to be a Torment to Man, but to be turned into delight, health and propagation; therefore they to whom the gift of Continence is denyed, and have not the conveniency to have *debita vaſa*, and lawful coolers of their own by way of Wedlock, uſe to extinguiſh their Fires in theſe Venerean Cloyſters, rather then abuſe their Neighbours Wives, and break into other mens Incloſures. But whether ſuch a Cuſtom may be conniv'd at in this your Republick, and that ſuch a *Common* may be allow'd to them who have no *Incloſures* of their

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own, I leave to wiſer Legiſlators to my ſelf than determine, ſpecially in *South-Eaſt* hot Countries, where Venerean *Titillation* (which *Scaliger* held to be a fixt outward ſenſe, but rediculouſly) is in a ſtronger degree. I ſay, I leave others to judge whether ſuch a Randevouze be to be conniv'd at in horter Climes, where both Air, and Food, and the Bloud of the Grape do all concur to make one more Libidinous. But is a vulgar Error to think that the heat of the Clime is the cauſe of Luſt; it proceeds rather from a duſt choler and melancholy that predominate, which humors carry with them a ſalt and ſharp itching quality.

The dull *Hollander* (with other *North-Weſt* Nations, whoſe Bloud may be ſaid to be as Butter-milk in their Veins) is not ſo frequently ſubject to ſuch fits of Luſt, therefore he hath no ſuch Cloyſters or Houſes for Ladies of Pleaſure: Witneſs the Tale of *Hans Boobikin*, a rich Boores Son, whom his Father had ſent abroad a Fryring, that is Shroving in our Language, and ſo put him in an Equipage accordingly, having a new Sword and Scarf, with a gold Hatband, and money in his Purſe to viſit handſom Ladies; but *Hans* not knowing where to go elſe, went to his Granmothers Houſe, where he fell a Courting and Feaſting of her; But his Father queſtioning him at his return where he had been a Fryring, and he anſwering that he had been at his Grandmothers: The Boor replyed, *Gods Sacrament, I hope thou haſt not lain with my Mother:* Yes, ſaid *Boobikin, why ſhould not I lye with your Mother, as you have lain with mine?*

Thus in conformity to your deſires, and the Task impos'd upon me, have I ſcribled out this piece of Drollery, which is the way as I take it, that your deſigns drive at; I reſerve ſome things till I ſee what others have done in the ſeveral Provinces they have undertaken towards the ſettlement of your new Republic.

So with a thouſand thanks for your laſt Hoſpitable Favours, I reſt as I have reaſon, and as you know me to be

London, this 24. of Jan.

Your own true Servant,

J. H.

VIII.

To Mr. T. V. *Bariſter, at his Chamber in the* Temple.

Couſin Tom.

I Did not think it was in the power of Paſſion to have wrought upon you with that violence; for I do not remember to have known any (of ſo ſeaſon'd a Judgment as you are) loſt ſo far after ſo frail a thing as a Female; but you will ſay *Hercules* himſelf ſtoop'd hereunto, 'tis true, he did, as appears by this diſtich,

Lenam *non potuit, potuit ſuperare* Leænam,
Quem Fera *non potuit vincere vicit* Hera.

The ſaying alſo of the old Comic Poet makes for you, when he ſaid, *Qui in amorem cecidit pejus agit quam ſi ſaxo ſaliat*, to be tormented with Love, is worſe than to dance upon hot Stones: Therefore partly out of a ſenſe of your ſuffering, as well as upon the ſeriouſneſs of your requeſt, but 'ſpecially underſtanding that the Gentlewoman hath Parts and Portion accordingly: I have done what you deſir'd me in theſe Lines, which though plain, ſhort, and ſudden, yet they diſplay the manner how you were ſurpriz'd, and the depth of your Paſſion.

To Mrs. E. B.

Appelles, *Prince of Painters did,*
All others in that Art exceed;
But you ſurpaſs him, for he took
Some Pains and Time to draw a look,
You in a trice and moments ſpace,
Have pourtraied in my Heart your Face.

I wiſh this Hexaſtic may have power to ſtrike her as deep as I find her eyes ſtruck you. The *Spaniard* ſaith there are four things requir'd in a Woer, *viz.* to be *Savo, Secreto, Selo,* and *Sollicito*, that is, to be Sollicitous, Secret, Sole, and Sage: Obſerve theſe Rules, and ſhe may make her ſelf your Client, and ſo employ you to open her Caſe, and recover her Portion, which I hear is in Huckſters hands.

So my dear Couſin, I heartily wiſh you the accompliſhment of your deſires, and reſt upon all occaſions

At your diſpoſe, J. H.

IX.

To Sir R. Williams *Knight.*

Sir,

I Am one among many who much rejoyce at the fortunate windfall that happen'd lately, which hath ſo fairly rais'd and recruted your Fortunes. It is commonly ſeen, that *Ubi eſt multum Phantaſiæ* (viz. *ingenii*) *ibi eſt parum Fortunæ, & ubi eſt multum Fortunæ ibi eſt parum Phantaſiæ.* Where there is much of *Fancy*, there is little of *Fortune*; and where there is much of *Fortune*, there's little of *Fancy.* It ſeems that Recorder *Fleetwood* reflected upon one part of this ſaying, when, in his Speech to the *Londoners*, among other paſſages whereby he ſooth'd and ſtroak'd them, he ſaid, *When I conſider your wit, I admire your Wealth.* But touching the Latine ſaying, it is quite convinc'd in you, for you have *Fancy* and *Fortune* (now) in abundance: And a ſtrong argument may be drawn, that Fortune is not *blind*, by her carriage to you, for ſhe ſaw well enough what ſhe did, when ſhe ſmil'd ſo lately upon you.

Now he is the really rich man, who can make true uſe of his Riches, He makes not *Nummum* his *Numen*, Money his God, but makes himſelf *Dominum Nummi*, but becomes Maſter of his Penny: The firſt is the arrand'ſt Beggar and Slave that is; nay, he is worſe than the *Arcadian* Aſs, who while he carrieth Gold on his back, eats Thiſtles: He is baſer then that ſordid *Italian* Stationer, who would not allow himſelf brown Paper enough to wipe his Poſteriors.

Now, it is obſerv'd to be the Nature of Covetouſneſs, that when all other Sins grow old: *Covetouſneſs* in ſome ſordid Souls grows younger and younger; hence I believe ſprung the City Proverb, That the *Son is happy, whoſe Father went to the Devil.* Yet I like the ſaying, *Tom Waters* hath often in his mouth, *I had rather leave when I die, then lack when I live*; but why do I ſpeak of theſe things to you who have ſo noble a Soul, and ſo much above the vulgar?

Your Friend Mr. *Watts* is ſtill troubled with coughing, and truly I believe he is not to be long among us; for as the *Turk* hath it, *A dry Cough is the Trumpeter of Death:* He preſents his moſt affectionate reſpects unto you, and ſo doth,

My ever Noble Knight,

Your ever obliged
Servant, J. H.

X. *To*

X.

To Sir R. Cary *Knight.*

Sir,

I Had yours of the 20th Current, on St. *Thomas*'s Eve, which was moſt welcome unto me; and (to make a ſeaſonable compariſon) yours are like *Chriſtmas*, they come but once a year; yet I made very good cheer with your laſt, 'ſpecially with that Seraphic *Hymn* which came incloſed therewith, to uſher in this holy Tide; and to correſpond with you in ſome meaſure that way, I have return'd you another of the ſame Subject: for as I have obſerv'd, two Lutes being tun'd alike, if one of them be played upon; the other, though being a good way diſtant, will ſound of it ſelf, and keep Symphony with the firſt that's played upon, which whether it proceeds from the meer motion of the Air, or the Emanation of Atoms: I will not undertake to determine, ſo the ſound of your Muſe hath ſcrued up mine to the ſame Key, and tune in the Ternaries.

Upon the Nativity of our Saviour.

1. *Wonder of wonders,* Earth *and* Sky,
Time *mingleth with* Eternity;
And Matter *with* Immenſity.

2. *The* Sun *becomes an* Atom, *And the* Star
Turns to a Candle, *to light Kings from far,*
To ſee a Spectacle ſo wondrous rare.

3. *A* Virgin *bears a* Son, *that* Son *doth bear*
A world of Sin, *acquitting Mans Arrear,*
Since guilty Adam *Figg-tree Leaves did wear.*

4. *A Majeſty both infinite and juſt,*
Offended was, therefore the Offering muſt
Be ſuch, to expiate frail Fleſh and Duſt.

5. *When no ſuch Victim could be found,*
Throughout the whole expanſive Round
Of Heaven, of Air, of Sea, or Ground.

6. *The*

6. The Prince of Life himſelf deſcends,
To make Aſtræa *full amends;*
And humane Souls from Hell defends.

7. Was ever ſuch a Love as this,
That the Eternal Heir of Bliſs,
Should ſtoop to ſuch a low Abiſs.

The Muſe confounded with the Miſtery according to the ſubject Matter, ends with a queſtion of Admiration.

So wiſhing you as heartily as to my ſelf (according to the inſtant Seaſon, and the old Complement of *England*) a merry *Chriſtmas*, and conſequently a happy *New Year.* I ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Your entirely devoted
St. *Innocents* Day, *Servant,*
1654. J. H.

XI.

To J. Sutton, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

WHereas you deſire my Opinion of the late Hiſtory tranſlated by Mr. *Wad.* of the Civil Wars of *Spain*, in the beginning of *Charles* the Emperors Reign; I cannot chooſe but tell you, that it is a faithful and pure Maiden Story, never blown upon before in any Language, but in *Spaniſh*; therefore very worthy your peruſal: For among thoſe various kind of Studies, that your contemplative Soul delights in, I hold Hiſtory to be moſt fitting to your Quality.

Now among thoſe ſundry Advantages which accrue to a Reader of Hiſtory, one is, that no modern Accident can ſeem ſtrange unto him, much leſs aſtoniſh him: He will leave off wondring at any thing in regard he may remember to have read of the ſame; or much like the ſame that happen'd in former times; therefore he doth not ſtand ſtaring like a Child, at every unuſual Spectacle, like that ſimple *American*; who, the firſt time he ſaw a *Spaniard* on Horſe-back, thought the Man and the Beaſt to be but one Creature, and that the Horſe did chew the Tings of his Bit, and eat them.

Now indeed, not to be an *Hiſtorian*, that is, not to know what forreign Nations, and our Forefathers did, *Hoc eſt ſemper eſſe Puer*, as *Cicero* hath it, this is ſtill to be a Child who gazeth at every thing.

thing. Whence may be inferr'd, there is no knowledge that ripeneth the Judgement, and puts one out of his Nonage ſooner than Hiſtory.

If I had not formerly read the *Barons* Wars in *England*, I had more admir'd that of the *Ligners* in *France*: He who had read the near upon fourſcore years Wars in low *Germany*, I believe never wondred at the late thirty years Wars in high *Germany*. I had wondred more that *Richard* of *Bourdeaux* was knock'd down with *Halbards*; had I not read formerly that *Edward* of *Caernarvon* was made away by a hot Iron thruſt up his Fundament. It was ſtrange that *Murat* the great *Ottoman* Emperour, ſhould be lately ſtrangled in his own Court at *Conſtantinople*; yet conſidering that *Oſman* his Predeceſſor had been knock'd down by own of his ordinary Slaves, not many years before, it was not ſtrange at all. The blazing Star in *Virgo* 34 years ſince, did not ſeem ſtrange to him who had read of that which appear'd in *Caſſiopea*, and other Conſtellations ſome years before. Hence may be inferr'd, that Hiſtory is the great Looking-glaſs, through which we may behold with anceſtral eyes, not only the various Actions of Ages paſs'd, and the odd accidents that attend Time; but alſo diſcern the different humours of Men, and feel the pulſe of former times.

This Hiſtory will diſplay the very intrinſecals of the *Caſtillian*, who goes for the prime *Spaniard*; and make the Opinion a Paradox, which cries him up to be ſo conſtant to his Principles, ſo loyal to his Prince, and ſo conformable to Government; for it will diſcover as much levity, and tumultuary paſſions in him, as in other Nations.

Among divers other Examples which could be produc'd out of this Story, I will inſtance in one: When *Juan de Padillia*, an infamous Fellow, and of baſe Extraction, was made General of the People; among others, there was a Prieſt, that being a great Zealot for him, us'd to pray publickly in the Church, *Let us pray for the Holy Commonalty, and His Majeſty* Don Juan de Padillia, *and for the Lady* Donna Maria Pachecho *His Wife*, &c. But a little after, ſome of *Juan de Padillia*'s Soldiers having quarter'd in his Houſe, and pitifully plunder'd him, the next *Sunday* the ſame Prieſt ſaid in the Church, *Beloved Chriſtians, you know how* Juan de Padillia *paſſing this way, ſome of his Brigade were billetted in my Houſe; truly, they have not left me one Chicken, they have drunk up a whole Barrel of Wine, and devour'd my Bacon, and taken away my* Catalina: *My Maid* Kate, *I charge you therefore pray no more for him.* Divers ſuch traverſes as theſe may be read in that Story, which may be the reaſon why it was ſuppreſs'd in *Spain*, that it ſhould not croſs the Seas, or clammer o're the *Pyreneans* to

acquaint other Nations with their foolery and baſeneſs: Yet Mr. *Simon Digby*, a Gentleman of much worth, got a Copy, which he brought over with him, out of which this Tranſlation is deriv'd, though I muſt tell you by the by, that ſome paſſages were commanded to be omitted, becauſe they had too near an Analogy with our times.

So in a ſerious way of a true Friendſhip, I profeſs my ſelf,

Your moſt affectionate

London, 15. Jan. *Servant*,

J. H.

XII.

To the Lord Marqueſs of Dorcheſter.

My Lord,

THere is a Sentence that carrieth a high ſenſe with it, *viz. Ingenia Principum Fata Temporum: The Fancy of the Prince, is the Fate of the Times.* So in point of Peace or War, Oppreſſion or Juſtice, Vertue or Vice, Prophaneneſs or Devotion; for *Regis ad exemplum.* But there is another ſaying which is as true, *viz. Genius plebis eſt fatum Principis: The Happineſs of the Prince, depends upon the Humour of the People.* There cannot be a more pregnant example hereof, than in that ſucceſsful and long-liv'd Queen, Q. *Elizabeth*; who having come, as it were, from the Scaffold to the Throne, enjoy'd a wonderful Calm, (excepting ſome ſhort guſts of Inſurrection that happen'd in the beginning) for near upon 45 years together: But this, my Lord, may be imputed to the temper of the People, who had had a boyſterous King not long before, with ſo many revolutions in Religion; and a *Minor* King afterward, which made them to be govern'd by their fellow-Subjects: And the Fire and Faggot being frequent among them in Q. *Mary*'s days, the humors of the common People were pretty well ſpent; and ſo were willing to conform to any Government, that might preſerve Them, and their Eſtates in quietneſs. Yet in the Reign of that ſo popular and well-belov'd Queen, there were many Traverſes which trench'd as much, if not more, upon the Priviledges of Parliament, and the Liberties of the People, than any that happen'd in the Reign of the two laſt Kings; yet it was not their Fate to be ſo Popular. Touching the firſt, *viz.* Parliament, in one of hers, there was a motion made in the Houſe of Commons, that there ſhould be a Lecture in the Morning ſome Days of the Week before they ſate, whereunto the Houſe was very inclinable: The Queen hearing of it ſent them a Meſſage, that ſhe much wondred at their raſhneſs, that they ſhould offer to introduce ſuch an Innovation.

Ano-

Another Parliament would have propos'd ways for the regulation of her Court; but she sent them another such Message, That she wondred, they being call'd by her thither, to consult of public Affairs, they should intermeddle with the Government of her ordinary Family; and to think her to be so ill an Huswife, as not to be able to look to her own House her self.

In another Parliament there was a motion made, that the Q. should entail the Succession of the Crown, and declare her next Heir; but *Wentworth* who propos'd it, was committed to the *Tower*, where he breath'd his last; and *Bromley* upon a less occasion was clapp'd in the *Fleet*.

Another time the House petitioning, that some Lords might joyn in private Committees with the Commoners, she utterly rejected it. You know how *Stubbs* and *Page* had their Hands cut off with a Butcher's Knife, and a Mallet; because they Writ against the Match with the Duke of *Anjou*; and *Penry* was hang'd at *Tyburn*: though *Allured*, who Writ a bitter Invective against the Late *Spanish* Match, was but confin'd for a short time: how Sir *John Heywood* was shut up in the *Tower*, for an Epistle Dedicatory to the Earl of *Essex*, &c.

Touching her Favourites, what a Monster of a Man was *Leicester*, who first brought the Art of Poysoning into *England*? How many of her Maids of Honour did receive Claps at Court? Add hereunto that Privy-Seals were common in her days; and pressing of Men more frequent, especially for *Ireland*, where they were sent in handfuls, rather to continue a War, (by the cunning of the Officers) than to conclude it. The three Fleets she sent against the *Spaniard*, did hardly make the benefit of the Voyages, to countervail the charge. How poorly did the *English* Garrison quit *Haure de Grace*? And how were we baffled for the Arrears that were due unto *England* (by Article) for the Forces sent into *France*? For Buildings, with all kind of Braveries else, that use to make a Nation happy, as Riches and Commerce, inward and outward, it was not the twentieth part so much in the best of her days, (as appears by the Custom-House Book) as it was in the Reign of her Successors.

Touching the Religion of the Court, she seldom came to Sermon but in *Lent* time; nor did there use to be any Sermon upon *Sundays*, unless they were Festivals: Whereas the succeeding Kings had two duly every Morning, one for the Household, the other for themselves, where they were always present; as also at private Prayers in the Closet: yet it was not their Fortune to gain so much upon the affections of City or Country. Therefore, my Lord, the Felicity of Queen *Elizabeth*, may be much imputed to the rare temper and moderation of Mens Minds in those days;

for the pulſe of the common People, and *Londoners*, did beat nothing near ſo high as it did afterwards, when they grew pamper'd with ſo long Peace and Plenty. Add hereunto, that neither *Hans*, *Jocky*, or *Jack Calvin*, had taken ſuch footing here, as they did get afterwards; whoſe humor is to pry and peep with a kind of Malice, into the carriage of the Court, and myſteries of State, as alſo to malign Nobility, with the Wealth, and Solemnities of the Church.

My Lord, it is far from my meaning hereby, to let drop the leaſt Aſperſion upon the Tomb of that rare renowned Queen; but it is only to obſerve the differing temper both of Time and People. The Fame of ſome Princes is like the Roſe, which, as we find by experience, ſmells ſweeter after 'tis pluck'd: the Memory of others, is like the Tulip and Poppie, which make a gay ſhew, and fair flouriſh, while they ſtand upon the Stalk, and being cut down, they give an ill-favor'd ſcent. It was the happineſs of that great longliv'd Queen, to caſt a pleaſing Odor among her People, both while ſhe ſtood, and after ſhe was cut off by the common ſtroak of Mortality; and the older the World grows, the freſher her Fame will be. Yet ſhe is little beholden to any forren Writers, unleſs it be the *Hollanders*; and good reaſon they had to ſpeak well of her, for ſhe was the chiefeſt Inſtrument, who, though with the expence of much *Engliſh* Blood, and Bullion, rais'd them to a Republic, by caſting that fatal Bone for the *Spaniard* to gnaw upon, which ſhook his Teeth ſo ill-favoredly, for fourſcore years together. Other Writers ſpeak bitterly of her, for her carriage to her Siſter the Q. of *Scots*; for her ingratitude to her Brother *Philip* of *Spain*; for giving Advice, by her Ambaſſador, with the great *Turk*, to expel the Jeſuits, who had got a Colledge in *Pera*; as alſo, that her Secretary *Walſingham* ſhould project the poyſoning of the Waters of *Douay*: and laſtly, how ſhe ſuffer'd the Feſtival of the Nativity of the Virgin *Mary* in *September*, to be turn'd to the Celebration of her own Birth-day, *&c.* But theſe Stains are caſt upon her by her Enemies; and the aſperſions of an Enemy, uſe to be like the dirt of Oyſters, which doth rather cleanſe than contaminate.

Thus, my Lord, have I pointed at ſome remarks, to ſhew how various and diſcrepant, the humors of a Nation may be; and the genius of the Times, from what it was: Which doubtleſs muſt proceed from a High All-diſpoſing Power: A Speculation that may become the greateſt, and knowing'ſt Spirits; among whom your Lordſhip doth ſhine as a Star of the firſt Magnitude: For your Houſe may be call'd a true Academy, and your Head the Capitol of Knowledge, or rather an Exchequer, wherein there is a Treſure

ſure enough to give Penſions to all the Wits of the Time: With theſe thoughts I reſt,

My moſt highly honour'd Lord,
Lond. 15. Aug. *Your very obedient, and ever obliged Servant,* J. H.

XIII.

To Mr. R. Floyd.

Couſin Floyd,

THE firſt part of Wiſdom is to give good Counſel, the ſecond to take it, and the third to follow it; though you be young, yet you may be already capable of the two latter parts of Wiſdom; and it is the only way to attain to the firſt: therefore I wiſh you to follow the good Counſel of your Uncle *J.* for I know him to be a very diſcreet well-weigh'd Gentleman; and I can judge ſomething of Men; for I have ſtudied many: Therefore if you Steer by his Compaſs, in this great buſineſs you have undertaken, you need not fear Shipwrack. This is the advice of

Your truly affectionate Couſin,
Lond. 6. Apr. J. H.

XIV.

To my Reverend and Learned Country-man, Mr. R. Jones.

Sir,

IT is, among many other, one of my imperfections, that I am not vers'd in my Maternal Tongue ſo exactly as I ſhould be: The reaſon is, that Languages and Words (which are the chief creatures of Man, and the keys of Knowledge) may be ſaid to ſtick in the Memory like Nails or Pegs in a Wainſcot-dore, which uſe to thruſt out one another oftentimes: Yet the old *Britiſh* is not ſo driven out of mine, (for the Cask ſavors ſtill of the Liquor it firſt took in) but I can ſay ſomething of this elaborate and engenious Piece of yours, which you pleaſe to communicate unto me ſo early: I cannot compare it more properly, than to a Basket of Poſies, gather'd in the beſt Garden of Flowers, the Sacred Scriptures, and bound up with ſuch Art, that every Flower directs us where his Bed may be found: Whence I infer, that this Work will much conduce to the advancement of Βιβλιωσυνία, or Scripture-knowledge, and conſequently to the public good: It will alſo tend to the honour of our whole Country, and to your own particular

Repute. Therefore I wiſh you good ſucceſs to make this Child of your Brain, free Denizen of the World.

London, 17. Sept. J. H.

XV.

To J. S. *Eſquire, at* White-Fryers.

Sir,

THis New Piece of Philoſophy, comes to uſher in the New-Year unto you; dropp'd from the Brain of the ſubtilleſt Spirits of *France*, and the great Perſonage (the Duke of *Eſpernon*) though heterodoxal, and croſs-grain'd to the old Philoſophers. Among divers other Tenets, he holds, that *Privatio* is unworthy to be one of the three Principles of natural Things; and would put *Love* in the place of it: But you know, Sir, that among other Infirmities which Nature hath entail'd upon Man, while he gropes here for Truth among the Elements, diſcrepancy of Notions, and deſire of Novelty, are none of the leaſt.

Now touching this critical Tract, there's not any more capable to cenſure it than your ſelf, whoſe Judgement is known to be ſo Sound and Magiſterial; let the pettineſs of the Gift, be ſupplied by the pregnancy of the Will, which ſwells with Mountains of Deſires to ſerve you, and to ſhew in Action as well as in Words, how ready I would be

At your diſpoſing,

London, 2 Jan. J. H.

XVI.

To the Earl of Lindſey, *Great Chamberlain of* England, *at* Ricot.

My Lord,

I Moſt humbly thank your Lordſhip for the Noble Preſent you commanded to be ſent me from *Grimſthorp*; where without diſparagement to any, I may ſay, you live as much like a Prince, as any Grandee in *Chriſtendom*. Among thoſe many Heroic Parts, (which appear'd ſo much in that tough Battle of *Kinton*, where having all your Officers kill'd, yet you kept the Field, and preſerv'd your wounded Father from the fury of the Soldiers, and from Death, for the time: As alſo for being the inſeparable cubicular Companion the King took comfort in, in the height of his Troubles) I ſay, among other high Parts, to ſpeak you Noble, you

are

are cryed up my Lord, to be an excellent Horſeman, Huntſman, Foreſter: This makes me bold, to make your Lordſhip the Judge of a ſmall Diſcourſe, which upon a critical Diſpute touching the *Vocal Foreſt*, that goes abroad in my Name; 'twas impos'd upon me, to ſatisfie them, who thought I knew ſomething more than ordinary, what belong'd to a true Forreſt.

There be three for Venery, or Venatical Pleaſure, in *England*, *viz.* a Forreſt, a Chaſe, and a Park, they all three agree in one thing, which is, that they are Habitations for wild Beaſts: The two firſt lye open, the laſt inclos'd: The Forreſt is the moſt Noble of all, for it is a Franchiſe of ſo Princely a Tenure, that, according to our Laws, none but the King can have a Forreſt; if he chance to paſs one over to a Subject, 'tis no more Forreſt, but ſrank Chaſe. Moreover, a Forreſt hath the Preheminence of the other two, both in Laws, in Officers, in Courts, and kinds of Beaſts. If any offend in Chaſe or Park, he is puniſhable by the Common Law of the Land: But a Forreſt hath Laws of her own, to take cognizance of all Treſpaſſes; ſhe hath alſo her peculiar Officers, as Forreſters, Verderers, Regarders, Agiſters, *&c.* Whereas a Chaſe or Park hath only Keepers and Woodwards. A Forreſt hath her Courts of Attachments, Swainmote Court, where Matters are as pleadable, and determinable, as at *Weſtminſter-Hall*. Laſtly, they differ ſomething in the Species of Beaſt; the Hart, the Hind, the Bore, the Wolf, are Forreſt-Beaſts. The Buck, the Doe, the Fox, the Matron, the Roe, are Beaſts belonging to a Chaſe and Park.

The greateſt Forreſter, they ſay, that ever was in *England*, was King *Canutus* the *Dane*; and after him St. *Edward*, at which time *Liber Ruſus*, the Red-Book, for Forreſt-Laws was made; whereof one of the Laws was, *Omnis Homo abſtineat a Venariis meis ſuper pœnam Vitæ: Let every one refrain from my places of Hunting, upon pain of Death.*

Henry fitz Empreſs, (*viz.* the Second) did co-afforeſt much Land, which continued all his Reign; though much complain'd of. But in K. *John*'s time moſt of the Nobles and Gentry, met in the great Meadow, 'twixt *Windſor* and *Stanes*, to petition the King that he would diſafforreſt ſome; which he promiſed to do; but Death prevented him. But in *Henry* the third's time, the *Chart. de Foreſta*, (together with *Magna Charta*) were eſtabliſh'd; ſo that there was much Land diſafforeſted, which hath been call'd *pourlieus* ever ſince, whereof there were appointed Rangers, *&c.*

Among other innocent Animals which have ſuffer'd by theſe Wars, the poor Deer have felt the fury thereof as much as any: Nay, the very Vegetals have endur'd the brunt of it: Inſomuch, that it is not improperly ſaid, That *England* of late is full of New

Lights, her Woods being cut down, and ſo much deſtroy'd in moſt places. So craving your Lordſhip's Pardon for this rambling piece of Paper, I reſt,

My moſt highly honour'd Lord,

London, 3. Aug. *Your moſt obedient, and ever obliged Servant,* J. H.

XVII.

To Mr. E. Field, *at* Orleans.

Sir,

IN your laſt, you writ to me that you are ſetled for a while in *Orleans*, the loveliеſt City upon the *Loire*, and the beſt School for gaining pure Language; for as the *Attique* Dialect in *Greece*, ſo the *Aurelian* in *France* doth bear the Bell: But I muſt tell you, though you live now upon a brave River, which divides *France* well near in two parts, yet ſhe is held the drunkenneſt River in *Chriſtendom*, for ſhe ſwallows 32 other Rivers, which ſhe diſgorgeth all into the Sea at *Nants*, ſhe may be called a more drunken River than *Ebro* in *Spain*, which takes her Name from *Ebrio*, according to the Proverb there, *Me illamo Ebro porque de todas aguas bevo*, I call my ſelf *Ebro*, becauſe I drink of all Waters.

Moreover, though you ſojourn now in one of the plentifull'ſt Continents upon Earth; yet I believe you will find the People, I mean the Peaſants, no where poorer, and more ſlaviſh; which convinceth two Errors, one of *Ariſtotle*, who affirms, that the Country of *Gallia*, though bordering upon *Spain*, hath no Aſſes: If he were living now he would avouch the greateſt part of the Inhabitants to be all Aſſes, they lie under ſuch an intolerable burden of Taxes. The ſecond Error is, that *France* is held to be the freeſt Country upon Earth to all People; for if a Slave comes once to breath *French* Air, he is free *ipſo facto*, if we may believe *Bodin*, it being a fundamental Law of *France*, *Servi peregrini, ut primùm Galliæ fines penetraverint liberi ſunto: Let Stranger-ſlaves, as ſoon as they ſhall penetrate the Borders of* France, *be free.* I know not what priviledge Strangers may claim, but for the Native *French* themſelves, I hold them to be under the greateſt ſervitude of any other Nation. There is another Law in *France* which inhibits Women to Rule: But what benefit doth accrue by this Law all the while that Women are Regent, and govern thoſe who do Rule? which hath been exemplified in three Queen-Mothers together: The *Huguenots* have long ſince voted the firſt two to Hell, to encreaſe the number of the Furies, and the *Spaniard* hath voted the third thither, to make up the half-dozen, for continuing a more violent War againſt her now only Brother, and with more eagerneſs then her Husband did.

So

So I wish you all happiness in your Peregrination, advising you to take heed of that turbid humour of Melancholy, which they say you are too prone unto, For take this for a Rule, that he who makes much of Melancholy, will never be rid of a troublesome Companion: So I rest. *Gentle Sir,*

Lon. 3. May. *Your most Affectionate Servant,* J. H.

XVIII.

To the Lady E. *Countess* Dowager *of* Sunderland.

Madam,

I Am bold to send your La. to the Country a new *Venice* Looking-Glass, wherein you may behold that admired Maiden-City in her true Complexion, together with her Government and Policy, for she is famous all the World over: Therefore if at your hours of leisure, you please to cast your Eyes upon this Glass; I doubt not but it will afford you some Objects of Entertainment and Pleasure.

Moreover, your Ladiship may discern through this Glass, if this Glass the Motions, and the very Heart of the Author, how he continueth still, and resolves so to do in what condition soever he be, *Madam,*

Your most constant and dutiful

London, 15. Junii. *Servant,* J. H.

XIX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Clare.

My Lord,

AMong those high parts that go to make up a *Grandee*, which I find concentred in your Lordship, one is the exact knowledge you have of many Languages, not in a superficial vapouring way as some of our Gallants have now adays, but in a most exact manner, both in point of Practise and Theory: This induc'd me to give your Lordship an account of a task that was impos'd lately upon me by an emergent occasion touching the Original, the growth, the change, and present consistence of the *French* Language, which I hope may afford your Lordship some Entertainment.

There is nothing so incident to all sublunary things, as corruptions and changes: Nor is it to be wondred at, considering that the Elements themselves, which are the principles or primitive Ingredients, whereof they be compounded, are naturally so qua-

qualified: It were as eaſie a thing for the Spectator's eye to faſten a firm ſhape upon a running Cloud, or to cut out a Garment that but for a few days together might fit the Moon, (who by priviledge of her Scituation and Neighbourhood, predominates more over us then any other Celeſtial Body) as to find ſtability in any thing here below.

Nor is this common Frailty, or Fatality rather, incident only to the groſſer ſort of elementary Creatures, but Mankind, upon whom it pleas'd the Almighty to imprint his own Image, and make him as it were Lord Paramount of this lower World, is ſubject to the ſame lubricity of Mutation: Neither is his Body and Blood only liable thereunto; but the Idea's of his Mind, and interior operations of his Soul; Religion her ſelf with the Notions of Holineſs, and the formality of ſaving Faith not excepted; Nay, the very faculty of Reaſon (as we find it too true by late experience) is ſubject to the ſame inſtableneſs.

But to come to our preſent purpoſe, among other Priviledges which are peculiar to Mankind, as Emanations, flowing from the Intellect, Language is none of the leaſt; and Languages are ſubject to the ſame fits of inconſtancy and alteration, as much as any thing elſe, 'ſpecially the *French* Language: Nor can it ſeem ſtrange to thoſe who know the airy volatil humor of that Nation, that their Speech ſhould partake ſomewhat of the diſpoſition of their Spirit; but will rather wonder it hath received no oftner change; 'ſpecially conſidering what outward cauſes did alſo concur thereunto: As that their Kings ſhould make ſix ſeveral Voyages to conquer, or conſerve, what was got in the *Holy Land*: Conſidering alſo, how long the *Engliſh*, being a People of another Speech, kept firm footing in the heart of *France*: Add hereunto the Wars, and Weddings they had with their Neighbours; which, by the long ſojourn of their Armies in other Countries, caus'd by the firſt, and the forren Courtiers that came in with the ſecond, might introduce a frequent alteration. For Languages are like Laws, or Coins, which commonly receive ſome change at every ſhift of Princes: Or as ſlow Rivers by inſenſible alluvions, take in and let out the Waters that feed them; yet are they ſaid to have the ſame Beds: So Languages by a regardleſs adoption of ſome new Words, and manumiſſion of old, do often vary; yet the whole bulk of the Speech keeps entire.

Touching the true ancient and genuin Language of the *Gauls*, ſome would have it to be a Dialect of the *Dutch*; others, of the *Greek*; and ſome of the *Britiſh*, or *Welſh*. Concerning this laſt opinion, there be many reaſons to fortifie it, which are not altogether to be ſlighted.

The firſt is, that the ancient *Gauls* us'd to come frequently to be

be inſtructed here, by the *Britiſh Druyds*, who were the Divines and Philoſophers of thoſe times, which they would not probably have done, unleſs by mutual communication they had underſtood one another in ſome vulgar Language, for this was before the *Greek* or *Latine* came this ſide the *Alps*, or that any Books were written; and there are no meaner Men then *Tacitus* and *Cæſar* himſelf who record this.

The ſecond Reaſon is, that there want not good Geographers who hold, that this Iſland was tied to *Gallia* at firſt (as ſome ſay, *Sicily* was to *Calabria*, and *Denmark* to *Germany*) by an *Iſtmos* or Neck of Land from *Calais* to *Dover*; for if one do well obſerve the Quality of the Cliffs on both Shores, his Eye will judge that they were but one Homogeneal piece of Earth at firſt, and that they were ſlented and ſhiver'd aſunder by ſome act of Violence, as the impetuous Waves of the Sea.

The third Reaſon is, that before the *Romans* conquer'd the *Gaules*, the Country was call'd *Wallia*, which the *Romans* call'd *Gallia*, turning *W.* into *G.* as they did elſe where; yet the *Walloon* keeps his Radical *Letter* to this day.

The fourth Reaſon is, that there be divers old *Gaulick* words yet remaining in the *French*, which are pure *Britiſh*, both for Senſe and Pronunciation, as *Havre* a Haven, which is the ſame in *Welſh*, *derechef* again, *putaine* a Whore, *arrain* braſs Money, *prou* an interjection of ſtopping, or driving of a Beaſt; but 'ſpecially when one ſpeaks any old word in *French*, that cannot be underſtood, they ſay *il parle Baragouin*, which is to this day in *Welſh*, White Bread.

Laſtly, *Pauſanias* ſaith, that *Mark* in the Celtic old *French* Tongue, ſignifieth a Horſe, and it ſignifieth the ſame in *Welſh*.

But though it be diſputable whether the *Britiſh*, *Greek*, or *Dutch* was the Original Language of the *Gaules*; certain it is, that it was the *Walloon* (but I confine my ſelf to *Gallia Celtica*, which when the *Roman* Eagle had faſtned his Talons there, and planted 23 Legions up and down the Country; he did in tract of time utterly extinguiſh: It being the ordinary Ambition of *Rome*, whereſoever ſhe prevail'd, to bring in her Language and Laws alſo with the Lance, which yet ſhe could not do in *Spain*, or this Iſland, becauſe they had Poſts and places of faſtneſs to retire unto, as *Biſcay* and *Wales*, where Nature hath caſt up thoſe Mountains as propugnacles of defence; therefore the very aboriginal Languages of both Countries remain there to this day. Now *France* being a paſſable and plain previous Continent, the *Romans* quickly diffus'd and rooted themſelves in every part thereof, and ſo coplanted their Language, which in a ſhort revolution of time came to be call'd *Romand*: But when the *Franconians*, a People of *Germany*, came afterwards to invade, and poſſeſs *Gallia*, both Speech and

People

People was call'd *French* ever after, which is near 1300 years since.

Now as all other things have their degrees of growing, so Languages have before they attain a perfection: We find that the Latine her self in the times of the *Sabins* was but rude, afterwards under *Ennius* and *Cato* the Censor it was refin'd in Twelve Tables; but in *Cæsar*, *Cicero*, and *Salust*'s time it came to the highest pitch of purity, and so dainty were the *Romans* of their Language then, that they would not suffer any exotic or strange word to be enfranchis'd among them, or enter into any of their *Diplomatas*, and publick Instruments of Command, or Justice: The word *Emblema* having got into one, it was thrust out by an expres *Edict* of the Senate, but *Monopolium* had with much ado leave to stay in, yet not without a large Preface and Apologie: A little after, the Latine Tongue in the vulgarity thereof, began to degenerate, and decline very much, out of which degeneration sprang up the *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French*.

Now the *French* Language being set thus upon a Latin stock, hath receiv'd since sundry habitudes, yet retaining to this day from Latin words entire, as *Animal*, *cadaver*, *tribunal*, *non*, *plus*, *qui*, *os*, with a number of others.

Childeric, one of the first Race of *French* Kings, commanded by publick Edict, that the 4 Greek Letters Θ Χ Φ Ψ should be added to the *French* Alphabet, to make the Language more masculin and strenuous, but afterwards it was not long observ'd.

Nor is it a worthless Observation, that Languages use to comply with the humour, and to display much the inclination of a people: The *French* Nation is quick and spriteful, so is his pronunciation: The *Spaniard* is slow and grave, so is his pronunciation; for the *Spanish* and *French* Languages being but branches of the Latin Tree, the one may be call'd Latin shortned, and the other Latin drawn out at length, as *Corpus*, *Tempus*, *Caput*, &c. are Monosyllables in *French*, as *Corps*, *Temps*, *Caps*, or *Chef*, whereas the *Spaniard* doth add to them, as *Cuerpo*, *Tiempo*, *Cabeca*; and indeed, of any other, the *Spaniard* affects long words, for he makes some thrice as long as they are in *French*, as of *Levement*, a rising, he makes *Levantamiento*; of *Penset*, a thought, he makes *Pensamiento*, of *Compliment*, he makes *Complimiento*: Besides the *Spaniard* doth use to pause so in his pronunciation, that his Tongue seldom foreruns his Wit, and his Brain may very well raise and superscete a second thought, before the first be utter'd: Yet is not the *French* so hasty in his utterance, as he seems to be, for his quickness or volubility proceeds partly from that concatenation he useth among his Syllables, by linking the Syllable of the precedent word with the last of the following, so that sometimes a whole Sentence

is

is made in a manner but one word, and he who will ſpeak the *French* roundly and well, muſt obſerve this Rule.

The *French* Language began firſt to be poliſh'd, and arrive to that delicacy ſhe is now come unto, in the midſt of the Reign of *Philip de Valois*. *Marot* did ſomething under *Francis* the Firſt, (which King was a Reſtorer of Learning in general, as well as of Language,) But *Ronſard* did more under *Henry* the ſecond: Since theſe Kings, there is little difference in the Context of Speech, but only in the choice of words, and ſoftneſs of pronunciation, proceeding from ſuch wanton Spirits that did miniardize and make the Language more dainty and feminine.

But to ſhew what changes the *French* hath receiv'd from what it was, I will produce theſe few inſtances in Verſe and Proſe which I found in ſome ancient Authors: The firſt ſhall be of a Gentlewoman that tranſlated *Eſop*'s Fables many hundred years ſince, out of *Engliſh* into *French*, where ſhe concludes.

Au finement de ceſt' Eſcrit
Qu'en Romans ay tourne & dit;
Me nommer ay par remembrance,
Marie ay nom je ſuis de France;
Per l' amour de Conte Guillaume
Le plus vaillant de ce Royaume,
M' entremis de ce livre faire
Et de L' Anglois en Roman traire,
Eſope appelle l' on cil Livre,
Qu'on tranſlata & fit Eſcrire;
De Griec en Latin le tourna,
Et le Roy Alvert qui l' ama,
Le tranſlata puis en Angloiz,
Et je l' ay tourne en Francois.

Out of the *Roman de la Roſe*, I will produce this Example,

Quand ta bouche toucha lay moye,
Ce fut dont au Cœur jeus joye;
Sire Juge, donnes ſentence
Par moy, Car, la pucelle eſt moye.

Two of the moſt ancient and approvedſt Authors in *French*, are *Geoffry de Villardovin*, Marſhal of *Campagne*, and *Hugues de Berſy*, a Munk of *Clugny*, in the Reign of *Philippe Auguſte*, above 500 years ſince; from them I will borrow theſe two enſuing Examples, the firſt from the Marſhal, upon a *Croiſada* to the holy Land.

Scachiez que l' an 1188 *ans apres l'incarnation al temps Innocent* 3. *Apoſtoille de Rome, & Philippe Roy de France, & Richard Roy d' Engleterre eut un Saint homme en France, qui & nom Folque*

de

de Nuilly, & il ere prestre, et tenoit, le paroichre de la ville & ce Folque commenca a parler de Biex, et nostre siere fit manits miracles par luy, &c.

Hugues de Bersy, who made the *Guiot* Bible so much spoken in *France*, begins thus in Verse:

D'oun siecle puant & horrible
M'estuet commencer une Bible,
Per poindre, & per ai guillonner
Et per bons exemples donner,
Ce n'ert une Bible bisongere
Ma' fine, & voire & droit uriere
Mironer ert a tontis gens.

If one would compare the *English* that was spoken in those times, which is about 560 Years since; with the present, he should find a greater alteration.

But to know how much the modern *French* differ from the Ancient; let him read our Common Law, which was held good *French* in *William* the Conqueror's time.

Furthermore, among other Observations; I find that there are some single words antiquated in the *French*, which seem to be more significant then those that are come in their places, as *Maratre, paratre, filatre, strourge*, a Step-mother, a Step-mother, a Son or Daughter in-law, a Sister in-law, which now they express in two words, *belle mere, beau, pere, belle sœur*. Moreover, I find there are some words now in *French*, which are turn'd to a Counterssense, as we use the *Dutch* word *crank*, in *English* to be well dispos'd, which in the Original signifieth to be Sick: So in *French Cocu* is taken for one whose Wife is light, and hath made him a passive *Cuckold*; whereas clean contrary *Cocu*, which is the Cockow, doth use to lay her Eggs in another Birds Nest. This word *pleiger* is also to drink after one is drunk unto, whereas the fisst true sense of the word, was, that if the party drunk unto, was not disposed to drink himself, he would put another for a pledge to do it for him, else the party who began would take it ill. Besides, this word *Abry* deriv'd from the Latine *Apricus*, is taken in *French* for a close place or shelter, whereas in the Original it signifieth an open free Sunshine: They now term in *French* a free boon Companion, *Roger bon temps*, whereas the Original is *rouge bon temps*, reddish and fair Weather: They use also in *France*, when one hath a good Bargain, to say, *Il a joue a boule veue*, whereas the Original is *a bonne veue*. A Beacon or Watch-Tower, is call'd *Beffroy*, whereas the true word is, *L'effroy*: A travelling Warrant is call'd *Passeport*, whereas the Original is *passe par tout*. When one is grown hoarse, they use to say, *Il a veu le loup*, he hath seen the Wolf, whereas that effect

of

of hoarſneſs is wrought, in whom the Wolf hath ſeen firſt, according to *Pliny*, and the Poet,

——— *Lupi illum videre priores.*

There is one ſaying or Proverb, which is obſervable, whereby *France* doth confeſs her ſelf to be ſtill indebted to *England*, which is, when one hath paid all his Creditors, he uſeth to ſay, *j' ay paye tous mes Anglois*, ſo that in this, and other Phraſes, *Anglois* is taken for *Craeancier*, or Creditor; and I preſume it had its foundation from this, that when the *French* were bound by Treaty, in *Bretigny*, to pay *England* ſo much for the Ranſom of King *John* then Priſoner; the Contribution lay ſo heavy upon the People, that for many years they could not make up the ſum: The occaſion might be ſeconded in *Henry* the 8th. time, at the ſurrendry of *Bullen*, and upon other Treaties, as alſo in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign; beſides the Moneys which ſhe had disburs'd her ſelf to put the Crown on *Henry* the Fourth's Head, which makes me think on a paſſage that is recorded in *Paſquier*, that hapen'd when the Duke of *Anjou* under pretence of wooing the Queen, came over into *England*, who being brought to her preſence, ſhe told him, he was come in a good time to remain a Pledge for the Moneys that *France* owed her Father, and other of her Progenitors: whereunto the Duke anſwer'd, that he was come, not onely to be a Pledge, but her cloſe Priſoner.

There be two other ſayings in *French*, which though they be obſelete, yet are they worthy the knowledge: The firſt is, *il a perdue ſes cheveux*, he hath loſt his Hair, meaning his Honour; for in the firſt race of Kings, there was a Law call'd *La loy de la Cheveleure*, whereby it was lawful for the Nobleſt only to wear long Hair; and if any of them had committed ſome foul and ignoble Act, they uſe to be condemn'd to have their long Hair cut off as a mark of Ignominy, and it was as much as if he had been *Fleurdeliz'd*, viz. burnt on the back or hand, or branded in the Face.

The other Proverb was, *Il a quitte ſa cienture*, he hath given up his Girdle, which intimated as much, as if he had become Bankrupt, or had all his Eſtate forfeited: It being the ancient Law of *France*, that when any upon ſome offence had that penalty of confiſcation inflicted upon him; he us'd before the Tribunal of Juſtice, to give up his Girdle, implying thereby, that the Girdle held every thing that belong'd to a mans Eſtate, as his Budget of Money and Writings, the Keys of his Houſe, with his Sword, Dagger and Gloves, *&c.*

I will add hereunto, another Proverb which had been quite loſt, had not our Order of the Garter preſerv'd it, which is, *Hony ſoit*

qui

qui mal y penſe, this we Engliſh, *Ill to him who thinks ill*, though the true ſenſe be, *Let him be bewrayed who thinks any ill*, being a Metaphor taken from a Child that hath bewrayed his Clouts, and I dare ſay there's not one of a hundred in *France* who underſtands this word now adays.

Furthermore, I find in the *French* Language, that the ſame Fate hath attended ſome *French* words, as uſually attend Men; among whom ſome riſe to preferment, others fall to decay, and an undervalue: I will inſtance in a few. This word *Maiſtre* was a word of high eſteem in former times among the *French*, and appliable to Noble Men, and others in high Office only, but now 'tis fallen from the *Baron* to the *Boor*, from the *Count* to the *Cobler*, or any other mean Artiſan, as *Maiſtre Jean le Suavetier*, Mr. *John* the Cobler; *Maiſtre Jaquet le Cabaretier*, Mr. *Jammy* the Tapſter.

Sire was alſo appropriate only to the King, but now adding a Name after it, 'tis appliable to any mean man upon the endorſment of a *Letter*, or otherwiſe: But this word *Souverain* hath raiſ'd it ſelf to that pitch of greatneſs, that it is applied now only to the King, whereas in times paſs'd, the Preſident of any Court, any Bayliff or Seneſhal was us'd to be ſo call'd *Souverain*.

Marſhal likewiſe was at firſt the name of a Smith, Farriar, or one that dreſs'd Horſes; but it is climb'd by degrees to that height, that the chieſeſt Commanders of the Gendarmery and Militia of *France*, are come to be call'd *Marſhals*, which about 100 years ſince were but two in all, whereas now they are twelve.

This Title *Majeſty* hath no great antiquity in *France*, for it began in *Henry* the ſeconds time: and indeed the Stile of *France* at firſt, as well as of other Countries was to *Tutoyer*, that is, to Thou any perſon that one ſpake unto, though never ſo high; but when the Common-wealth of *Rome* turn'd to an Empire, and ſo much power came into one mans hand, then, in regard he was able to confer Honor, and Offices; the Courtiers began to magnifie him, and treat him in the plural number by You, and by degrees to deifie him by tranſcending Titles, as we read in *Symmachus* in his Epiſtles to the Emperor *Theodoſius*, and to *Valentinian*, where his Stile to them is, *Veſtra æternitas*, *veſtrum numen*, *veſtra perennitas*, *veſtra clementia*, ſo that You in the plural number with other Complements and Titles ſeems to have their firſt riſe with the Weſtern Monarchy, which afterwards by degrees deſcended upon particular perſons.

The *French* Tongue hath divers Dialects, *viz.* the *Picardy*, that of *Jerſey* and *Guernſey*, Appendixes once of *Normandy*, the *Provenſal*, the *Gaſcon*, or the Speech of *Languedoc*, which *Scaliger* would etymologize from *Langue d'oüy*, whereas it comes truely from *Langue*

de

de Got, in regard the *Goths* and *Saracens*, who by their incursions and long stay in *Aquitain*, first corrupted the speech of *Gallia*. The *Walloon* is another Dialect, which is under the King of *Spain*. They also of *Liege* have a Dialect of the *French*, which among themselves they call *Romand* to this day.

Touching the modern *French* that's spoken now in the King's Court, the Court of Parliament, and in the Universe of *France*, there had been lately a great Competition which was the best; but by the Learnedst and most indifferent Persons, it was adjudg'd, that the stile of the Kings Court was the purest and most elegant, because the other two did smell, the one of *Pedantery*, the other of *Chiquanery*. And the late Prince of *Conde*, with the Duke of *Orleans* that now is, were us'd to have a *Censer* in their Houses, that if any of their Family spoke any word that savor'd of the Palace, or the Schools, he should incur the penalty of an amercement.

The late Cardinal of *Richileu*, made it part of his glory to advance Learning and the *French* Language. Among other Monuments he erected an University where the Sciences should be read and disputed in *French*, for the ease of his Country-men, whereby they might presently fall to the Matter, and not spend time to study words only.

Thus have I presum'd to send your Lordship a rambling discourse of the *French* Language pass'd and present, humbly expecting to be corrected, when you shall please to have perused it: So I subscribe my self *Your Lordships thrice obedient Servant*, J. H.

Lond. 1. Octob.

XX.

To Dr. Weames.

Sir,

I Return you many thanks for the Additionals you pleas'd to communicate unto me in continuance of Sir *Philip Sidney's Arcadia*, and I admir'd it the more, because it was the composition of so young a Spirit; which makes me tell you, without any Complement, that you are Father to a Daughter that *Europe* hath not many of her equals: therefore all those gentle Souls that pretend to Vertue, should cherish her. I have herewith sent you a few Lines that relate to the work, according to your desire.

To Mrs. *A. W.*

If a Male *Soul by Transmigration can*
Pass to a Female, *and her Spirits Man.*

Then ſure ſome Sparks of Sidney's *Soul hath flown*
Into your Breaſt, which may in time be blown
To Flames, for 'tis the courſe of Enthean *Fire,*
To kindle by degrees, and Brains inſpire:
As Buds to Bloſſoms, Bloſſoms turn to Fruit,
So Witts aſk time to ripen and recruit;
But yours gives Time the ſtart, as all may ſee,
In this ſmooth piece of early Poeſie,
Which like ſparks of one Flame may well aſpire,
If Phœbus *pleaſe, to a* Sidnyan *Fire.*

So with my very affectionate reſpects to your ſelf, and to your choice Family. I reſt

London, 9. Novemb. *Your ready and real Servant*, J. H.

XXI.

To the incomparable Lady, the Lady M. Cary.

Madam,

I Have diſcover'd ſo much of Divinity in you, that he who would find your equal, muſt ſeek one in the other World. I might play the Oracle, and more truly pronounce you the wiſeſt of Women, then he did *Pythagoras* the wiſeſt of Men; for queſtionleſs, that He or She are the wiſeſt of all human Creatures, who are careful of preſerving the nobleſt part of them, I mean the Soul; They who prink and pamper the Body, and neglect the Soul, are like one who having a Nightingal in his Houſe, is more fond of the wicker Cage, then of the Bird; or rather like one who hath a Pearl of an invaluable price, and eſteems the poor Box that holds it, more than the Jewel. The Rational Soul is the Breath of God Almighty, ſhe is his very Image; therefore who taints his Soul may be ſaid to throw dirt in Gods face, and make his breath ſtink: The Soul is a ſpark of Immortality, ſhe is a divine light, and the body is but a ſocket of clay that holds it. In ſome this light goes out with an ill-favour'd ſtench, but others have a ſave-all to preſerve it from making any ſnuff at all. Of this number, *Madam*, you are one that ſhines cleareſt in this horizon, which makes me ſo much

London, 3. Novem. *Your Ladiſhips truly devoted Servant*, J. H.

XXII.

To the Lord B. of Ro. *at* Knolls.

My Lord,

THE Chriſtian Philoſopher tells us, that a *good Conſcience is a perpetual Feaſt*: And the *Pagan* Philoſopher hath a ſaying, That a *vertuous man is always drunk*: Both theſe ſayings aim at one Senſe, *viz.* That an upright diſcreet man is always full of good Notions, and good Motions; his Soul is always in Tune, and the faculties thereof never jarring: He values this World as it is, a vale of Trouble, and a valley of Tears, full of Encumbrances and Revolutions, and ſtand Arm'd againſt all Events: *Si fractus illabatur Orbis.*

While you read this, you have your own Character, for I know none more capable, both for the Practical part, as well as the Theory, to give precepts of Patience, and preſcribe rules of Morality and Prudence to all mankind. Your mind is like a Stone-bridge over a rapid River, which though the Waters beneath be perpetually working, roaring and bubling, yet the Bridge never ſtirs, *pons manet immotus*—— ſo among thoſe monſtrous mutations, and traverſes that have lately happen'd you are ſtill the ſame.

Mens immota manet.——

I received your laſt under the covert of Sir *John Sackvil*, to whom I preſent my affectionate Service, with a thouſand thanks for that ſeaſonable Preſent he pleas'd to ſend me, which will find me and my Friends ſome Employment: ſo deſiring your *Benediction*, I conclude and ſubſcribe my ſelf. *My Lord,*

Lond. 7. Decem. *Your truly devoted Servant,* J. H.

XXIII.

To Sir W. Maſon, *Knight.*

Sir,

I Preſent you with the ſecond part of the *Vocall Forreſt*, but before you make an entrance into the laſt Walk thereof, be pleas'd to take this ſhort caution along with you, which tends to rectifie ſuch who I hear are over-raſh, and critical in their cenſure of what is there contain'd, not penetrating the main deſign of the Author in that Allegorical diſcourſe, nor in the quality of the Times; or the prudential Cautions, and indifferencies that an

Hiſtorical piece expos'd to publick view ſhould require, which may make them perchance to ſhoot their Bolts at random, and with wry looks at thoſe Trees; therefore let the diſcerning Surveyor, as he croſſeth this laſt Walk, take a ſhort Advertiſement beforehand, that what whatſoever he meets therein glancing on the Oak, conſiſts of imperfect Suggeſtions, forreign Criticiſms, and Preſumptions, *&c.* Now every petty Sciolift in the Laws of Reaſon can tell, that Preſumptions were never taken yet for proofs, but for left-handed Arguments, approaching rather the nature of cavillations than conſequences.

Moreover, Apologs, Parables, and Metaphors, though preſs'd never ſo hard, have not the ſtrength to demonſtrate, or poſitively aſſert any Theſis: For as in *Theology*, the higheſt of Sciences, it is a received principle, *Scriptura Parabolica non eſt argumentativa*, ſo this Maxim holds good in all other Compoſures and Arts. 'Tis granted, that in the Walks of this Forreſt, there be ſome free and home Expreſſions drawing ſomewhat near to the nature of *Satyres*, for otherwiſe it had been a vain ſuperfluous curioſity to have ſpent ſo much Oyl and Labour in ſhrowding Realities under diſguiſes, unleſs the Author had promiſed himſelf before-hand a greater latitude, and ſcope of liberty to pry into ſome Miſcarriages, and Solaciſms of State; as alſo to queſtion and perſtringe ſome ſorts of Actors, ſpecially the *Cardenian* and *Claſſican*, who, as the whole word can witneſs, were the firſt raiſers of thoſe hideous Tempeſts which powr'd down in ſo many ſhowers of Bloud upon infortunate *Druina*, and all her coafforeſted Territories.

Now touching that which is ſpoken of the Oak in the laſt Walk, if any intemperate *Baſilean* take exceptions thereat, let him know, that, as 'twas ſaid before, moſt of them are but traducements and pretenſions; yet it is a humane principle, (and will ever be ſo to the worlds end) that there never was yet any Prince (except one) nor will there ever be any hereafter, but had his frailties, and theſe frailties in Kings, are like ſtains in the pureſt Scarlet, which are more viſible: What are but Motes in others, are as Beams in them, becauſe that being mounted ſo high, they are more expos'd to the Eye of the World: And if the Hiſtorian points happly at ſome of thoſe Motes in the Royal Oak, he makes good what he promis'd in the entrance of the Forreſt, that he would endeavour to make a conſtant grain of Evenneſs and Impartiality, to paſs through the whole bulk of that *Arborical* Diſcourſe.

We read that there being a high feud 'twixt *Cicero* and *Vatinius*, who had crooked bow-leggs; *Vatinius* having the advantage of pleading firſt, took occaſion to give a touch himſelf of his natural imperfection that way, that he might *tollere anſam*, that he might by way of prevention cut off the advantages and intention which

Cicero

Cicero might have had to aſperſe him in that particular; the Application hereof is eaſie and obvious.

But if the ſober minded Reader obſerve well what is ſpoken elſewhere of the Oak, throughout the body and ſeries of the ſtory, he will eaſily conclude, that 'twas far from the deſign of the Author, out of any ſelf or ſiniſter ends to let any ſowrer droppings fall from theſe Trees to hurt the Oak; and give me leave to tell you, that he who hath but as much Wit as may ſuffice to preſerve him from being begg'd for a Fool will judge ſo.

Laſtly, they who know any thing of the Laws of Hiſtory, do well know, that verity and indifference are two of the prime Vertues that are requiſit in a *Cronicler*. The ſame anſwer may ſerve to ſtop their mouths, who would ſay ſomething, if they could tell what, againſt my *Survey of the Signory of* Venice, and dedicated to the Parliament of *England*, as if the Author had chang'd his principles, and were affected to *Republiques*; whereas there's not a ſyllable therein, but what makes for *Monarchy*: therefore I rather pity then repine at ſuch poor Criticks, with the ſhallowneſs of their Judgments.

Thus much I thought good to intimate unto you, not that I miſtruſt your own cenſure, which I know to be candid and clear, but that if there be occaſion you may vindicate

Your truly Affectionate

Lond. 4. April. *Servant*, J. H.

XXIV.

To the R. H. the La. E. Sa. *afterwards Counteſs* Rivers.

Excellent Lady,

AMong thoſe multitudes that claim a ſhare in the loſs of ſo precious a Lord, mine is not the leaſt: O how willingly could I have meaſur'd with my Feet, and perform'd a Pilgrimage over all thoſe large Continents wherein I have travell'd, to have repriev'd him! Truly, *Madam*, I ſhall mourn for him while I have a Heart beating in my Breaſt; and though Time may mitigate the Senſe of Grief, yet his Memory ſhall be to me, like his Worth and Vertues everlaſting: But it is not ſo much to be lamented that he hath left us, (it being ſo infinitely to his advantage) as that he hath left behind ſo few like him.

I confeſs, *Madam*, this is the weighrieſt Croſs that poſſibly could come to exerciſe your Patience, but I know your Ladiſhip to be both *Pious* and *Prudent* in the higheſt degree; let the one preſerve you from exceſs of ſorrow, which may prove irreligious to Heaven; and the other keep you from being injurious to your

ſelf. and to that goodly brave Iſſue of his, which may ſerve as ſo many living Copies of the Original.

God Almighty comfort your Ladiſhip: ſo prayeth,

Madam, *Your moſt humble and*

Lond. 2. Feb. *ſorrowful Servant,* J. H.

XXV.

To the Right Honourable John *Lord* Sa.

My Lord,

I Should be much wanting to my ſelf, if I did not congratulate your lately deſcended Honors: But truly, my Lord, this congratulation is like a vapor exhal'd from a Soyl overwhelm'd with a ſudden inundation; ſuch is the ſtate of my mind at this time, it being o'recaſt with a thick fogg of grief for the death of your incomparable Father.

I pray from the Centre of my Heart, that you may inherit his high Worth and Vertues, as you do all things elſe, and I doubt it not, having diſcover'd in your Nature ſo many pregnances and ſparkles of innated Honor. So I reſt in quality of

Lond. 10. Decem. *Your Lordſhips moſt humble*

Servant, J. H.

XXVI.

To Mr. J. Wilſon.

Sir,

I Receiv'd yours of the 10th Current, and I have many thanks to give you, that you ſo quaintly acquaint me how variouſly the Pulſe of the Pulpiters beat in your Town: Touching ours here, (by way of correſponding with you) I'le tell you of one whom I heard lately; for dropping caſually into a Church in *Thames-ſtreet,* I fell upon a Winter-Preacher, who ſpoke of nothing but of the Fire and Flames of Hell, ſo that if a *Scythian* or *Grœnlander,* who are habituated to ſuch extream cold, had heard and underſtood him, would have thought he had preached of *Paradice,* his mouth methought did ſume with the Lake of Brimſton, with the Infernal Torments, and the thundrings of the Law, not a ſyllable of the Goſpel, ſo I concluded him to be one of thoſe who uſe to preach the Law in the Church, and the Goſpel in their Chambers, where they make ſome Female Hearts melt into pieces: He repeated his Text once, but God knows how far it was from the ſubject of his Preachment; he had alſo hot and fiery incitements

to

to War, and to ſwim in Bloud for the Cauſe: But after he had run away from his Text ſo long, the Spirit led him into a Wilderneſs of Prayer, and there I left him.

God amend all, and begin with me, who am

Lond. 5. July. *Your aſſured Friend to ſerve you.* J. H

XXVII.

To Sir E. S.

Sir,

IN the various courſes of my wandring Life, I have had occaſion to ſpend ſome part of my time in litteral Correſpondences with divers; but I never remember that I pleas'd my ſelf more in paying theſe civilities to any than to your ſelf; for when I undertake this task, I find that my Head, my Hand, and my Heart, go all ſo willingly about it; the Invention of the one, the Graphical Office of the other, and the Affections of the laſt are ſo ready to obey me in performing the work; work do I call it? 'tis rather a ſport: My Pen and Paper, are as a Cheſsboard, or as your Inſtrument of Muſick are to you, when you would recreate your harmonious Soul: Whence this proceeds I know not, unleſs it be from a charming kind of Vertue, that your *Letters* carry with them, to work upon my Spirits, which are ſo full of *facetiæ*, and familiar friendly ſtrains, and ſo punctual in anſwering every part of mine, that you may give the Law of Epiſtolizing to all Mankind.

Touching your Poet, *Laureat Skelton*, I found him (at laſt, as I told you before) skulking in *Duck-lane*, pitifully tatter'd and torn, and as the times are: I do not think it worth the labour and coſt, to put him in better Clothes, for the Genius of the Age is quite another thing, yet there be ſome Lines of his, which I think will never be out of date for their quaint Senſe: and with theſe I will cloſe this *Letter*, and ſalute you, as he did his Friend with theſe Options.

Salve plus decies quam ſunt momenta dierum,
Quot ſpecies generum, quot Res, nomina Rerum,
Quot pratis flores, quot ſunt & in orbe colores,
Quot piſces, quot Aves, quot ſunt & in Æquore Naves,
Quot volucrum Pennæ, quot ſunt tormenta Gehennæ,
Quot cœli ſtellæ, quot ſunt miracula Thomæ,
Quot ſunt virtutes, tantas tibi mitto ſalutes.

Theſe were the wiſhes in time of yore of *Jo. Skelton*, but now they are of

Lond. 4. Aug. *Your,* J. H.

XXVIII.

To R. Davies, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

DID your *Letters* know how truly welcom they are to me, they would make more haſt, and not loyter ſo long in the way, for I did not receive yours of the ſecond of *June*, till the firſt of *July*, which is time enough to have travell'd, not only a hundred *Engliſh*, but ſo many *Helvetian* Miles that are five times bigger, for in ſome places they contain forty furlongs, whereas ours have but eight, unleſs it be in *Wales*, where they are allowed better meaſure, or in the North parts, where there is a wea bit to every Mile: But that yours ſhould be a whole Month in making ſcarce 100 *Engliſh* Miles, (for the diſtance between us is no more) is ſtrange to me, unleſs you purpoſely ſent it by *John long* the Carrier. I know being ſo near *Lemſters* Ore, that you dwell in a gentle Soyl which is good for Cheeſe, as well as for Cloth, therefore if you ſend me a good one, I ſhall return my Couſin your Wife ſomething from hence, that may be equivalent. If you neglect me, I ſhall think that *Wales* is relapſed into her firſt Barbariſms; for *Strabo* makes it one of his Arguments to prove the *Britains* Barbarous, becauſe they had not the Art of making Cheeſe till the *Romans* came: But I believe you will preſerve them from this imputation again. I know you can want no good Graſs thereabours, which, as they ſay here, grows ſo faſt in ſome of your Fields, that if one ſhould put his Horſe there over night, he ſhould not find him again the next morning. So with my very reſpectful commends to your ſelf, and to the Partner of your Couch and Cares, I reſt, my dear Couſin,

Yours always to diſpoſe of,

Lond. 5. June. J. H.

XXIX.

To W. Roberts, *Eſquire.*

Sir,

THE *Dominical* Prayer, and the *Apoſtolical* Creed, (whereof there was ſuch a hot Diſpute in our laſt Converſation) are two Acts tending to the ſame Object of Devotion, yet they differ in this, that we conclude all in the firſt, and our ſelves only in the ſecond; one may begg for another, but he muſt believe for himſelf, there is no man can believe by a Deputy; The Articles of the Creed

Creed are as the twelve Signs in the Zodiak of Faith, which make way for the *Sun of Righteousness* to pass through the centre of our Hearts, as a Gentleman doth wittily compare them. But what offence the Lord's Prayer, or the Creed have committed (together with the Ten Commandements) as to be as it were, banished the Church of late years, I know not; considering that the whole Office of a Christian may be said to be comprehended in them; for the last prescribes us what we should do; the second, what we should believe; the third, how and what we should pray for: Of all the Hereticks that ever I heard of, I never read of any who bore analogy with these.

Touching other Opinions, they are but old Fancies newly furbish'd: There were *Adamites* in former times, and *Rebaptizers*: There were *Iconoclastæ*, destroyers of Images; but I never read of *Stauroclastæ*, destroyers of Crosses: There were also *Agoniclitæ*, who held it a Superstition to bow the Knee: Besides, there were those who stumbled at the Resurrection; as too many do now: There were *Aereans* also, who malign'd Bishops, and the Hierarchy of the Church; but we read those *Aereans* turn'd *Arrians*, and *Athiests* at last: The greatest *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers, inveigh against those *Aereans* more bitterly than against any other: *Chrysostom* saith, *Heretick's who have learnt of the Devil, not to give due honour to Bishops*, and *Epiphanius* saith, *It is the Voice of a Devil, rather than of a Christian, that there is no difference 'twixt a Bishop and a Presbyter*, &c.

Good Lord, what fiery clashings we have had lately for a Cap and a Surplice! what an Ocean of human Blood was spilt for Ceremonies only, and outward Formalities, for the bare position of a Table! But as we find the ruffling Winds to be commonly in Cimiteries, and about Churches; so the eager'st, and most sanguinary Wars are about Religion; and there is a great deal of weight in that Distich of *Prudentis*:

Sic mores produnt animum, & mihi credite semper
Functus cum falso est dogmate cædis amor.

Let the *Turk* spread his *Alcboran* by the Sword; but let Christianity expand her self still by a passive Fortitude, wherein she always gloried.

We live in a strange Age, when every one is in-love with his own Fancy, as *Narcissus* was with his Face; and this is true spiritual Pride, the usherer in of all confusions: The Lord deliver us from it, and grant that we may possess our Souls with Patience, till the great Wheel of Providence turn up another Spoke that may point at Peace, and unanimity among poor Mortals: In these hopes I rest,

Yours entirely, J. H.

London, 5. *Jan.* XXX.

XXX.

To Howel Guyn, *Eſquire.*

My much endeared Couſen,

I Send you herewith, according to your deſires, the *Britiſh* or *Welſh* Epitaph (for the *Saxons* gave us that new Name, calling us *Welſhmen*, or Strangers in our own Country) which Epitaph was found in the *Weſt-Indies* upon Prince *Madoc*, near upon 600 years ſince:

Madoc *wif mw y die wed*
Fawn genan Owen Gwyneth,
Ni funnum dir fy enridd oedd,
Ni da mowr ondy moroedd.

Which is *Engliſh'd* thus in Mr. *Herbert's* Travels:

Madoc *ap* Owen *was I call'd,*
Strong, tall, and comly, not inthrall'd
With home-bred Pleaſure; but for Fame,
Through Land and Sea I ſought the ſame.

This *Britiſh* Prince *Madoc* (as many Authours make mention) made two Voyages thither, and in the laſt left his Bones there, upon which this Epitaph lay. There be other pregnant remarks that the *Britiſh* were there, for there is a Promontory not far from *Mexico*, call'd *Cape Britain*, there is a Creek call'd *Gyndwor*, which is in *Welſh* White-water, with other Words, as you ſhall find in Mr. *Herbert's* and others: They had alſo the ſign of the Croſs in reverence among them.

And now that I am upon *Britiſh* Obſervations, I will tell you ſomething of this Name *Howell*, which is your firſt, and my ſecond Name: Paſſing lately by the Cloyſters of the Abbey, at *Weſtminſter*, I ſtepp'd up to the Library that Archbiſhop *Williams* erected there; and I lighted upon a *French* Hiſtorian, *Bertrane a Argentre* Lord of *Forges*, who was Preſident of the Court of Parliament in *Renes*, the chief Town of little *Britany* in *France*, call'd *Armorica*, which is a pure *Welſh* Word, and ſignifies a Country bordering upon the Sea, as that doth, and was firſt coloniz'd by the *Britains* of this Iſland in the Reign of *Theodoſius* the Emperor, *An.* 387, whoſe Language they yet preſerve in their radical Words: In that Hiſtorian I found that there were four Kings of that Country, of the Name *Hopell*, viz. *Howell* the Firſt, *Howell* the Second, *Howell* the Great,

Great, (who bore up ſo ſtoutly againſt *Ætius* the famous *Roman* General) and *Howell* the Fourth, that were all Kings of *Armorica*, or the leſſer *Britany*, which continued a Kingdom till the year 874, at which time the Title was chang'd to a Dutchy, but *Sovrain* of it ſelf, till it was reduc'd to the *French* Crown by *Francis* the Firſt. There are many Families of Quality of that Name, to this day, in *France*; and one of them deſir'd to be acquainted with me, by the mediation of Monſieur *Augieur* who was there Agent for *England*. Touching the Caſtle of good K. *Howell* hard by you, and other ancient places of that Name, you know them better than I; but the beſt Title which *England* hath to *Wales*, is by that Caſtle, as a great Antiquary told me. So in a true bond of Friendſhip, as well as of Blood, I reſt,

Your moſt affectionate Couſin,

Lond. 8. Oct. J. H.

XXXI.

To Mr. W. Price, *at* Oxon.

My precious Nephew,

THere could hardly better News be brought to me, than to underſtand that you are ſo great a Student, and that having paſs'd through the Bryers of Logic, you fall ſo cloſe to Philoſophy. Yet I do not like your Method in one thing, that you are ſo fond of new Authors, and neglect the old, as I hear you do. It is the ingrateful genius of this Age, that if any Scioliſt can find a hole in an old Author's Coat, he will endeavour to make it much more wide, thinking to make himſelf ſome-body thereby; I am none of thoſe; but touching the Ancients, I hold this to be a good Moral Rule, *Laudandum quod bene, ignoſcendum quod aliter dixerunt:* The older an Author is, commonly the more ſolid he is, and the greater teller of Truth: This makes me think on a *Spaniſh* Captain, who being invited to a Fiſh-dinner, and coming late, he ſate at the lower end of the Table, where the ſmall Fiſh lay, the great ones being at the upper end; thereupon he took one of the little Fiſh and held it to his Ear, his Camrades ask'd him what he meant by that? He anſwer'd in a ſad tone, Some 30 years ſince, my Father paſſing from *Spain* to *Barbary*, was caſt away in a Storm, and I am asking this little Fiſh, Whether he could tell any tydings of his Body? he anſwers me, that he is too young to tell me any thing; but thoſe old Fiſh at your end of the Table may ſay ſomething to it; ſo by that trick of Drollery he got his ſhare of them. The application is eaſie, therefore I adviſe you not to neglect old Authors, for though we be come as it were to the Meridian of Truth, yet

yet there be many neoterical Commentators, and ſelf-conceited Writers, that eclipſe her in many things, and go from *obſcurum* to *obſcurius*.

Give me leave to tell you, Coſen, that your Kindred and Friends, with all the World beſides, expect much from you, in regard of the pregnancy of your Spirit, and thoſe advantages you have of others, being now at the Source of all Knowledge. I was told of a Country-man, who coming to *Oxford*, and being at the Townsend, ſtood liſtning to a Flock of Geeſe, and a few Dogs, that were hard by; being ask'd the reaſon, he anſwer'd, *That he thought the Geeſe about* Oxford *did gaggle* Greek, *and the Dogs barked in* Latin. If ſome in the World think ſo much of thoſe irrational poor Creatures, that take in Univerſity Air, What will your Friends in the Country expect from you, who have the Inſtrument of Reaſon in ſuch a perfection, and ſo well ſtrung with a tenacious Memory, a quick Underſtanding, and rich Invention? All which I have diſcover'd in you; and doubt not but you will employ them to the comfort of your Friends, your own Credit, and the particular contentment of

Your truly affectionate
London, 3. Febr. *Uncle*, J. H.

XXXII.

To Sir K. D. *in* Paris.

Sir,

I Had been guilty of ſuch an offence, whereof I ſhould never have abſolv'd my ſelf, if I had omitted ſo handſome an opportunity to quicken my old devotions to you. Among thoſe multitudes here, we reſent your hard condition, and the protractions of your buſineſs, there is none who is more ſenſible, that ſo gallant and ſublime a Soul (ſo much renowned throughout the whole World) ſhould meet with ſuch harſh traverſes of Fortune: For my ſelf, I am like an Almanack out of date, I am grown an unprofitable Thing, and good for nothing as the times run; yet in your buſineſs I ſhall play the Whetſtone; which though it be a dull Thing of it ſelf, and cannot cut, yet it can make other Bodies to cut; ſo ſhall I quicken thoſe who have the managing of your buſineſs, and power to do you good, whenſoever I meet them. So I reſt,

Your thirty years Servant,

Lond. 2. Sept. J. H.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

To Mr. R. Lee, *in* Antwerp.

Sir,

AN Acre of Performance, is worth the whole Land of Promiſe: Beſides, as the *Italian* hath it, *Deeds are Men, and Words Women:* You pleas'd to promiſe me, when you ſhook hands with *England*, to barter *Letters* with me: But whereas I writ to you a good while ſince by Mr. *Simons*, I have not receiv'd a Syllable from you ever ſince.

The times here, frown more and more upon the Cavaliers, yet there Minds are buoy'd up ſtill with ſtrong hopes: Some of them being lately in Company of ſuch whom the Times favor, and reporting ſome comfortable News on the Royaliſts ſide, one of the other anſwer'd, *Thus you Cavaliers ſtill fool your ſelves, and build always Caſtles in the Air:* thereupon a ſudden reply was made, *Where will you have us to build them elſe, for you have taken all our Lands from us?* I know what you will ſay when you read this: *A Pox on thoſe true Jeſts.*

This Tale puts me in mind of another: There was a Gentleman lately, who was offer'd by the Parliament, a parcel of Church, or Crown-Lands, equivalent to his Arrears; and asking Counſel of a Friend of his, which he ſhould take, he anſwer'd, Crown-Lands by all means; for if you take them, you run a hazard only to be hang'd; but if you take Church-Lands, you are ſure to be damn'd, whereunto the other made him a ſhrew'd reply, Sir, I'le tell you a Tale: There was an old Uſurer not far from *London*, who had train'd up a Dog of his, to bring his Meat after him in a Hand-basket; ſo that in time the ſhag-Dog was ſo well bred, that his Maſter us'd to ſend him by himſelf to *Smithfield*-Shambles, with a Basket in his Mouth, and a Note in the bottom thereof, to his Butcher, who accordingly would put in what Joint of Meat he writ for, and the Dog would carry it handſomly home: It happen'd one day, that as the Dog was carrying a good ſhoulder of Mutton home to his Maſter, he was ſet upon by a company of other huge Dogs, who ſnatch'd away the Basket, and fell to the Mutton; the other Dog meaſuring his own ſingle ſtrength, and finding he was to weak to redeem his Maſter's Mutton, ſaid within himſelf (as we read the like of *Cryſippus*'s Dog) nay, ſince there is no remedy, you ſhall be hang'd before you have all, I will have alſo my ſhare; and ſo fell eating amongſt them. I need not, ſaid he, make the application unto you, 'tis too obvious, Therefore I intend to have my ſhare alſo of the Church-Lands.

In

In that large Liſt of Friends you have left behind you here, I am one who is very ſenſible that you have thus baniſh'd your ſelf: It is the high Will of Heaven that matters ſhould be thus, therefore, *Quod divinitus accidit humiliter, quod ab hominibus viriliter ferendum:* We muſt manfully bear what comes from men, and humbly what comes from above. The Pagan Philoſopher tells us, *Quod divinitus contingit homo a ſe nulla arte expellet:* There is no fence againſt that which comes from Heaven, whoſe Decrees are irreverſable.

Your Friends in *Fleet-ſtreet* are all well, both long-coats and ſhort-coats, and ſo is

Your inalterable Friend to love and ſerve you, J. H.

Lond. 9. Nov.

XXXIV.

To Sir J. Tho. *Knight.*

Sir,

THere is no Requeſt of yours but is equivalent to a Command with me; and whereas you crave my Thoughts, touching a late Hiſtory publiſh'd by one Mr. *Wilſon*, which relates the Life of K. *James*; though I know for many years your own judgment to be ſtrong and clear enough of it ſelf, yet to comply with your deſires, and for to oblige you that way another time to me, I will deliver you my opinion.

I cannot deny but the Thing is a painful Piece, and proceeds after a handſome Method, in drawing on the Series and Thred of the Story; but it is eaſily diſcernable, that a partial Presbyterian Vein goes conſtantly throughout the whole Work: and you know it is the genius of that People, to pry more than they ſhould into the Courts, and comportments of Princes, and take any occaſion to traduce and beſpatter them: So doth this Writer, who endeavours all along (among other things) to make the World believe, that King *James*, and his Son after him, were inclin'd to Popery, and to bring it into *England:* Whereas I dare avouch, that neither of them entertain'd the leaſt thought that way; they had as much deſign to bring in *Preſter-John* as the *Pope*, or *Mahomet* as ſoon as the *Maſs*. This conceit made the Writer to be ſubject to many Miſtakes, and Miſrepreſentations, which ſo ſhort a circuit as a *Letter* cannot comprehend.

Yet I will inſtance in one groſs miſtake he hath, in relating a paſſage which concerns Sir *Elias Hicks*, a worthy Knight, and a fellow-Servant of yours and mine. And he doth not only miſrepreſent the buſineſs, but he fouly aſperſeth him with the terms of Un-

Unworthineſs, and Infamy: The truth of that paſſage is as follow-eth, and I had it from very good Hands:

In the year 1621. the *French* King making a general War againſt Them of the *Religion*, beleager'd *Montauban* in Perſon, while the Duke of *Eſpernon* block'd up *Rochel*: The King having lain a good while before the Town, a cunning Report was rais'd that *Rochel* was ſurrendred, this Report being blown into *Montauban* muſt needs diſhearten them of *Rochel*, being the prime and tenableſt Propugnacle they had: Mr. *Hicks* happen'd to be then in *Rochel*, being commended by Sir *George Goring* to the *Marquis de la Force*, who was one of them that commanded in chief, and treated Mr. *Hicks* with much civility, ſo far that he took him to be one of his domeſtic Attendants: The *Rochellers* had ſent two or three ſpecial Envoys to *Montauban*, to acquaint them with their good condition, but it ſeems they all miſcarried; and the Marqueſs being troubled in his thoughts one day, Mr. *Hicks* told him, that by God's favor, he would undertake and perform the Service to *Montauban*: Hereupon he was put accordingly in Equipage; ſo after ten days Journey, he came to a place call'd *Moyſak*, where my L. of *Doncaſter*, afterwards E. of *Carlile*, was in quality of Ambaſſador from *England*, to obſerve the *French* K's. proceedings, and to mediate a Peace, 'twixt him and the Proteſtants: At his firſt arrival thither, it was his good hap to meet caſually with Mr. *Peregrin Fairfax*, one of the L. Ambaſſador's Retinue, who had been formerly a Camerade of his: Among other Civilities, he brought Mr. *Hicks* to wait upon the Ambaſſador, to whom he had Credential *Letters*, from the Aſſembly of *Rochel*, acquainting his Lordſhip with the good ſtate they were in: Mr. *Hicks* told him beſides, that he was engaged to go to *Montauban*, as an Envoy from *Rochel*, to give them true information how matters ſtood: The Ambaſſador replyed, *That it was too great a Truſt to put upon ſuch young ſhoulders*: So Mr. *Hicks* being upon going to the *French* Army which lay before *Montauban*, Mr. *Fairfax* would needs accompany him thither, to ſee the Trenches and Works, being come thither, they met with one Mr. *Tho. Webb* that belong'd to the Marſhal St. *Gerand*, who lodg'd them both in his own Hut that Night; and having ſhew'd them the Batteries and Trenches the day after; Mr. *Hicks* took notice of one place, which lay moſt open for his deſign, reſolving with himſelf to paſs that way to the Town: He had told *Fairfax* of his purpoſe before; who diſcovering it to *Webb*; *Webb* ask'd him, Whether he came thither to be hang'd; for divers were us'd ſo a little before? The next day *Hicks* taking his leave of *Webb*, deſir'd *Fairfax* to ſtay behind, which he refuſing, did ride along with him, to the place which *Hicks* had pointed out the day before, for his deſign, and

there

there *Fairfax* left him: So having got betwixt the *Corps de gard*, and the Town, he put Spurs to his Horſe, and waving his Piſtol about his Head, got in, being purſued almoſt to the Walls of the Town, by the King's Party: being entred, old Marſhal *de la Force*, who was then in *Montauban*, having heard his relations of *Rochel*, fell on his Neck and wept, ſaying, *That he would give a* 1000 *Crowns, he were as ſafely got back to* Rochel, *as he came thither.* And having ſtayed there three Weeks, he, in a Sally that the Town made one Evening, got clear through the Leaguer before *Montauban*, as he had formerly done before that of the Duke of *Eſpernon*, and ſo recover'd *Rochel* again. But to return to Mr. *Fairfax*, after he had parted with Mr. *Hicks*, he was taken Priſoner, and threatned the Rack; but whether out of the apprehenſion thereof, or otherwiſe, he died a little after of a Feaver at *Moyſac*; though 'tis true that the *Gazetts* in *Paris*, did publiſh that he died of the Torture, with the *French* Mercury ſince.

Mr. *Hicks* being return'd to *London*, was queſtion'd by Sir *Ferdinando Fairfax*, for his Brother's Death; thereupon Mr. *Webb* being alſo come back to *London*, who was upon the very place where theſe things happen'd in *France*, Mr. *Hicks* brought him along with him to Sir *Ferdinando*'s Lodgings, who did poſitively affirm, that Mr. *Hicks* had communicated his deſign to Mr. *Peregrin Fairfax* (and that he reveal'd it firſt to him) ſo he did fairly vindicate Mr. *Hicks*; wherewith Sir *Ferdinando* remain'd fully ſatisfied, and all his Kindred.

Whoſoever will obſerve the carriage and circumſtance of this Action, muſt needs confeſs that Mr. *Hicks* (now Sir *Elias Hicks*) did comport himſelf like a worthy Gentleman, from the beginning to the end thereof: The deſign was generous, the conduct of it diſcreet, and the concluſion very proſperous; in regard it preſerv'd both *Montauban* and *Rochel* for that time, from the Fury of the Enemy; for the King rais'd his Siege a little after, from before the one, and *Eſpernon* from before the other. Therefore it cannot be denied, but that the ſaid Writer (who ſo largely intitles his Book, *The Hiſtory of Great Britan*, though it be but the particular Reign of K. *James* only) was very much to blame, for branding ſo well-a-deſerving Gentleman with Infamy and Unworthineſs, which are the Words he pleaſeth to beſtow upon him; and I think he would willingly recant, and retract his raſh Cenſure, were he now living; but Death preſs'd him away, before the Preſs had done with his Book, whereof he may be ſaid to have died in Childbed.

So preſenting herewith unto you my hearty Reſpects and Love, endeared and ſtrengthen'd by ſo long a tract of time, I reſt,

Your faithful true Servant, J. H.

Lond. 9. Novemb. XXXV.

XXXV.

To Mr. R. Lewis, *in* Amſterdam.

Couſin,

I Found yours of the firſt of *February* in the Poſt-houſe, as I caſually had other buſineſs there; elſe it had miſcarried; I pray be more careful of your Directions hereafter. I much thank you for the aviſo's you ſent me how matters paſs thereabouts. Methinks that *Amſterdam* begins to ſmell rank of a *Hans*-Town, as if ſhe would be independent, and paramount, over the reſt of the confederate Provinces; ſhe hath ſome reaſon in one reſpect, becauſe *Holland* contributes three parts of five, and *Amſterdam* her ſelf, near upon the one moyety of thoſe three parts, to maintain the Land and Naval Forces of the States General. That Town likewiſe as I hear, begins to compare with *Venice*; but let her ſtay there a-while: yet ſhe may in ſome kind do it, for their Scituation and Beginning have been alike, being both indented with Waters, and both Fiſher-Towns at firſt.

But I wonder at one News you write me, that *Amſterdam* ſhould fall of repairing and bewrifying Churches; whereas the News here is clean contrary, for while you adorn your Churches there, we deſtroy them here: Among other, poor *Pauls* looks like a great Skeleton, ſo pitifully-handled, that you may tell her Ribs, through her Skin, her Body looks like the hulk of a huge *Portugal* Carake, that having croſs'd the Line twelve times, and made three Voyages into the *Eaſt-Indies*, lies rotting upon the Strand. Truly, I think no *Turk* or *Tartar*, or any Creature, except the Devil himſelf, would have us'd *Pauls* in that manner: you know that once a Stable was made a Temple, but now a Temple is become a Stable among us. *Proh ſuperi! quantum mortalia pectora Cæca, Noctis habent.* ———

There are ſtrange *Heteroclits* in Religion now adays; among whom, ſome of them may be ſaid to endeavor the exalting of the Kingdom of Chriſt, in lifting it upon *Belzebub*'s back, by bringing in ſo much prophaneneſs to avoid ſuperſtition. God deliver us from Atheiſm, for we are within one ſtep of it, and touching Judaiſm, ſome Corners of our City ſmell as rank of it as yours doth there.

I pray be punctual in your returns hereafter, for as you ſay well and wittily, Letters *may be ſaid to be the chiefeſt Organs (though they have but Paper-Pipes) through which Friendſhip doth uſe to breath, and operate.* For my part, I ſhall not be wanting to ſet thoſe Organs a working for the often conveyance of my beſt affections

unto you. Sir *T. Williams*, with his choice Lady, blow over through the ſame Pipe, their kind Reſpects unto you; and ſo do divers of your Friends beſides; but eſpecially, my dear Coſin,

Yours,

Lond. 3. Jan. J. H.

XXXVI.

To J. Anderſon, *Eſq*;

Sir,

YOU have been often at me (though I know you to be a Proteſtant ſo in grain, that all the Waters of the *Tyber*, is not able to make you change Colour) that I ſhould impart unto you in Writing, what I obſerv'd commendable, and diſcommendable in the *Roman* Church; becauſe I had eaten my Bread often in thoſe Countries, where that Religion is profeſs'd, and practis'd, in the greateſt height: touching the ſecond part of your Requeſt, I need not ſay any thing to it; for there be Authors enough of our Church to inform you, about the Poſitions and Tenets, wherein we differ, and for which we blame them: Concerning the firſt part, I will give you a ſhort intimation, what I noted to be praiſe-worthy, and imitable in point of practice.

The Government of the *Roman* Church is admirable, being moulded with as much Policy, as the Wit of Man can reach unto, and there muſt be *Civil* Policy, as well as *Eccleſiaſtic*, us'd, to keep ſuch a World of People, of ſeveral Nations, and Humors, in one Religion: though at firſt, when the Church extended but to one Chamber, then to one Houſe, after to one Pariſh, then to one Province, ſuch Policy was not ſo requiſite. For the Church of Chriſt may be compar'd to his Perſon, in point of degrees of growing; and as that Coat which ſerv'd him in his Child-hood, could not fit him in his Youth; nor that of his Youth, when he was come to his Manhood: no more would the ſame Government (which compar'd to the Fundamentals of Faith (that are ſtill the ſame) are but as outward Garments) fit all Ages of the Church, in regard thoſe Millions of Accidents that uſe to attend Time, and the mutable humors of Men: Inſomuch, that it was a wholſome Caution of an ancient Father, *Diſtinguas inter tempora, & concordabis cum Scriptura*: This Government is like a great Fabric, rear'd up with ſuch exact Rules of Art, and Architecture, that the Foundation, the Roof, Sides, and Angles, with all the other Parts, have ſuch a dependance of mutual ſupport, by a rare contignation, concinnity and indentings one in the other; that if you take out but one Stone, it hazards the downfal of the whole Edifice. This makes

me

me think, that the Church of *Rome* would be content to part with, and rectifie ſome things; if it might not endanger the ruin of the whole: which puts the World into deſpair of an Oecumenical Council again.

The Uniformity of this Fabric is alſo to be admir'd, which is ſuch, as if it were but one entire continued homogenous piece: for put caſe a *Spaniard* ſhould go to *Poland*, and a *Pole* ſhould travel to the furtheſt part of *Spain*, whereas all other objects may ſeem ne're ſo ſtrange to them in point of Lodging, Language, and Diet, though the Complexion and Faces, the Behaviour, Garb, and Garments of Men, Women, and Children be differing; together with the very Air, and Clime of the Place, though all things ſeem ſtrange unto them, and ſo ſomewhat uncouth and comfortleſs; yet when they go to God's Houſe, in either Countries, they may ſay, they are there at home; for nothing differs there, either in Language, Worſhip, or Ceremony; which muſt needs be an unſpeakable comfort to either of them.

Thirdly, It muſt needs be a commendable thing, that they keep their Churches ſo cleanly and amiable; for the Dwellings of the Lord of Hoſts ſhould be ſo: To which end your greateſt Ladies will riſe before day, ſometimes, in their Night-cloaths, to fall a ſweeping ſome part of the Church, and decking it with Flowers; as I heard Count *Gondamar*'s Wife us'd to do here, at *Ely*-Houſe-Chappel: beſides, they keep them in conſtant repair, ſo that if but a quarry of Glaſs chance to be broken, or the leaſt Stone be out of ſquare, 'tis preſently mended. Moreover, their Churches ſtand wide open early and late, inviting as it were all Commers; ſo that a poor troubled Soul may have acceſs thither at all hours, to breath out the pantings of his Heart, and the ejaculations of his Soul, either in Prayer or Praiſe: Nor is there any exception of Perſons in their Churches; for the Cobler will kneel with the Count, and the Laundreſs gig by goul with her Lady; there being no Pews there to cauſe pride and envy, contentions and quarrels, which are ſo rife in our Churches.

The comly proſtrations of the Body, with genuflexion, and other acts of humility, in time of divine Service, is very exemplary: Add hereunto, that the reverence they ſhew to the holy Function of the Church, is wonderful; Princes and Queens will not diſdain to kiſs a *Capuchin*'s Slieve, or the Surplice of a Prieſt: beſides, I have ſeen the greateſt and beautifull'ſt young Ladies, go to Hoſpitals, where they not only dreſs, but lick the Sores of the Sick.

Furthermore, the conformity of Seculars, and reſignment of their judgments to the Governors of the Church is remarkable: there are not ſuch Scepticks and Cavillers there, as in other places: they humbly believe, that *Lazarus* was three days in the Grave,

without queſtioning where his Soul was all the while; nor will they expoſtulate how a Man who was born Blind from his Nativity, ſhould preſently know the ſhapes of Trees, whereunto he thought the firſt Men he ever ſaw were like, after he received his ſight. Add hereunto, that they eſteem for Church preferments, moſt commonly, a Man of a pious good Diſpoſition, of a meek Spirit, and godly Life, more than a learned Man, that is either a great Linguiſt, Antiquary, or Philoſopher, and the firſt is advanc'd ſooner than the latter.

Laſtly, they think nothing too good, or too much, for God's Houſe, or for his Miniſters, no Place too ſweet, no Buildings too ſtately for them, being of the beſt Profeſſion. The moſt curious Artiſts will employ the beſt of their skill, to compoſe Hymns, and Anthems, for Gods Houſe, *&c.*

But, methinks I hear you ſay, that you acknowledge all this to be commendable; were it not, that it is accompanied with an odd opinion, that they think to merit thereby, accounting them Works of Supererogation.

Truly Sir, I have diſcours'd with the greateſt Magnifiers of meritorious Works, and the chiefeſt of them, made me this compariſon, that the Blood of Chriſt is like a great Veſſel of Wine, and all the Merits of Men, whether active or paſſive, were it poſſible, go into that great Veſſel, and ſo muſt needs be made Wine; not that the Water hath any inherent vertue of it ſelf, to make it ſelf ſo; but as it receives it from the Wine.

It is reported of *Coſmode Medici*, that having built a goodly Church, with a Monaſtery thereunto annex'd, and two Hoſpitals, with other Monuments of Piety; and endow'd them with large Revenues, as one did much magnifie him for theſe extraordinary Works; for which doubtleſs he merited a high reward in Heaven: he anſwer'd, *'Tis true, I employ'd much Treaſure that way; yet when I look over my leger Book of accounts, I do not find that God-Almighty is indebted to me one Penny; but I am ſtill in the arrear to him.*

Add hereunto, the ſundry ways of Mortification they have, by frequent long Faſtings, and macerations of the Fleſh, by their retiredneſs, their abandoning the World, and ſequeſtrations from all mundane Affairs, their notable humility in the diſtribution of their Alms, which they do not uſe to hurl away in a kind of ſcorn as others do, but by putting it gently into the Beggars hand.

Some ſhallow-pated *Puritan* in reading this, will ſhoot his Bolt, and preſently cry me up to have a *Pope* in my Belly; but you know me otherwiſe, and there's none knows my intrinſecals better than you. We are come to ſuch times, that if any would maintain thoſe Decencies, and humble Poſtures, thoſe Solemnities, and Rites, which ſhould be practis'd in the holy Houſe of God, (and Holineſs

Holineſs, becomes his Houſe for ever) nay, if one paſſing through a Church ſhould put off his Hat; there is a giddy and malignant Race of People (for indeed they are the true Malignants) who will give out, that he is running Poſt to *Rome*: Notwithſtanding that the Religion eſtabliſh'd by the Laws of *England*, did ever allow of them, ever ſince Reformation began; yet you know how few have run thither. Nay, the *Lutherans* who uſe far more Ceremonies, ſymbolizing with thoſe of *Rome*, than the *Engliſh Proteſtants* ever did, keep ſtill their diſtance; and are as far from her now, as they were at firſt.

England had lately (though to me it ſeems a great while ſince) the Face and Form, the Government, and Gravity, the Conſtitutions, and Comlineſs of a Church; for ſhe had ſomething to keep her ſelf handſom; ſhe had wherewith to be Hoſpitable, and do deeds of Charity, to build Alms-Houſes, Free-Schools, and Colledges; which had been very few in this Iſland, had there been no Church Benefactors: ſhe had brave degrees of promotion to incite Induſtry; and certainly the conceit of Honour is a great encouragement to Vertue. Now, if all Profeſſions have ſteps of riſing, why ſhould Divinity, the beſt of all Profeſſions, be without them? The Apprentice doth not think it much to wipe his Maſter's Shooes, and ſweep the Gutters; becauſe he hopes one day to be an Alderman. The common Soldier carrieth hopes in his Knapſack, to be one day a Captain, or Collonel. The Student in the Inns of Court turns over *Ployden* with more alacrity, and tugs with that crabbed Study of the Law; becauſe he hopes one day to be a Judge. So the Scholar thought his labour ſweet; becauſe he was buoy'd up with hopes that he might be one day a Biſhop, Dean, or Canon. This comely ſubordination of Degrees we once had; and we had a viſible conſpicuous Church, to whom all other Reformiſts gave the upper hand; but now ſhe may be ſaid to have crept into Corners, and fallen to ſuch a contempt, that ſhe dares ſcarce ſhew her Face. Add hereunto, in what various kinds of confuſions ſhe is involv'd; ſo that it may not improperly be ſaid, while ſhe thought to run away ſo eagerly from *Babylon*, ſhe is fallen into a *Babel* of all opinions: Inſomuch, that they who came lately from *Italy* ſay, how *Rome* gives out, that when Religion is loſt in *England*, ſhe will be glad to come to *Rome* again to find one out; and that ſhe danceth all this while in a Circle.

Thus have I endeavour'd to ſatisfie your importunity as far as a ſheet of Paper could reach, to give you a touch what may be, not only allowable, but laudable, and conſequently imitable in the *Roman* Church, for

——*Fas eſt & ab Hoſte doceri.*

But I deſire you would expound all with a *ſane ſenſe*, wherewith I

know you abound; otherwiſe I would not be ſo free with you upon this tickliſh Subject; yet I have cauſe to queſtion your judgment in one thing; becauſe you ſo much magnifie my Talent in your laſt: Alas Sir, a ſmall Hankerchief is enough to hold mine; whereas a large Table-cloth can hardly contain that rich Talent, which I find God and Nature hath intruſted you withal: In which opinion I reſt, always,

Your ready and real
Lond. 3. July, *Servant,* J. H.

XXXVII.

To Doctor Harvey, *at St.* Laurence Poultney.

Sir,

I Remember well, you pleas'd not only to paſs a favourable Cenſure, but give a high Character, of the Firſt Part of *Dodona's Grove*; which makes this Second to come and wait on you, which I dare ſay, for variety of Fancy, is nothing inferior to the Firſt: It continueth an hiſtorical account of the occurrences of the Times, in an allegorical way, under the ſhadow of Trees; and I believe it omits not any material paſſage which happen'd as far as it goes. If you pleaſe to ſpend ſome of the parings of your time, and fetch a Walk in this *Grove*, you may haply find therein ſome recreation. And if it be true what the Ancients write of ſome Trees, that they are Fatidical, theſe come to foretel, at leaſtwiſe to wiſh you, as the Seaſon invites me, a good New-Year; and according to the *Italian* Complement, *buon principio, miglior mezzo, ed ottimo fine.* With theſe Wiſhes of Happineſs, in all the three degrees of Compariſon, I reſt,

Your devoted Servant,
Lond. 2. Jan. J. H.

XXXVIII.

To R. Bowyer, *Eſq;*

Sir,

I Received yours of the tenth Current; where I made a new diſcovery, finding therein one Argument of your Friendſhip which you never urg'd before, for you give me a touch of my failings, in point of literal correſpondence with you: To this give me leave to anſwer, that he who hath Glaſs-Windows of his own, ſhould take heed how he throws Stones at thoſe of his Neighbors. We have both of us our failings that way; witneſs elſe, yours of the laſt

laſt of *May*, to mine of the firſt of *March* before; but it is never over-late to mend: Therefore I begin, and do Penance in this white Sheet, for what is paſs'd: I hope you will do the like; and ſo we may abſolve one another without a ghoſtly Father.

The *French* and *Spaniard* are ſtill at it like two Cocks of the Game, both of them pitifully bloodied; and tis thought they will never leave, till they peck out one anothers eyes. They are dayly ſeeking new Alliances to fortifie themſelves; and the quarrel is ſtill ſo hot, that they would make a League with *Lucifer*, to deſtroy one another.

For home-news, the freſheſt is, that whereas, in former times, there were Complaints, that *Church-men* were *Juſtices of the Peace*; now the clean contrary way, *Juſtices of the Peace* are become *Church-men*: for by a new Act of that Thing in *weſtminſter*, call'd now a Parliament, the power of giving in Marriage is paſs'd over to them; which is an *Eccleſiaſtic* Rite every-where elſe, throughout the World.

A Cavalier coming lately to a Bookſeller's-Shop, deſir'd to buy this Matrimonial-Act, with the reſt of that holy Parliament; but he would have them all bound in Calfs-Leather, bought out of Mr. *Barebone*'s Shop in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

The Soldiers have a great Spleen to the Lawyers; inſomuch, that they threaten to hang up their Gowns, among the *Scots*-Colours in *Weſtminſter-Hall*; but their chiefeſt aim is at the regulation of the Chancery; for they would have the ſame Tribunal to have the power of Juſtice and Equity; as the ſame Apothecaries Shop can afford us Purges and Cordials.

So with my kind and cordial Reſpects unto you, I reſt,

Your entire and truly affectionate

Lond. 9. Novemb. *Servant*, J. H.

XXXIX.

To Mr. J. B. *at his Houſe in St.* Nicholas *Lane.*

Sir,

WHen I exchang'd Speeches with you laſt, I found (yet more by your Diſcourſe than Countenance) that your Spirits were towards a kind of ebb, by reaſon of the interruption, and ſtop, which theſe confuſed Times have put to all mercantile Negotiations, both at home and abroad: Truly Sir, when after a ſerious recollection I had ruminated upon what dropp'd from you then, I extreamly wondred, which I ſhould not have done at another, in regard ſince the firſt time I had the advantage of your Friendſhip, I diſcover'd that you were naturally of a generous

and freeborn thoughts: I have found alſo, that by a rare induſtry, you have ſtor'd up a rich ſtock of Philoſophy, and other parts of Prudence, which induc'd me to think, that no worldly revolution, or any croſs Winds, though never ſo violent; no not a *Hauracane*, could trouble the Calm of your Mind: Therefore to deal freely with you, you are not the ſame Man I took you for.

I confeſs 'tis a paſſive Age, and the ſtourneſs of the prudent'ſt and moſt philoſophical Men, were never put to ſuch a trial. I thank God, the School of Affliction hath brought me to ſuch a habit of Patience, it hath caus'd in me ſuch ſymptoms of Mortification, that I can value this World as it is, it is but a Vale of Troubles, and we who are in it, are like ſo many Ants trudging up and down about a Molehil; nay, at beſt, we are but as ſo many Pilgrims, or Paſſengers, travelling on ſtill towards another Country. 'Tis true, that ſome do find the way thither more ſmooth, and fair, they find it flowry, and tread upon Camomel all along: Such may be ſaid to have their Paradice here, or to ſail ſtill in Fortune's ſlieve, and to have the Wind in the Poop all the while, not knowing what a Storm means; yet both the Divine and Philoſopher do rank theſe among the moſt infortunate of men. Others there are, who in their journey to their laſt home, do meet with rocks, and crags, with ill-favor'd ſloughs, and bogs, and divers deep and dirty paſſages: for my part, I have already paſs'd through many ſuch, and muſt expect to meet with more. Therefore, you alſo by your various Adventures, and Negotiations in the World, muſt not think to eſcape them; you muſt make account to meet with encumbrances, and diſaſters, with miſchances, and croſſes. Now, 'twas a brave generous ſaying of a great *Armenian* Merchant, who having underſtood how a Veſſel of his was caſt away, wherein there was laden a rich Cargazon upon his ſole account, he ſtruck his hand on his breaſt, and ſaid, *My heart, I thank God, is ſtill afloat, my ſpirits ſhall not ſink with the ſhip, nor go an inch lower.*

But why do I write to you of Patience and Courage? in doing this, I do no otherwiſe, than *Phormio* did, when he diſcours'd of War before *Hannibal*: I know you have Prudence enough to cheer up, and inſtruct your ſelf; only let me tell you, that you ſuperabound with Fancy, you have more of Mind than of Body, and that ſometimes you overcharge the Imagination, by muſing too much upon the odd traverſes of the World; therefore I pray rouſe up your Spirits, and reſerve your ſelf for better times, that I may long enjoy the ſweetneſs of your Friendſhip; for the Elements are the more pleaſing unto me, becauſe you live with me amongſt them. So God ſend you ſuch tranquility of Thoughts, as I wiſh.

Your true Friend, J. H.

5. *April.* XL.

XL.

To Major J. Walker, *in* Coventry.

Sir,

I Heartily congratulate your return to *England*, and that you ſo ſafely croſs'd the *Scythian* Vale, for ſo old *Gildas* calls the *Iriſh* Seas, in regard they are ſo boyſtrous and rough. I underſtand you have been in ſundry hot and hazardous Encounters, becauſe of thoſe many Scars and Cuts you wear about you, and as *Tom Dawſon* told me, it was no leſs then a miracle that not one of them were mortal, being eleven in all: It makes me think on a witty Complement, that Captain *Miller* put upon the *Perſian* Ambaſſador when he was here, who ſhewing him many Wounds that he had receiv'd in the Wars againſt the *Turk*, the Captain ſaid, That his *Lordſhips Skin after his Death would yield little Money, becauſe it had ſo many Holes in it.*

I find the ſame Fate hangs o're the *Iriſh*, as befel the old *Britains* here, for as they were hemm'd among the *Welſh* Mountains, ſo the *Iriſh* are like now to be all kennell'd in *Conaught*: We ſee daily ſtrange Revolutions, and God knows what the iſſue will be at laſt; howſoever let us live and love one another, in which reſolution I reſt

2 May. *Entirely yours,* J. H.

XLI.

To Mr. T. C. *at his Houſe upon* Tower-Hill.

Sir,

TO inaugurate a good and jovial New Year unto you, I ſend you a mornings draught, *(viz.* a Bottle of *Metheglin.)* Neither Sir *John Barley-Corn*, or *Bacchus* had any thing to do with it, but it is the pure juyce of the *Bee*, the laborious *Bee*, and King of Inſects. The *Druyds* and old Britiſh *Bards* were wont to take a Carowſe hereof before they entred into their ſpeculations, and if you do ſo when your Fancy labours with any thing, it will do you no hurt, and I know your Fancy to be very good.

But this Drink always carries a kind of State with it, for it muſt be attended with a brown Toſt; nor will it admit but of one good Draught, and that in the Morning, if more, it will keep a humming in the Head, and ſo ſpeak too much of the Houſe it comes from, I mean the Hive, as I gave a caution elſewhere; and becauſe the Bottle might make more haſt, have made it go upon theſe (Poetique) feet,

J. H.

J. H. T. C. *Salutem, & annum Platonicum.*
Non Vitis, *ſed* Apis *ſuccum tibi mitto bibendum*
Quem legimus Bardos *olim potaſſe* Britannos.
Qualibet in bacca Vitis Megera *lateſcit,*
Qualibet in gutta Melis Aglaia *ninet.*
The juyce of *Bees*, not *Bacchus* here behold,
Which Britiſh *Bards* were wont to quaff of old,
The *Berries* of the Grape with *Furies* ſwell,
But in the Honey-Comb the *Graces* dwell.

This alludes to a ſaying which the *Turks* have, that there lurks a Devil in every Berry of the Vine. So I wiſh you as cordially as to me, an auſpicious and joyful New-Year, becauſe you know I am

Your truly Affectionate Servitor, J. H.

XLII.

To Sir E. S.

Sir,

AT my return to *London*, I found two of yours that lay in Bank for me, which were as welcome to me, as the New-Year, and as pleaſing as if two pendants of *Orient Pearl* had been ſent to a *French* Lady: But your Lines, methought, did caſt a greater Luſtre than any ſuch *Muſcle-heads*, for they diſplayed the whiteneſs of a comly and knowing Soul, which reflecting upon my faculties, did much enlighten them, with the choice Notions I found therein.

I thank you for the Abſolution you ſend me, for what is paſs'd, and for your other Invitation; but I have obſerv'd a civility they uſe in *Italy* and *Spain*, not to viſit a ſick Perſon too often, for fear of putting him to waſt his Spirits by talk, which they ſay ſpends much of the inward man; but when you will have recover'd your ſelf, as I hope you will do with the ſeaſon, I ſhall return to kiſs your Hands, and your Feet alſo could I eaſe you of that podagrical pain which afflicts you.

I ſend you a thouſand thanks for your kind acceptance of that ſmall New-Years Gift I ſent, and that you concur with divers other in a good Opinion of it. So I reſt,

Lond. 18. Feb. *Your own true Servant,* J. H.

XLIII.

To the Honoured, the La[illegible]*s.* B. *at her Houſe near* Sherburn.

Madam,

WHen I had the happineſs to wait upon you, at your being in *London*, there was a diſpute rais'd about the ten *Sybills*, by

by one, who your Ladiſhip knows, is no great friend to *Antiquity*, and I was glad to apprehend this opportunity to perform the promiſe you drew from me then to vent ſomething upon this ſubject for your Ladiſhips ſatisfaction.

Madam, In theſe peeviſh times, which may be call'd the Ruſt of the Iron Age, there is a race of croſs grain'd People which are malevolent to all Antiquity: If they read an old Author, it is to quarrel with him, and find ſome hole in his Coat; they ſlight the Fathers of the Primitive times, and prefer *John Calvin*, or a *Cauſaban* before them all: Among other Tenets of the firſt times, they hold the ten *Sybills* to be fictitious and fabulous, and no better than *Urganga*, or the Lady of the Lake, or ſuch doting Beldams: They ſtick not to term their predictions of Chriſt to be meer mock-Oracles, and odd arreptitious frantick Extravagancies: They cry out that they were forg'd and obtruded to the World by ſome officious Chriſtians, to procure credit and countenance to their Religion among the *Pagans*.

For my part, *Madam*, I am none of this incredulous preverſe Race of men, but what the current, and concurrent Teſtimonies of the Primitive times do hold forth, I give credit thereunto, without any ſcruple.

Now, touching the works of the *Sybills*, they were in high requeſt among the Fathers of the firſt 4 Centuries, inſomuch, that they us'd to urge their Prophecies for converſion of *Pagans*, who therefore call'd the Chriſtians *Sybillianiſts*, nor did they hold it a word of reproach. They were all Virgins, and for reward of their Chaſtity, 'twas thought they had the gift of Prophecy; not by any endowment of Nature, or inherent human Quality, or ordinary Idæas in the Soul, but by pure divine inſpirations not depending on ſecond cauſes in ſight: They ſpake not like the Ambiguous Pagan Oracles in Riddles, but ſo clearly that they ſometimes go beyond the Jewiſh Prophets; they were call'd *Siobulæ* that is, of the Counſels of God, *Sios* in the *Eolic* dialect being *Deus*: They were preferr'd before all the *Chaldæan* Wiſards, before the *Bacides*, *Branchydæ*, and others, as alſo before *Tyreſius*, *Manto*, *Matis*, or *Caſſandra*, &c.

Nor did the *Chriſtians* only value them at that height, but the moſt learned among the *Ethnicks* did ſo, as *Varro*, *Livie*, and *Cicero*, the firſt being the greateſt *Antiquary*, the ſecond the greateſt *Hiſtorian*, and the third the greateſt *Oratour* that ever *Rome* had, who ſpeaks ſo much of that famous *Acroſtic*, that one of them made of the Name of our Saviour, which ſure could not be the work of a *Chriſtian*, as ſome would maliciouſly obtrude, it being ſo long before the Incarnation.

But for the better diſcharge of my engagement to your Ladiſhip,

ſhip, I will rank all the ten before you, with ſome of their moſt ſignal Predictions.

The *Sybills* were ten in number, whereof there were five born in *Europe*, to wit, *Sybilla Delphica*, *Cumæa*, *Samia*, *Cumana*, and *Tyburtina*; the reſt were born in *Aſia*, and *Africa*.

The firſt was a *Perſian*, call'd *Samberta*, who plainly foretold many hundred years before, in theſe words, *The Womb of the Virgin ſhall be the Salvation of the Gentiles*, &c.

The ſecond was *Sybilla Libica*, who among other Prophecies, hath this, *The day ſhall come that men ſhall ſee the King of all living things, and a Virgin Lady of the World ſhall hold him in her Lap.*

The third was *Delphica*, who ſaith, *A Prophet ſhall be born of a Virgin.*

The fourth was *Sybilla Cumæa*, born in *Campania* in *Italy*, who hath theſe words, that *God ſhall be born of a Virgin, and converſe with Sinners.*

The fifth was the famous *Erythræa*, born at *Babylon*, who compos'd that famous *Acroſtic* which St. *Auguſtin* took ſo much pains to tranſlate into Latin, which begins: *The Earth ſhall ſweat ſigns of Judgment, from Heaven ſhall come a King, who ſhall reign for ever*, viz. *in humane fleſh, to the end, that by his preſence he judg the world: A River of Fire and Brimſtone ſhall fall from Heaven; the Sun and Stars ſhall loſe their Light; the Firmament ſhall be diſſolv'd, and the Moon ſhall be darkned; a Trumpet ſhall ſound from Heaven in woful and terrible manner, and the opening of the Earth ſhall diſcover confuſed, and dark hell, and before the Judge ſhall come every King*, &c.

The ſixth was *Sybilla Samia*, who ſaith, *He being rich ſhall be born of a poor Maid, the Creatures of the Earth ſhall adore him, and praiſe him for ever.*

The ſeventh was *Cumana*, who ſaith, *That he ſhould come from Heaven, and reign here in poverty, he ſhould rule in ſilence, and be born of a Virgin.*

The eight was *Sybilla Helleſpontica*, who foretells plainly, that *A Woman ſhall deſcend of the Jews call'd* Mary, *and of her ſhall be born the Son of God, and that without carnal copulation*, &c.

The ninth was *Phrygia*, who ſaith, *The higheſt ſhall come from Heaven, and ſhall confirm the Councel in Heaven, and a Virgin ſhall be ſhew'd in the Valleys of the Deſarts*, &c.

The tenth was *Tyburtina*, born near *Tyber*, who ſaith, *The inviſible word ſhall be born of a Virgin, he ſhall converſe with ſinners, and ſhall of them be deſpis'd*, &c.

Moreover, St. *Auſtin* recites theſe Propheſies following, of the *Sybills: Then he ſhall be taken by the wicked hands of Infidels, and they ſhall give him Buffets on his Face, they ſhall ſpit upon him with their foul and accurſed Mouths, he ſhall turn unto them his*

Shoulders,

Shoulders, ſuffering them to be whipp'd: He alſo ſhall be crown'd with Thorns, they ſhall give him Gall to eat, and Vinegar to drink: Then the vail of the Temple ſhall rend, and at mid-day it ſhall be dark night, &c.

Lactantius relateth theſe Propheſies of theirs, *He ſhall raiſe the Dead, the Impotent and Lame ſhall go, the Deaf ſhall hear, the Blind ſhall ſee, and Dumb ſpeak,* &c.

In fine, out of the Works of the *Sybills* may be deduc'd a good part of the miracles and ſufferings of Chriſt, therefore for my part I will not cavil with Antiquity, or traduce the Primitive Church, but I think I may believe without danger, that thoſe *Sybills* might be ſelect Inſtruments to announce the Diſpenſations of Heaven to Mankind: Nor do I ſee how they do the Church of God any good ſervice or advantage at all, who queſtion the truth of their Writings, (as alſo *Triſmegiſtus* his *Pymandra*, and *Ariſtæus*, &c.) who have been handed over to poſterity as incontroulable truths for ſo many Ages.

Thus, *Madam*, have I done ſomething of that Task you impos'd upon me, touching the ten *Sybills*, whereunto I may well add your Ladiſhip for the Eleventh, for among other things I remember you foretold confidently, that the *Scottiſh* Kirk would deſtroy the *Engliſh* Church; and that if the *Hierarchy* went down, *Monarchy* would not be of long continuance.

Your Ladiſhip, I remember, foretold alſo, how thoſe unhappy ſeparatiſts the *Puritans* would bring all things at laſt into a confuſion, who ſince are call'd *Presbyterians*, or *Jews* of the New Teſtament, and they not improperly may be call'd ſo, for they ſympathize much with that Nation, in a revengeful ſanguinary humor, and thirſting after Bloud; I could produce a Cloud of Examples, but let two ſuffice.

There liv'd a few years before the long Parliament, near Clun *Caſtle in* Wales, *a good old Widdow that had two Sons, grown to mens Eſtate, who having taken the Holy Sacrament on a firſt* Sunday *in the Month; at their return home, they fell into a Diſpute touching the manner of receiving it: The eldeſt Brother, who was an Orthodox Proteſtant (with the Mother) held it was very fitting, it being the higheſt Act of Devotion, that it ſhould be taken in the humbleſt Poſture that could be upon the Knees; the other being a* Puritan, *oppos'd it, and the Diſpute grew high, but it ended without much Heat: The next Day, being both come home to Dinner from their Buſineß abroad, the eldeſt Brother, as it was his Cuſtom, took a Nap upon a Cuſhion at the end of the Table, that he might be more freſh for Labor, the* Puritan *Brother, called* Enoch Evans, *ſpying his Opportunity, fetch'd an Axe which he had provided it ſeems on purpoſe, and ſtealing ſoftly to the Table, he Chopp'd off his Brothers Head; the old Mother hearing a noiſe, came ſuddenly from the next Room, and there found the Body and Head of*

her

her Eldeſt Son both aſunder, and reaking in hot Blood. O Villain, *ſaid ſhe*, haſt thou Murther'd thy Brother? Yes, *quoth he*, and you ſhall after him. *And ſo ſtriking her down, he dragg'd her Body to the Threſhal of the Door, and there chopp'd off her Head alſo, and put them both in a Bag; but thinking to fly, he was apprehended, and brought before the next Juſtice of Peace, who chanced to be Sir* Robert Howard; *ſo the Murtherer the Aſſizes after was Condemn'd, and the Law could but only Hang him, though he had committed* Matricide, *and* Fratricide.

I will fetch another example of their Cruelty from *Scotland*: The late Marquis of *Montroſe* being betrayed by a *Lord*, in whoſe Houſe he lay, was brought Priſoner of War to *Edenburgh*, there the common Hangman met him at the Town end, and firſt pull'd off his Hat, then he forc'd him up to a Cart, and hurried him like a condemn'd Perſon, tho he had not yet been arraign'd, much leſs convicted, through the great Street, and brought him before the Parliament, where being preſently Condemn'd, he was poſted away to the Gallows, which was above 30 foot high, there his hand was cut off firſt, then he was lifted up by Pullies to the top, and then hang'd in the moſt ignominious manner that could be; being taken down, his Head was chopp'd off and nail'd to the high Croſs, his Arms, Thighs, and Legs were ſent to be ſet up in ſeveral places, and the reſt of his Body was thrown away, and depriv'd of Chriſtian Burial. Thus was this Nobleman us'd, though one of the ancient'ſt Peers of *Scotland*, and eſteem'd the greateſt Honor of that Country, both at home, and abroad. Add hereunto the mortal Cruelty they us'd to their young King, with whom they would not treat, unleſs he firſt acknowledg'd his Father to be a *Tyrant*, and his Mother an *Idolatreſs*, &c.

So I moſt humbly kiſs your hands, and reſt always,

London, 30. Aug. *Madam*, *Your Ladiſhips moſt faithful devoted Servant*, J. H.

XLIV.

To Sir L. D. *in* Paris.

Noble Knight,

YOurs of the 22 Current, came to ſafe hand, but what you pleaſe to attribute therein to my *Letters*, may be more properly applied to yours in point of Intrinſic Value, for by this correſpondence with you, I do as our *Eaſt-India* Merchants uſe to do, I venture Beads and other Baggatels out of the proceed, whereof I have Pearl and other Oriental Jewels return'd me in yours.

Concerning the poſture of things here, we are ſtill involv'd in a Cloud

Cloud of Confuſion, ſpecially touching Church matters, a Race of odd crack-brain'd Schiſmaticks do croak in every corner, but poor things they rather want a *Phyſitian* to cure them of their *Madneſs*, then a *Divine* to confute them of their *Errors*: Such is the height of their *Spiritual Pride*, that they make it nothing to interpret every tittle of the *Apocalyps*; they make a ſhallow *Rivulet* of it, that one may paſs over, and ſcarce wet his Ankles, whereas the greateſt Doctors of the Church compar'd it to a deep *Foard* wherein an Elephant might ſwim. They think they are of the Cabinet Counſel of God, and not only know his *Attributes*, but his *Eſſence*, which made me lately break out upon my Pillow, into theſe Metrical Speculations.

1. *If of the ſmalleſt Stars in ſky,*
We know not the dimenſity;
If thoſe bright Sparks which them compoſe,
The higheſt mortal Wits do poſe:
How then poor ſhallow Man canſt thou
The Maker *of theſe* Glories *know?*

2. *If we know not the* Air *we draw,*
Nor what keeps Winds *and* Waves *in aw;*
If our ſmall Skulls cannot contain
The Flux *and* Saltneſs *of the Main;*
If ſcarce a Cauſe we ken below,
How can we the Supernal *know?*

3. *If it be a myſterious thing,*
Why Steel *ſhould to the* Loadſtone *cling,*
If we know not why Jett *ſhould draw,*
And with ſuch Kiſſes hug a Straw:
If none can truly yet reveal,
How Sympathetick Powders heal.

4. *If we ſcarce know the* Earth *we tread,*
Or half the Simples *there are bred,*
With Minerals, *and thouſand things,*
Which for mans Health and Food ſhe brings:
If Nature's *ſo obſcure, then how*
Can we the God *of Nature know.*

5. *What the* Bat's *Eye is to the* Sun,
Or of a Gloworm *to the* Moon,
The ſame is Human *intellect,*
If on our Maker *we reflect:*
Whoſe Magnitude is ſo immenſe.
That it tranſcends both Soul and Senſe.

6. *Poor*

6. Poor purblind man then ſit thee ſtill,
Let wonderment thy Temples fill,
Keep a due diſtance, do not pry
Too near, leſt like the ſilly fly:
While ſhe the wanton with the Flames doth play,
Firſt fryes her Wings, then fool's her life away.

There are many things under ſerious debate in Parliament, whereof the reſults may be called yet but the imperfect productions of a grand Committee, they may in time come to the maturity of *Votes*, and ſo of *Acts*.

You write that you have the *German Dyet*, which goes forth in my Name, and you ſay, that *you never had more Matter for your Money*; I have valued it the more ever ſince, in regard that you pleaſe to ſet ſuch a rate upon't, for I know your Opinion is current and Sterling: I ſhall ſhortly by *T. B.* ſend you a new Hiſtory of *Naples*, which alſo did coſt me a great deal of Oyl and Labor.

Sir, if there be any thing imaginable wherein I may ſteed or ſerve you here, you well know what intereſt and power you may claim, both in the Affections of my Heart, and the faculties of my Soul: I pray be pleas'd to preſent the humbleſt of ſervice to the Noble Earl your Brother, and preſerve ſtill in your good Opinion.

Your truly obliged
Servant, J. H.

XLV.

To Sir E. S. *Knight.*

Sir,

NOw that the *Sun* and the *Spring* advance daily towards us, more and more, I hope your Health will keep pace with them, and that the all-ſearching Beams of the firſt, will diſſipate that fretful humor, which hath confin'd you ſo long to your Chamber, and bar'd you of the uſe of your true ſupporters: But though your *Toes* be ſlugs, yet your *Temples* are nimble enough, as I find by your laſt of the 12. current, which makes me think on a Speech of *Severus* the Emperor, who having lain ſick a long time of the Gout, at *York*, and one of his Nobles telling him that he wondred much, how he could rule ſo vaſt an Empire, being ſo lame and unweldy, the Emperor anſwer'd, that *he rul'd the Empire with his Brain, not with his Feet*: ſo it may be ſaid of you, that you rule the ſame way the whole State of that *Microcoſm* of yours, for every man is a little World of himſelf.

More-

Moreover, I find that the ſame kind of Spirit doth govern your Body, as governs the great World; I mean the Celeſtial Bodies, for as the Notions whereby they are regulated, are Muſical, if we may believe *Pythagoras*, whom the *Tripod* pronounc'd the wiſeſt man; ſo a true harmonious Spirit ſeems to govern you, in regard you are ſo naturally inclin'd to the raviſhing art of Muſic.

Your Friends here are well, and wiſh you were ſo too, for my part, I do not only wiſh it, but pray it may be ſo; for my Life is the ſweeter in yours, and I pleaſe my ſelf much in being

Your truly faithful Servant,

1. *Martii.* J. H.

XLVI.

To Mr. Sam. Bon. *at his Houſe in the* Old-Jewry.

Sir,

I Receiv'd that choice parcel of Tobacco your Servant brought me, for which I ſend you as many returns of gratitude, as there were grains therein, which were many, (and cut all methought with a Diamond cut) but too few to expreſs my acknowledgment: I had alſo therewith your moſt ingenious *Letter*, which I valued far more: The other was but a *Potential* Fire, only reducible to Smoke; but your *Letter* did ſparkle with actual Fire, for me-thought there were put flames of Love, and Gentleneſs, waving in every Line. The Poets do frequently compare Affection to Fire; therefore whenſoever I take any of this *Varina*, I will imagine that I light my Pipe always at the flames of your Love.

I alſo highly thank you for the *Italian* Manuſcripts you ſent me of the late Revolutions in *Naples*, which will infinitly advantage me in expoſing to the World that ſtupendious piece of Story: I am in the arrear to you for ſundry Courteſies more, which ſhall make me ever entitle my ſelf

Your truly thankful Friend

Holb. 3. June. *and Servant,* J. H.

XLVII.

To W. Sands, *Eſq;*

Sir,

THE Calamities and Confuſions, which the late Wars did bring upon us were many, and manifold; yet *England* may be ſaid to have gain'd one advantage by it; for whereas before, ſhe was like an Animal that knew not his own ſtrength, ſhe is now better

acquainted with her ſelf, for her Power and Wealth did never appear more both by Land and Sea. This makes *France* to cringe unto her ſo much. This makes *Spain* to purchaſe Peace of her, with his *Italian* Patacoons. This makes the *Hollander* to daſh his Colours, and vail his Bonnet ſo low unto her; this makes the *Italian* Princes, and all other States that have any thing to do with the Sea, to court her ſo much: Indeed, touching the Emperor, and the Mediterranean Princes of *Germany*, whom ſhe cannot reach with her Cannons, they care not much for her.

Nor indeed was the true Art of governing *England*, known till now, the Sword is the ſureſt ſway over all People who ought to be cudgel'd, rather than cajoll'd to Obedience, if upon a glut of Plenty and Peace they ſhould forget it. There is not ſuch a windy wavering thing in the World as the common People; *They are got by an Apple, and loſt for a Pear*, the Elements themſelves are not more inconſtant; ſo that is the worſt *Soleciſm* in Government for a Prince to depend meerly upon their Affections: Riches and long Reſt makes them inſolent and wanton. It was not *Tarquin*'s wantonneſs ſo much as the *Peoples*, that ejected Kings in *Rome*; it was the Peoples Concupiſcence, as much as *Don Rodrigo*'s Luſt that brought the *Moors* into *Spain*, &c.

Touching the *Wealth* of *England*, it never alſo appear'd ſo much by publick Erogations, and Taxes, which the long Parliament rais'd; inſomuch, that it may be ſaid the laſt King was beaten by his own *Image*, more than any thing elſe. Add hereunto that the World ſtands in admiration of the capacity and docibleneſs of the *Engliſh*, that Perſons of ordinary Breeding, Extraction, and Callings, ſhould become *States-men*, and *Souldiers*, *Commanders*, and *Counſellors*, both in the Art of War, and Myſteries of State, and know the uſe of the Compaſs in ſo ſhort a tract of time.

I have many thanks to give you for the *Spaniſh* Diſcourſe you pleas'd to ſend me, at our next Conjuncture I ſhall give you an account of it; in the interim I pray let me have ſtill a ſmall corner in your Thoughts, while you poſſeſs a large Room in mine, and ever ſhall while

Jam. Howel.

XLVIII.

To the R. H. the E. of S.

My Lord,

Since my laſt, that which is the greateſt ſubject of our Diſcourſes and Hopes here, is the iſſue of our Treaty with the *Dutch*; it is a piece that hath been a good while on the Anvil, but it is not ham-

hammer'd yet to any ſhape. The Parliament likewiſe hath many things in debate, which may be call'd yet but *Embryos*, in time they may be hatch'd into Acts.

The Pope they write, hath been of late dangerouſly ſick, but hath been cur'd in a ſtrange way, by a young *Padova* Doctor, who having kill'd a luſty young Mule, clapp'd the Patients body naked in the paunch thereof, by which gentle fomentation he recover'd him of the Tumors he had in his Knees and elſe-where.

Donna Olympia ſways moſt, and hath the higheſt aſcendant over him, ſo that a Gentleman writes to me from *Rome*, that among other Paſquils this was one, *Papa magis amat* Olympiam *quam* Olympum: He writes of another, That the Bread being not long ſince grown ſcant, and made courſer than ordinary, by reaſon of the Tax his Holineſs laid upon Corn; there was a Paſquil fixt upon a Corner-ſtone of his Palace, *Beatiſſime Pater fac ut hi lapides fiant panes*, O bleſſed Father, grant that theſe Stones be made Bread. But it was an odd Character that our Country-man, Doctor *B.* gave lately of him, who being turn'd *Roman Catholick*, and expecting a Penſion, and having one day attended his Holineſs a long time about it, he at laſt broke away ſuddenly; a Friend of his asking why? He replied, It is to no purpoſe for me to ſtay longer, for I know he will give me nothing, becauſe I find by his Phyſiognomy that he hath a *Negative* Face: 'Tis true, he is one of the hard-favored'ſt Popes that ſate in the Chair a great while; ſo that ſome call him *L'Huomo de tre pele*. The man with three Hairs, for he hath no more Beard upon his Chin.

St. *Mark* is ſtill tugging with the great *Turk*, and hath bang'd him ill-favoredly this Summer in *Dalmatia*, by Land, and before the *Dardanelli* by Sea.

Whereas your Lordſhip writes for my *Luſtra Ludovici*, or the Hiſtory of the laſt *French* King and his Cardinal; I ſhall ere long ſerve your Lordſhip with one of a new Edition, and with ſome Enlargements. I humbly thank your Lordſhip for the favourable, and indeed too high a Character you pleaſe to give of my Survey of *Venice*; yet there are ſome who would detract from it, and (which I believe your Lordſhip will ſomething wonder at) they are *Cavalleers*, but the ſhalloweſt and ſillieſt ſort of them; and ſuch may well deſerve the Epithet of *Malignants*. So I humbly kiſs your hands in quality of

Your Lordſhips moſt obedient and ever obliged Servant,

J H.

XLIX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl Rivers, *at his House in* Queen-ſtreet.

My Lord,

THE leaſt Command of yours is enough to ſet all my Intellectuals on work; therefore I have done ſomething, as your Lordſhip ſhall find herewith, relating to that gallant Piece, call'd the *Gallery of Ladies*, which my Lord Marqueſs of *Wincheſter* (your Brother) hath ſet forth.

Upon the glorious work of the Lord Marqueſs of Wincheſter.

1. The World of Ladies muſt be honour'd much,
That ſo ſublime a Perſonage, that ſuch
A Noble Peer, and Pen, ſhould thus diſplay
Their Virtues, and expoſe them to the day.

2. His praiſes are like thoſe coruſcant Beams
Which *Phœbus* on high Rocks of Chryſtal ſtreams,
The Matter and the Agent grace each other;
So *Danaë* did when *Jove* made her a Mother.

3. Queens, Counteſſes, and Ladies, go unlock
Your Cabinets, draw forth your richeſt ſtock
Of Jewels, and his Coronet adorn
With Rubies, Pearls, and Saphires, yet unworn.

4. Riſe early, gather Flowers now in the Spring,
Twiſt Wreaths of Laurel, and freſh Garlands bring,
To crown the Temples of this high-born Peer,
And make him your *Apollo* all the Year;
And when his Soul ſhall leave this earthly Mine,
Then offer Sacrifice unto his Shrine.

I ſend alſo the *Elegy* upon the Late Earl of *Dorſet*, which your Lordſhip ſpake of ſo much when I waited on you laſt: And I believe your Lordſhip will find therein every Inch of that Noble Peer characterized, inwardly and outwardly.

An

An *Elegy* upon the moſt accompliſh'd, and heroic Lord, *Edward* Earl of *Dorſet*, Lord Chamberlain to His Late Majeſty of *Great Britain*, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the *Garter*, &c.

Alluding to
- *The Quality of the Times,*
- *His admired Perfections,*
- *His goodly Perſon,*
- *His ancient Pedigree,*
- *His Coat of Arms creſted with a Star,*
- *The condition of Mortality,*
- *The Paſſion of the Author cloſing with an Epitaph.*

LOrds have been long declining, (we well know).
And making their laſt Teſtaments, but now
They are defunct, they are extinguiſh'd all,
And never like to riſe by this Lord's fall.
A Lord, whoſe Intellectuals alone
Might make a Houſe of Peers, and prop a Throne;
Had not ſo dire a Fate hung o're the Crown,
That Priviledge Prerogative ſhould drown.
Where e're he ſate he ſway'd, and Courts did awe,
Gave Biſhops Goſpel, and the Judges Law,
With ſuch exalted Reaſons, which did flow
So clear and ſtrong, that made *Aſtrea* bow
To his opinion; for where he did ſide
Advantag'd more than half the Bench beſide.
But is great *Sackville* dead? Do we him lack,
And will not all the Elements wear black?
Whereof he was compos'd a perfect Man
As ever Nature in one Frame did ſpan;
Such high-born Thoughts, a Soul ſo large and free,
So clear a Judgement, and vaſt Memory,
So Princely Hoſpitable, and brave Mind,
We muſt not think in haſte, on Earth to find;
Unleſs the Times would turn to Gold again,
And Nature get new ſtrength in forming Men.
His Perſon with it ſuch a ſtate did bring,
That made a Court as if he had been King;
No wonder, ſince he was ſo near a-kin
To *Norfolk*'s Duke, and the great Maiden-Queen.
He Courage had enough by conquering one,
To have confounded that whole Nation:
Thoſe Parts which ſingle do in ſome appear,
Were all concentred here in one bright Sphear.

For Brain, Tongue, Spirit, Heart, and Perſonage,
To mold up ſuch a Lord will ask an Age;
But how doth pale white-liver'd Death ſeize on
So dauntleſs and Heroic a Champion?
Yes, to dye once is that uncancell'd Debt,
Which Nature claims, and raiſeth by Eſchet,
On all Mankind by an old Statute paſt
Primo Adami, which will always laſt
Without Repeal, nor can a ſecond Leaſe
Be had of Life, when the firſt term doth ceaſe.
Mount noble Soul, among the Stars take place,
And make a new one of ſo bright a Race:
May *Jove* out-ſhine, That *Venus* ſtill may be
In a benign Conjunction with Thee,
To check that Planet which on Lords hath lour'd,
And ſuch malign influxes lately pour'd;
Be now a Star thy ſelf, for thoſe which here
Did on thy Creſt, and upper Robes appear,
For thy Director take that Star we read,
Which to thy Saviour's Birth three Kings did lead.

A Corollary.

THus have I blubber'd out ſome Tears and Verſe,
On this Renowned Heroe, and his Herſe,
And could my Eyes have dropt down Pearls upon't,
In lieu of Tears, God knows, I would have don't;
But Tears are real, Pearls for their Emblems go,
The firſt are fitter to expreſs my woe:
Let this ſmall mite ſuffice until I may
A larger Tribute to his Aſhes pay;
In the mean time this *Epitaph* ſhall ſhut,
And to my *Elegy* a period put.

HEre lies a *Grandee* by Birth, Parts, and Mind,
Who hardly left his Parallel behind.
Here lies the *Man* of *Men*, who ſhould have been
An *Emperor*, had *Fate* or *Fortune* ſeen.
Totus in lacrymas ſolutus
ſic ſingultivit, J. H.

So I moſt humbly kiſs your Lordſhip's hands, and reſt in the higheſt degree of Service and Affection, ever moſt ready

Lond. 20. *At your Lordſhip's Command,*
Decem. J. H.

L. *To*

L.
To T. Harris *Eſquire.*

Sir,

YOurs of *Decemb.* the tenth, I had the ſecond of this *January*, and I account it a good Augury, that it came ſo ſeaſonably to uſher in the New-Year, and to chear up my Thoughts, which your *Letters* have a vertue to do always whenſoever they come, they are ſo full of quaint and copious quick Expreſſions. When the *Spaniards* at their firſt Coalition in the *Weſt-Indies* did begin to mingle with the *Americans*, that ſilly People thought that thoſe little white Papers and *Letters* which the *Spaniards* us'd to ſend one to another, were certain kind of Conjurers, or Spirits that us'd to go up and down to tell tales, and make diſcoveries. Among other Examples, I remember to have read one of an *Indian* Boy, ſent from a *Mexico* Merchant to a Captain, with a Basket of Figs, and a *Letter*; the Boy in the way did eat ſome of them, and the Captain after he had read the *Letter*, ask'd him what became of the reſt? whereat the Boy ſtood all aſtoniſh'd, and being ſent with another Basket a little after, to the ſame party, his Maw began to yern again after ſome of the Figs, but he firſt took the *Letter* and clapt it under a great Stone hard by, upon which he ſate while he was eating, thinking thereby that the Spirit in the *Letter* could not diſcover him, *&c.* Whether your *Letters* be Spirits or no, I will not diſpute, but I am ſure they beget new Spirits in me, and *quod efficit tale illud ipſum eſt magis tale*; if I am poſſeſs'd with *Melancholy*, they raiſe a Spirit of *Mirth* in me; if my Thoughts are contracted with Sadneſs, they preſently dilate them into Joy, *&c.* As if they had ſome ſubtil inviſible *Atomes* whereby they operate, which is now an old Philoſophy newly furbiſh'd, and much cryed up, that all natural Actions and Motions are perform'd by Emiſſion of certain Atomes, whereof there is a conſtant Effluvium from all Elementary Bodies, and are of divers ſhapes, ſome Angular, others Cylindrical, ſome Spherical, which Atomes are ſtill hovering up and down, and never reſt till they meet with ſome pores proportionable and cognate unto their Figures where they acquieſce: By the Expiration of ſuch Atomes the Dog finds the Scent as he Hunts, the Peſtilence infects, the Loadſtone attracts Iron, the *Sympathetic* Powder, or *Zaphyrian* Salt calcin'd by *Apollinean* Heat, operating in *July* and *Auguſt*, till it come to a lunary Complection: I ſay, by the vertue and intervention of ſuch Atomes, 'tis found that this ſaid Powder heals at a diſtance without *topical* Applications to the place affected. They who are of

this opinion, hold that all ſublunary Bodies operate thus by Atomes, as the heavenly Bodies do by their Influences. Now, it is more viſible in the Loadſtone, than any other Body; for by help of artificial Glaſſes, a kind of miſt hath been diſcern'd to expire out of it, as Dr. *Highmore* doth acutely, and ſo much like a Philoſopher, obſerve. For my part, I think it more congruous to Reaſon, and to the courſe of Nature, that all Actions and Motions ſhould be thus perform'd by ſuch little atomical Bodies, than by accidents and qualities, which are but notional things, having only an imaginary ſubſiſtance, and no eſſence of themſelves at all, but as they inhere in ſome other. If this Philoſophy be true, it were no great abſurdity to think that your *Letters* have a kind of atomical Energy which operates upon my Spirits, as I formerly told you.

The Times continue ſtill untoward and troubleſome; therefore, now that you and I carry above a hundred years upon our Backs, and that thoſe few grains of Sand which remain in the brittle Glaſſes of our Lives are ſtill running out: It is time my dear *Tom*, for us to think on that, which of all future things is the moſt certain, I mean our laſt removal, and emigration hence to another World. 'Tis time to think on that little hole of Earth which ſhall hold us at laſt: the time was, that you and I had all the fair Continent of *Europe*, before us, to range in; we have been ſince confin'd to an Iſland; and now *Lincoln* holds you, and *London* me; we muſt expect the day that ſickneſs will confine us to our Chambers, then to our Beds, and ſo to our Graves, the dark ſilent Grave, which will put a period to our Pilgrimage in this World. And obſervable it is, what method Nature doth uſe in contracting our Liberty thus by degrees, as a worthy Gentleman obſerves.

But though this ſmall bagful of Bones be ſo confin'd; yet the nobleſt part of us may be ſaid to be then ſet at liberty, when having ſhaken off this ſlough of Fleſh, ſhe mounts up to her true Country, the Country of Eternity, where one Moment of Joy is more than if we enjoy'd all the Pleaſures of this World a million of years here among the Elements.

But till our Threds are ſpun up, let us continue to enjoy our ſelves as well as we can; let thoſe grains I ſpoke of before, run gently by their own motion, without jogging the Glaſs by any perturbation of Mind, or muſing too much upon the times.

Man's Life is nimble and ſwift enough of it ſelf, without the help of a Spur, or any violent motion; therefore he ſpoke like a true Philoſopher, who excepted againſt the Title of a Book, call'd *De ſatu Vitæ*; but he ſhould rather have entitled it *De curſu Vitæ*: For this Life is ſtill upon the ſpeed.

You

You and I have luckily met abroad under many Meridians; when our course is run here, I hope we shall meet in a Region that is above the Wheel of Time: And it may be in the Concave of some Star (if those glorious Lamps are habitable.) Howsoever, my Genius prompts me, that when I part hence, I shall not downwards; for I had always soaring thoughts, being but a Boy; at which time I had a mighty desire to be a Bird, that I might fly towards the Sky.

So my long-endeared Friend, and Fellow-Traveller, I rest

Yours verily, and invariably,

Holborn,
10. June.

J. H.

To

To the Sagacious READER.

UT clavis portam, ſic pandit Epiſtola pectus ;
Clauditur Hæc cera, clauditur Illa ſera.

As *Keys* do open Cheſts,
So *Letters* open Breſts.

ΤΕΛΟΣ

Gloria Laus Deo Sæclorum in ſæcula ſunto.

A Doxological Chronogram Including this preſent year, MDCLV. and hath numeral Letters enough to extend to the year nineteen hundred twenty ſeven, If it pleaſe God this World ſhould laſt ſo long.

An

An Extract of the Heads of the choicest Matters that go interwoven 'mongst the Letters *of the first Volume.*

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